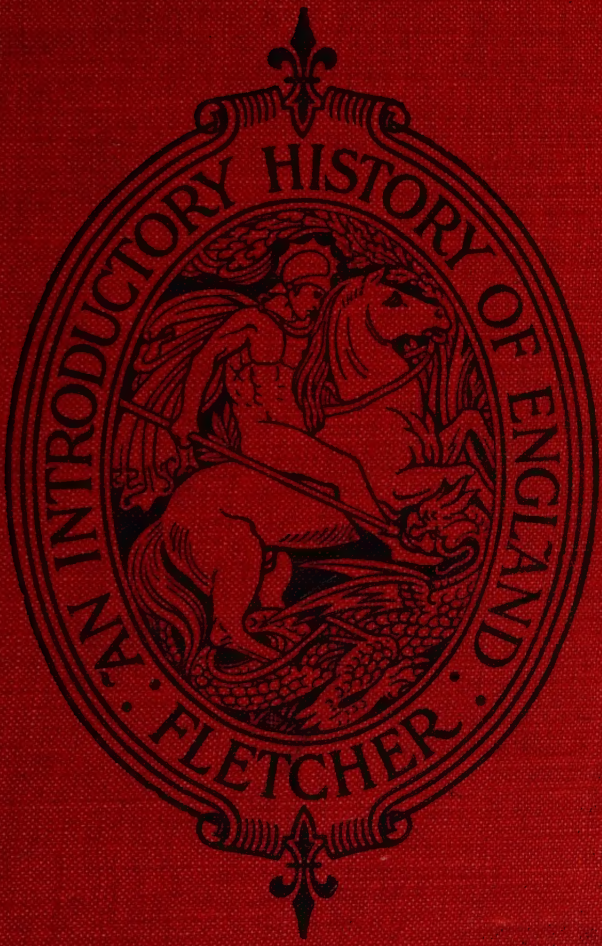
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AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

VOL. IV

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ALL SOULS AND MAGDALEN COLLEGES, OXFORD

WITH MAPS, ETC.

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THE WORLD

ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION

40° 20° 0° 20° 40° 60° 80° 100° 120° 140° 160° 180°
West Gr. 0° East Gr.
60° 40° 20° 0° 20° 40° 60°
King William Land
C. Bismarck
Koldewey Is.
Clavering I.
Greenland Sea
Scoresby Land
C. Brewster
Francis Joseph Fiord
Scoresby Sd.
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Bell S.
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Bear I.
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C. Chelyuskin or Severo
Nordenskiold 1878
Lonely I.
Taimyr R.
Khatanga Gulf
Mouths of the Lena
Liakhov I.s
Bennett I.
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Dell. ong. 1881
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Christiania
Stockholm
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Orenburg
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Ural Mts.
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Kurile Is.
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Yeddo (Yedo)
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Massowah
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Arabian Desert
Sahara
Fezzan
Murzuk
Tripoli
Algeria
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Milan
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Trieste
Austria
Hungary
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Buda
Vienna
Bucharest
Odessa
Dniester R.
Dnieper R.
Don R.
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Ural Mts.
Orenburg
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Kharkov
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Cracow
Prussia
Berlin
Hamburg
Bremen
Frankfort
Cologne
Brussels
Antwerp
Rotterdam
Amsterdam
Zuyder Zee
Utrecht
Arnheim
Nimeguen
Ostend
Dunkirk
Calais
Boulogne
Dover
Ramsgate
Deal
Portsmouth
Southampton
Isle of Wight
Brighton
Newhaven
Beachy Head
Hastings
Folkestone
Canterbury
Rochester
Chatham
Sheerness
Gravesend
London
Windsor
Oxford
Reading
Cambridge
Ely
Lincoln
Hull
Grimsby
Yarmouth
Norwich
Ipswich
Colchester
Harwich
Peterborough
Nottingham
Derby
Leicester
Northampton
Coventry
Birmingham
Stafford
Shrewsbury
Liverpool
Manchester
Chester
Holyhead
Anglesea
Bangor
Carnarvon
Aberystwith
Cardigan
Swansea
Carmarthen
Milford Haven
Pembroke
Tenby
Bristol
Gloucester
Cheltenham
Worcester
Hereford
Ross
Monmouth
Newport
Cardiff
Bridgewater
Taunton
Exeter
Plymouth
Falmouth
Penzance
Land's End
Scilly Is.
Channel Islands
Jersey
Guernsey
Alderney
Sark
Cherbourg
Caen
Havre
Dieppe
Rouen
Paris
Versailles
Orleans
Tours
Nantes
Brest
Lorient
Rochefort
La Rochelle
Bordeaux
Bayonne
Biarritz
Toulouse
Montpellier
Nismes
Marseilles
Toulon
Nice
Corsica
Sardinia
Sicily
Malta
Gibraltar
Tangier
Tetuan
Fez
Mequinez
Morocco
Mogador
Algiers
Oran
Tripoli
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez
Red Sea
Mecca
Jeddah
Massowah
Abyssinia
Nubia
Egypt

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1792—1815

CHAPTER I

THE STORM

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And, with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,

it was very natural that most reasonable Englishmen should sympathize with her. We too had done some stamping in our time and had attained to a freedom that was the envy of Europe. We now believed and hoped that the meeting (May 5, 1789) of the French Estates-General, a body whose roots, like those of our own Parliament, lay far back in the Middle Ages, would lead to a modification of the French Constitution on lines similar to our own, to the securing of Common-Law rights for individuals, and to the granting of some share of political power to the upper and middle classes of France. A State so reconstituted would, it was thought, be a better neighbour in the future. No one could accuse the

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Bourbon Kings of having been good neighbours to Great Britain, but many people, who were accustomed to believe that 'wars sprang only from the ambition of kings,' forgot that, in most cases, the Louis of the time had been pushed on to attack us by the commercial and Colonial aspirations of his own subjects; they also forgot that a New France with a 'limited' Monarchy, nay that even a French Republic, if such were conceivable, would be swayed by like aspirations.

Within ten weeks from the meeting of the Estates, such 'reasonable persons,' and indeed all men, were rubbing their eyes in the face of a new phenomenon—Democracy unchained. Frenchmen, as Mr. Carlyle says, 'invented the art of insurrection.' On July 14th the Paris mob rose and seized the government of the Capital; all over France mobs, urban and rural, followed suit, and all the institutions of the oldest and most civilized society in Europe crumbled before them. No serious attempt at resistance was made, although each step in the progress of anarchy was marked by deeds of horror and blood. For at least five years from that date free thought and political intelligence were utterly crushed in France. Many of the officers in both Services, which mutinied freely, had to fly for their lives; and, in three years, Louis XVI. was a prisoner awaiting a trial for his life, and the French Republic was proclaimed (September 21st, 1792). On the Eastern frontier it was proclaimed to the sound of cannon. Prussia and Austria had recently made a league 'to stop this kind of thing,' and expected to have a promenade to Paris. But they set about the military part of the job so weakly, about the political part so indiscreetly, and so great was their jealousy of each other, that, after a moment of

extreme peril, France was able to improvise an Army to check them, and they were soon driven back from the French frontier.

Meanwhile public opinion in England naturally underwent great changes. In the first place, anarchy is an infectious disease, usually propagated by contact; in the second place, French anarchy threatened not merely monarchical institutions, but all existing institutions, religion, law, property, family life, and threatened them in the name of 'principles' and 'Natural Laws.' These 'principles' gave to Radicalism a religious force, and it is a sad fact that a religious force can very easily become a persecuting force. The French democrats, in effect, said:—'all Nations shall be free, and all men shall be equal; and if they don't want to be so, we will compel them to be so.' Now there were in Britain plenty of Radicals who, in a dim kind of way, held similar ideas; but, compared to their French friends, one and all were, happily, babies at their trade. They hadn't invented the art of insurrection and couldn't even copy it. There were, however, plenty of 'social democratic' debating clubs and societies, which talked

> Reason, philosophy, fiddledum, diddledum,
> Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,

and continued to do so till the end of the century and after. Several of these sent over, from time to time, congratulatory addresses to the successive French Assemblies, and talked about summoning a 'British Convention.' They made noise enough both to persuade Frenchmen that this Island was on the verge of Revolution, and to frighten all sober-minded people in the said Island. The Press was moreover quite free, and there

were plenty of writers who cried out for 'one grand Radical Reform,' on the French model, in

> *Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's evening host,
> The *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*.[1]

There was the froth poured out, in his 'Rights of Man' (1791) and 'Age of Reason' (1794), by Thomas Paine, in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' of Sir James Mackintosh, in the 'Political Justice' of William Godwin, whose special bugbear appears to have been the institution of marriage. Debrett's shop in Piccadilly was the storehouse of these and similar books and pamphlets. There were Whig aristocrats who applauded, even in the House of Lords, much that was done in France. Such were 'Citizen' Stanhope, as he called himself, and, more cautiously, our old friend Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne. Such were Bedford the stupidest, and 'Jockey' Norfolk the wickedest of the Dukes; the latter was in the habit of eating a rump of beef at a sitting, and could only be washed when he was drunk; it was he who in '98 gave, at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, the toast of 'Our Sovereign—the Majesty of the People.' In the Lower House there was Grey, an upright, consistent,

[1] The *Star* was the first evening daily paper. The *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post* dated respectively from 1769 and 1772, the latter boasting before 1800 the then enormous circulation of 4,500 copies daily. The *Times* under that name dates from 1788, though as the *Daily Universal Register* it is three years older. Newspapers in those days changed hands very readily, and were as easily apt to change their politics. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* from 1789, was the real pioneer of modern 'Opposition' journalism. He was patronized by Fox and Norfolk, and, being a friend of Bellamy, wine merchant and doorkeeper to the House of Commons, was in the way of getting at party secrets. The *Morning Post* only became Radical in '95 under Daniel Stuart.

bitter opponent of Pitt's, but one who may, on the whole, be acquitted of want of patriotism and of sympathy with the *worst* excesses of the Revolution; there was Erskine, the brilliant advocate, always chosen to defend those who libelled the Government (and even the fanatics who shot at the King), but who failed in Parliament, either owing to his genuine fear of Pitt, or from that absorption in his own merits which procured for him the nickname of 'Ego'; for a time there was also Sheridan, the brilliant dramatist and the greatest orator of the day, but he soon dissociated himself from the extremists, and ultimately did good service to his country with both tongue and pen. Above all there was Fox, who greeted the French outbreak of anarchy with the remark that it 'was the best and the greatest event that had ever happened,' who declared, when Pitt with deep reluctance had to face at the end of '92 the question of national defence, that 'there was no motion of Pitt's which he would not oppose,' and who kept his word. As he had rejoiced over Saratoga and Yorktown, so Fox rejoiced at every British reverse and every French triumph until the Peace of Amiens.

As Mr. Canning subsequently complained, the poets were mostly on the same side:—"Perhaps the 'Muses still with freedom found' have an aversion to regular government, and require a system of protection less complicated than King, Lords and Commons." Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey began as professed admirers of the new French principles, though all in time recanted. In a later day, Shelley and Byron did not recant. Among the most influential of the pamphleteers and mob orators were Major Cartwright, a most gallant gentleman, who ever since the American War had been deluging

the country with projects and societies for reform of Parliament, Thomas Holcroft, John Thelwall (who christened his son Algernon Sidney), and Thomas Hardy of Stirling, the Piccadilly boot-maker; last but not least there was the eccentric ex-parson, John Horne-Tooke, once the friend and later the libeller of Wilkes, a free thinker and free drinker, who had fought more lawsuits than any man in England. There was a robust British pugnacity about Tooke that is not unattractive, and he probably saw through Fox, to whom, in Canning's immortal parody of Horace, he is made to say—

> Charles, for a shuffler long I've known thee,
> But come—for once I won't disown thee,
> And, since with patriot zeal thou burnest,
> With thee I'll live—or hang in earnest.

Although nothing was so fundamentally hostile to the temper of the English Protestant Dissenters as the spirit of new irreligious France, yet the fact that the law still foolishly excluded them from Office drove some pious Dissenters into the Radical camp. One of their leaders, Dr. Priestley, a man of real learning, had his house sacked by a Birmingham mob, because he chose to celebrate the anniversary of July 14th by a great dinner to his Radical friends; and it must be admitted that some of the extracts read from his works, at the subsequent trial of the rioters, proved that he was an advocate of open rebellion.[1] The Roman Catholics, equally with the Dissenters excluded from Office,

[1] "If Government has not made sufficient provision for the happiness of the people, no title ought to shelter it from the generous attacks of the noble and daring patriot." "Governors will never be awed by the voice of the People so long as it is a mere voice without overt acts."

might have been upon the same side, had not the Parisian Radicals treated the Catholic Church from the first as their mortal foe. Finally there were, as there always must be among the lower classes, half-educated men who, with rude eloquence, appealed to the passions of the unemployed and the unemployable. And, owing to the Industrial Revolution then in progress, owing also to a series of bad harvests almost unbroken from 1792 till 1800, there was among the poor a vast amount of unmerited suffering which was on the whole nobly and patiently borne.

On the other side were ninety-nine hundredths of the upper and nine-tenths of the middle classes; and with no uncertain voice, both in and out of Parliament, these rallied to the existing Constitution, and demanded swift repression of seditious movements and writings. Parliamentary Reform and other desirable things could wait:—

> Better a rotten borough or so
> Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames.[1]

The country at large was terrified by the bloody deeds almost daily enacted across the Channel. And to the

[1] Compare Burns, certainly no aristocrat, but an equalitarian if ever there was one:—

> The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
> Perchance a claut may fail in't,
> But deil a foreign tinkler loon
> Shall ever ca' a nail in't;
> Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
> And wha wad dare to spoil it?
> By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
> Shall fuel be to boil it!

This was written in the last year but one of his life, 1795, when the author of 'It's coming yet for a' that' was enrolled in the ranks of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers.

country at large spoke, in October, '90, with his immortal 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' Mr. Burke. Here was the arch-Whig telling us what it all meant—the dissolution of society—and where it would all end—in a military despotism. Burke followed this up with his 'Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old Whigs'; and his Appeal was so successful that the Whig party was rent in twain, and all its best elements came to the support of the Tory Government; in '94 Portland, Spencer, Fitzwilliam and Mr. Windham actually joined the Cabinet of Pitt.

Little remains by which we can trace the changes in Pitt's own mind. We can only see him averting his head and shutting his ears not only to alarms but also to all reasonable warnings. It almost looks as if he knew that he had criminally neglected the first duty of a government, an adequate armed force both by sea and land. As the years '89, '90 and '91 passed over him, his main reflection seems to have been that France was deliberately effacing herself both as a military and a commercial State, and that this could hardly fail in the long run to benefit Great Britain. The first direct contact between England and Revolutionary France was when the latter refused to support the Spanish claim on Vancouver; the next was when the Governor of Jamaica rescued in 1791 a number of French planters from the Slave-insurrection of San Domingo, an insurrection which was a direct result of the movements of the Paris Radicals. In Pitt's Budget for '92 tremendous reductions[1] in a Navy already unduly weak were announced, and the Minister made the famous remark about 'fifteen years of peace' which I quoted in the last chapter. On the

[1] From 24,000 to 16,000 seamen and marines.

eve of its war with Austria and Prussia the 'apology for a government' in France begged for a loan, and offered to cede us Tobago; it was politely refused, and with equal politeness were refused all suggestions from the side of the Allies. A proclamation against seditious writings was issued in May, '92, and a hot-headed French Envoy who protested against it was snubbed for his pains. When in August Louis XVI. was dethroned, his palace stormed and his Guards shot down by the mob, our Ambassador was recalled from Paris, but recalled only because he had been accredited to a King who was a King no longer. Pitt certainly hesitated to 'recognize' the French Republic, but so did all European governments, especially after the fearful series of massacres of Royalists in the Paris prisons at the beginning of September. At last in November events began to come thick and fast which made this attitude of neutrality no longer possible.

The infant Republic discovered a General, Dumouriez, who not only checked the advance of the Prussians in September and October, but early in November hurled his Army into Belgium, won a great battle, and swept the Austrians back to the Dutch frontier. The French Convention, drunk with glory, passed on the 19th November a Decree offering its alliance to all peoples who wished to overthrow their governments—in effect a declaration of war on the whole World—and another Decree throwing open the river Scheldt to ships of all Nations 'because no Treaties can abrogate Natural Rights.' Belgium gone (and whenever France had threatened Belgium we had fought her, from Edward III. to George II.), Holland was in grave danger; and Pitt was obliged to tell Holland that Great Britain would be inviolably faithful

to the Alliance of 1788. On December 1st he called out the Militia and summoned Parliament to meet within twelve days.

This had but one meaning, war; and Fox, who opposed the Address to the Throne, could not get fifty votes on his side. An Alien Bill, for deporting 'suspicious foreigners,' was rapidly run through; and when, on January 21st, '93, Louis XVI. was executed, every one in London wore mourning, though in Paris 'the playhouses are open and the City is illuminated every night, as if the French wished to make their wickedness more visible' (*Times*, January 26th). The French Envoy was dismissed at once, and on February 1st France declared war on England and a few days later on Spain.

Now the common cant of the Radicals was that this was a 'war of opinion,' a war of Monarchs against a Republic, of Aristocracies against a Democracy; and, even when the military despotism of Napoleon had put an end not only to the independence of all the Nations he conquered, but to French 'liberty' as well, this kind of cant was kept up; it became a tradition and a 'legend,' and has coloured English history down to the present day. Fox's nephew, the third Lord Holland (died 1840), and his vulgar wife (died 1845), who kept open house for all the wits and artists of London, instituted a cult of Fox and of the doctrines he had preached; Lord Byron's influence, enormous on his generation, was all in the same direction. Yet no view of the war could be more untrue. It began as a struggle to maintain the independence of Holland, and to deliver Belgium from the French. These were, from 1793 to 1815, the two real things, apart from the danger to her own shores, that

mattered to Great Britain. If a great military Power holds Antwerp, still more if it holds Antwerp and Amsterdam, it points a pistol at the heart of London. When for a time we failed to deliver Belgium and Holland, the war continued as a war for the deliverance successively of Germany, of Italy, of Portugal, of Spain, even of Russia from the same grasping Power, France. But above all it became a war for the deliverance of Britain herself, and so a war between the two greatest Nations of the world; a war of tradition against tradition, ship against ship, man against man, wealth against wealth. 'England saved herself by her exertions and saved Europe by her example.'

For a long time the exertions were misdirected and the example was a feeble one. Pitt, the financier, not unnaturally failed to see how a country, which was already living, as France was, on a hideously depreciated paper currency, and which appeared to have destroyed all its old sources of wealth, could possibly maintain the struggle beyond a year. He therefore made the great initial mistake of trying to pay for the war by loans instead of by fresh taxation, and he clung to this mistake far too long, for each year it seemed to him that one more year must exhaust his enemy's resources. He appears never to have realized that a Nation can sometimes live without money and without credit. But that was the case now. In the summer of '93 a few resolute scoundrels, fighting with halters round their necks, but with a real patriot or two among them, usurped the government of France; they instituted, on pain of death, a system by which they could take anything that they wanted for the supply of the Armies

from any one who had anything worth taking, and they kept this up for nearly two years. By that time France was no longer paying for the war; the riches of Belgium, Holland and the Rhenish Provinces of Germany were paying for it, and war was made to support war. Napoleon, as Consul and as Emperor, followed the same plan, and stretched it until the World groaned under it. But, long before all was over, France was groaning too; her commerce was annihilated; some part of the cost, apart from the drain of men, was bound to fall on her, and Pitt's view was justified at the last.

I shall not attempt to speak in detail of the taxes which Pitt was before long obliged to levy, and which included in 1798 an Income Tax of ten per cent., till then a 'horror' unheard of by Englishmen, but a perfectly just and equitable horror. He had to treble the assessed taxes and to double the tax on successions; windows, bricks, insurances, women servants, hair-powder, dogs, watches, clocks, armorial bearings, carriages and horses, all had to pay toll. Before the close of his first Ministry alone, he had to add £300,000,000 to the National Debt; he had to authorize the Bank of England to suspend cash payments (1797), and he had to see its notes depreciated in consequence; he had to see the Funds, which he had raised to 96, fall to 47 (January, 1797); he had even to see his Exchequer supported (in '98) by voluntary contributions. By no means the whole of the vast sums thus raised went in any direct manner to sustain the warlike efforts of Great Britain; much was given in subsidies to the impoverished Nations of the Continent, and especially to Austria, as long as she maintained the

struggle against France.[1] You may well ask how Britain was able to afford such cost.

The answer is a fairly simple one. In spite of two great commercial crises and panics ('93 and '97), each accompanied by numerous bankruptcies, the commerce of the Nation increased by leaps and bounds, while the commerce of all other Nations, hitherto our rivals, was stagnant or ruined. Even during the first period of the war both our exports and our imports had advanced fifty per cent. beyond any previous figures. And this commerce was wholly seaborne and rested wholly on the supremacy of the British Navy; the French Government was obliged sadly to admit (1799) that 'not a merchant ship carrying the French flag was now to be seen at sea.' And so Allies might drop, two Coalitions might break and melt away; frightful mismanagement and incapacity might be displayed by the English War Office, and too often also by the English Admiralty; Ireland might be in open insurrection and a French invasion hourly expected; worse than this, there might be great want and suffering at home, with bread at famine prices, which produced riots; worst of all there might be a dangerous spirit of insubordination among our sailors, which in '97 broke out in two open mutinies; and yet the long, lean, silent man, whose own health was breaking under the strain, could see no occasion for giving in.

Nor need we stop long to consider Pitt's so-called 'repressive' measures, for which even the independent mind of Lord Rosebery thinks it necessary to make

1 The total amount in direct subsidies paid to Allies between 1793 and 1814 is only forty-six millions; but this does not include loans, which were also enormous, and little of which was ever repaid.

some apology. After the Alien Bill already mentioned came the Traitorous Correspondence Act, enacting penalties of high treason against all who supplied arms to France or brought in French paper money to Britain; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, making it possible to keep suspects in prison without trial; the Seditious Meetings Bill, by which no meeting of over fifty persons was lawful without the sanction of a magistrate; and the Treasonable Practices Bill. A considerable number of persons stood their trial for high treason during the first three years of war, most of whom were merely noisy champions of 'Radical Reform,' but whose language was undoubtedly seditious and inflammatory to the highest degree. In England the trials were conducted with conspicuous fairness, and the most famous batch of accused, which included Horne-Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall and Holcroft, was acquitted. In Scotland, where the movement for a 'National Convention' had been more serious (1793), much strong language against the 'Reformers' was used by the Judge whom Stevenson has portrayed for us under the name of 'Weir of Hermiston'; several persons were transported to Botany Bay, and one man, Robert Watt, whose guilt was perfectly clear and who died acknowledging the justice of his sentence, was hanged. But there is nothing to prove that in any one case the law was strained against the prisoners. And the terror of the introduction of 'French principles' was undoubtedly so great that much stronger measures of repression would have been welcomed by the Nation at large.

And so to the war. When it began, Henry Dundas, aged fifty-one, was Home-and-Colonial Secretary, and

Pitt's elder brother, Lord Chatham, was First Lord of the Admiralty. There was no separate War Minister until '94, when Dundas was appointed to that office, and when also Lord Spencer succeeded Chatham at the Admiralty. Old Lord Amherst was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and old Lords Hood and Howe the best-known Admirals on the list of the Navy. Seniority, and therefore old age, was the chief test of promotion in both Services. The Army had barely 30,000 men with the colours at home; the Admiralty had barely seventy-five ships of the line in commission or ready for commissioning. No eulogies lavished on his domestic policy can wipe out the fact that Pitt had shockingly neglected the needs of both Services, that he had laid to heart none of the lessons of the American War, and, worse still, that, now that a new war had come, he never looked at the Map of the World as a whole, or formed any one definite plan for setting the offensive arms of the country in order; when it came to the defensive we shall see that he had a clearer conception thereof than most of his contemporaries; in fact the only military measure which he had proposed during his years of peace was one for the fortification of Plymouth and Portsmouth,[1] and this Parliament had

[1] The coasts had never been properly fortified since Henry VIII.'s reign, and his ancient castles were still being patched up at times. 'Lines' of some sort had indeed been drawn near Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness and Harwich in Charles II.'s reign; and in each succeeding reign, from Anne to George II., little additions had been made to these, but there was absolutely no systematic *enceinte* of earthworks at any of our Ports before 1860; and, at the time of the Great War, the *Mayor and Corporation* of each Port were still supposed to be responsible for its defence!

rejected. Recruits for either Service were exceedingly difficult to obtain, for the men's pay was totally inadequate to the increased cost of living; and we had to begin by sending several thousand soldiers to man the Fleet. Pensions, hospitals (except Greenwich and Chelsea) were not; there was no medical staff; the Ordnance was under a separate Office from the Army, and the Ordnance Office had no ammunition ready; there were no transports for troops, and, when 1,700 men of the Guards were with difficulty got together in February, '93, they were 'huddled across the North Sea to Holland upon such empty colliers as could be found in the Thames.' In short the whole military system was in a state of complete disorganization.

The Prince of Hesse indeed still 'sold the lives of his subjects for thirty banco crowns each,' and to him we at once applied; and George, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, made a similar application to George, Elector of Hanover. Subsidies were also poured into the laps of Spain, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Portugal and Naples, all of whom were either actually or potentially at war with France. Parliament voted 25,000 regular troops and 19,000 additional Militia; and ships were quickly put in commission. An Act was passed early in '93 for raising corps of Volunteers for home defence, and the country showed a most laudable readiness to enlist in these corps; but it must always be remembered that Volunteers escaped, and rightly escaped the possibility of being drawn by ballot for the Militia. These Volunteers consisted of Yeomanry Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery; also, for the defence of the ports, other Volunteers, called 'Sea Fencibles,' were enrolled; and so, somehow or other, by the end

of '94 we had, on paper, over 300,000 men under arms in the two Services.

How were these men and ships to be employed? We must try to do what Pitt could never do, to look at the Map of the World as a whole, and to see where the arms of Great Britain could strike the most effective blows; and we must guard ourselves against the common error of regarding the tasks of the Army and the Navy as altogether separate. The Services ought to have acted in common far more than they did. Though the fine French Navy of Louis XVI. had been utterly disorganized by the Revolution, and though the dockyard 'mates' (on strike) ruled the day and hanged officers at pleasure, France had still, locked up somewhere, at Brest, Toulon, Rochefort or L'Orient, over seventy ships of the line—thirty in Toulon alone. Therefore we must have a Mediterranean Fleet of twenty-five (Lord Hood, and, in the *Agamemnon*, sixty-four guns, a certain Captain Nelson); and a Channel Fleet of twenty-five (Lord Howe). We must do our best to blockade all the ports of France, lest naval stores and corn, of which they are in great need, come to them from the Baltic or the United States. We must hurry up and send all the next ships we can get ready to the West Indies, not only to cut off the most important branch of the French commerce, but to defend against privateers the most important branch of our own; troops must be sent, on board this last fleet, to seize the great 'sugar islands' of France. It will be well if we can also make a descent or two upon the French coast, especially where there are symptoms of discontent against the 'Reign of Terror' of the Parisian Radicals—and such symptoms speedily appeared in

Poitou and Lower Brittany (La Vendée) and at Toulon. Above all we must incessantly reinforce, in concert with the Austrian Army, the resistance of the Dutch on their own frontier.

It may be that we tried too many of these operations at once. Henry Dundas, to whom the conduct of the war chiefly fell, has been much blamed for squandering British forces in small detachments all over the World; yet at the time plausible reasons could be found for most of his expeditions. Let us look first at Belgium and Holland, for this region was indeed our true objective, and all dissemination of effort beyond this promised failure. King George insisted on giving the command of 10,000 British troops to his second son Frederick, Duke of York, aged twenty-eight, a 'good peace-general' who had never seen service, but who was supposed to have 'studied Prussian tactics.' At least he had read David Dundas' new Drill Book of 1792, of which Sir John Moore afterwards said "it would be a good book except for those d——d eighteen manœuvres." With York, at different times during the campaign, were the really able Generals Abercromby, Lake, Henry Fox, David Dundas and Lord Moira. In the summer of '93 we, with the Austrians under the Prince of Coburg, were able to drive back the hitherto victorious Frenchmen through Belgium and across their own frontier, and to take the French fortresses of Condé and Valenciennes. Then, instead of sweeping on into France, York, obeying orders from home, turned aside to the siege of Dunkirk. Dunkirk, wherein was a certain Major Hoche, resisted; the besiegers lost heavily; our Austrian friends were defeated at Wattignies, and ourselves at Hondschoote,

and before the end of the year the tide had finally turned against the Allies. After June, '94, enormous French Armies drove us back through Belgium (in spite of a large reinforcement brought by Moira) and separated us from the Austrians. In November the French overran Holland, proclaimed it to be the 'Batavian Republic,' and captured, in January, '95, the Dutch Fleet over the frozen sea off Texel. As for Belgium, it was incorporated as several 'Departments' into the French Republic.

Other French Armies had, by this time, driven back the Prussians and mastered the whole line of the Rhine. In a terrible winter retreat ('94–5) our men marched through and beyond Holland, to the Ems, to the Weser, unclad, unpaid, unfed; six thousand of them died of cold and starvation alone. Dunkirk had been the capital mistake; and it was an additional one that, when the siege was begun, no attempt was made to bombard the town from the sea; the Navy was elsewhere. The soldiers had fought well on the whole, particularly in a fierce engagement against heavy odds at Villers-en-Cauchies. Young Arthur Wellesley, aged twenty-four, Colonel of the 33rd, had distinguished himself at Boxtel; and bitter were the remarks he made in his private letters on the ignorance and incapacity of his leaders and brother officers: he said that he had 'learned more from his letters from England of what was passing at Head-Quarters than from Head-Quarters themselves' —and yet he was in command of a brigade! In short, 'no one knew anything of the management of an army.' For himself, he said long afterwards, 'he learned there what one ought not to do, and that is always something.' Good Mr. Windham, a converted Whig, who

had just become 'Secretary-at-War,' thought it incumbent on him to visit the Army as it was beginning its retreat; as late as September, 1794, he found the Duke of York giving large dinner parties on the Dutch frontier. There were too many dinner parties and too much wine was drunk at them.

The failure of this campaign did indeed set free some 20,000 British troops for service elsewhere; but please understand that it had been a failure in the most vital point of all, and a failure of such a nature as to make both friends and foes say that Great Britain was destitute of capacity for warfare on land. Meanwhile in the West Indies, which might well have waited, things were going better. The details of the capture and recapture of these Islands must be sought in other books; what I want my readers to remember is that we possessed at the gates of the Gulf of Mexico an excellent base and harbour at Kingston, Jamaica, and this interior position, together with a much stronger Fleet, enabled us, by the year '98, to take nearly all the Lesser Antilles that had belonged to France;[1] to take, when in '95 the 'Batavian Republic' was added to our enemies, all the Dutch Islands and Demerara on the South American Continent; and, when Spain was also added, to take Trinidad. But when we directed our efforts to the far larger and more important Island (half French, half Spanish) of San Domingo, once the richest depot of trade in the whole Western World, but now desolated by civil war between Royalist French planters, insurgent slaves and a vast population of mulattoes, we failed miserably. And victory and failure alike were purchased at a frightful sacrifice of

[1] The exception was Guadeloupe.

British life, for yellow fever ate up half the troops we sent, and Mr. Fortescue calculates that the six years' fighting in these regions cost us forty thousand dead and forty thousand more invalided for life. To be sent thither was the one thing that Thomas Atkins dreaded, and that there was frightful mismanagement of his gallant services there can be no doubt. Yet one must repeat that by these campaigns we not only maintained and doubled our own most profitable branch of commerce, but absolutely deprived France of her most profitable branch. In the matter of San Domingo, no doubt, it would have been wiser to occupy only two or three ports in strong force, instead of sending our men into the densely wooded interior of the Island. When in '98 we finally gave up our attempts on it we had at least the satisfaction of knowing that this rich Colony was lost to France, and of conjecturing that France would one day vainly spend her strength in trying to recover it from the black men. This was what Napoleon tried to do in 1803, and he failed miserably. Haiti, as it is now called, has ever since remained a Negro Republic, and a perennial warning to all philanthropic persons who believe in the 'man and brother' theory. There were, of course, sporadic slave insurrections in our own Colonies, but they were never serious, and one fruit that the campaigns bore was the creation, in spite of much opposition from the War Office as well as from our own planters out there, of our famous West India Regiments of negroes officered by Englishmen; before 1799 twelve battalions of these existed, and, being accustomed to the trying climate, they did excellent service. But one thing we must never forget, and that is that, down

to the date of Trafalgar, the French could always keep us in a quake, almost as great as when they threatened to invade us at home, by any feint directed against the West Indies.

On the other side of the World the Dutch Colonies, Ceylon, Malacca and Amboyna, and that old one established in 1652 at the Cape of Good Hope, had fallen to small British or East Indian expeditions before the spring of 1796, and the protection of these, as well as of our new gains in the West, caused, year by year, more regiments to be raised and more recruits found for them, and thus imposed a fresh drain on the overburdened British taxpayer. But it is now time for us to turn our eyes back to Europe. Probably the most futile efforts we made were those upon the coast of France itself. Yet at the time there was much to be said in their favour. It must always be difficult for statesmen to judge how far it is wise to trust to the suggestions made by foreign exiles, and as a rule it is certainly not wise to throw troops on to an enemy's coast to aid insurgents; you are apt to awaken a dormant patriotism. One can fancy the feelings of all moderate English Royalists if Charles I. had succeeded in bringing in any of those Dutch, Danes or Lorrainers, after whom he was always hankering, to help him beat the Parliamentarians. But the case of France was now somewhat different. The Convention had not only confiscated all the property, but had threatened the lives of the French Royalists so fiercely that these could be trusted, it was thought, to fight to the death, and to afford all assistance to an invasion on their behalf. And so completely was French public opinion muzzled that it was not unnatural to suppose that even the indifferent mass

of the people would welcome anything that delivered them from the grasp of the ' Terrorist ' Radicals of Paris. There was indeed, in the summer of '93, a great opportunity. In March of that year the peasants, priests and squires of La Vendée, a district just south of Loire-mouth, rose and for a time swept before them everything that the Republicans could send against them. Twenty thousand English troops, say under Cornwallis or Abercromby, with a fleet of bomb-ketches and gunboats, landed at Saint-Nazaire, would have stiffened the Vendeans, produced the fall of Nantes, and given a direction to their campaign towards Paris. That city might then have been crushed between their fire and that of Coburg and York, if all had gone well on the Eastern side. But there were too many ' ifs.' And just as long as the war on the Eastern side lasted, Pitt had simply not got twenty, or a quarter of twenty thousand troops to spare; it was doubtful it he could even have spared arms and ammunition. At any rate he did nothing until after the main Vendean Army had been defeated in December; when it was too late, and its fugitives were streaming Northwards towards the Cotentin, he sent a small expedition under Lord Moira, which didn't even land. Troubles for the Republic in the West were, however, by no means at an end, even when Hoche had for the first time succeeded in ' pacifying ' La Vendée, February, '95. The so-called ' Chouans,' half Vendean and Breton Royalists, half smugglers, were ready to rise and, through the agency of the Comte de Puisaye, Pitt was persuaded to send in June, '95, a Squadron under Admiral Warren, with 4,000 exiled French Royalists and with large supplies of arms on board, to Quiberon Bay; it resulted in an utter disaster, and, except for some 3,000 Chouans

and exiles, who succeeded in escaping to our ships, all who had landed or had risen were massacred after the battle by the direct order of the Convention. No better success awaited a descent of a similar force in October on the Isle of Yeu, though it had on board a French Prince, who indeed showed little stomach for fighting.

At Toulon alone had these descents on France any temporary success. Lord Hood's Mediterranean Fleet had sailed into the Straits in July, '93, at the very time when affairs were looking blackest for the French Republic. Spain had declared war on France in February, and the Spanish Fleet came to Hood's aid off Toulon. The Royalists in the great dockyard-city rose and hoisted the flag of the child Louis XVII., now a prisoner in Paris, and in August Hood landed as many troops as he could spare to aid them. It would have taken over twenty thousand men to defend the vast fortifications of Toulon. To besiege it the Convention sent every man it could spare, and among them a young artillery officer who was worth a good many men, called Napoleon Bonaparte. For nearly four months the Royalist flag was kept flying on the ramparts and on the French Fleet in the harbour; but, early in December, Hood saw that the game was up; he burned nine and towed away two of the French ships; he took several thousand refugees on board his own Fleet and he sailed away; but through the fault or perhaps the treachery of the Spaniards, fifteen French ships were unfortunately left for the Republic to utilize in '95. With this failure comes to an end the story of our attempts upon France itself. After all, it was at sea that the two old antagonists were most likely to fight it out. 'Those

storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army [of Napoleon] never looked,' were all that, in the end, 'stood between France and the dominion of the World.' But that end was far away.

After his failure at Toulon Hood's next move was on Corsica, which had been since 1769 a French, though always a troublesome possession. The Corsicans were quite ready to declare for King George, or King any one who wouldn't govern them seriously, and they possessed an excellent harbour in San Fiorenzo; others at Calvi and Bastia. Sir Gilbert Elliot came out as 'Viceroy' of Corsica. Captain Nelson, already the darling alike of lower deck and quarter-deck, with a greater love of fighting and a greater hatred of Frenchmen than any Briton alive, and one who had already intuitively grasped all the principles of the highest naval strategy, helped Sir David Dundas and the future Peninsular hero, John Moore, to take Bastia, and he lost the sight of his right eye in helping Sir Charles Stuart to take Calvi. But then Hood's second, Admiral Hotham, let the remains of the French Fleet slip out of Toulon; and the British Admiralty rewarded him with the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, *vice* Hood, recalled for demanding too many ships. France valiantly set herself to recover command of her sea; six more ships escaped from Brest and got safe to Toulon in the spring of '95; Hotham fought a partial action in March, took two and thought 'we had done very well,' but refused, much to Nelson's indignation, to chase the remainder; and the Corsicans veered away again from their allegiance to King George. Our Fleet remained based on San Fiorenzo and on the friendly Tuscan port of Leghorn, but our commerce in those seas suffered severely from French

frigates all that year. In fact it was a year fatally wasted. If Hood, who was really a most active old sailor, had had Hotham's chances, or if Hotham, who had been reinforced by nine more ships, had destroyed the French Fleet, as he might very well have done, General Bonaparte's great Italian campaign of '96–7, so much dependent upon supplies brought in small coasting vessels, would have been impossible. For France was already looking towards Italy; she had won all the line of the Rhine, and Prussia had made peace with her in March; Spain followed suit in July. As early as '92 Savoy and Nice had been swallowed from the King of Sardinia. Genoa and Tuscany were in great fear; only an Austrian Army and the British Fleet stood between Italy and French greed, and the British Fleet had as yet done nothing for Italy. When in December, '95, a leader better even than Hood came to command that Fleet, in the person of Sir John Jervis, it was already too late; the French had crossed the Italian frontier and beaten the Austrians at Loano, and the path of the coming conqueror was opened for him.

As regards the contest in the Atlantic, it seems that neither Howe, nor his successor in the Channel Fleet, Lord Bridport, ever learned the old lesson of Hawke, that Brest must be blockaded in fair weather or foul. Their Fleets used to lie in Spithead; 'ships deteriorated,' they said, 'when they were kept at sea'—so does a bridge 'deteriorate,' or a road, directly it is open for traffic. It is crews that deteriorate when they are kept in harbour, and that is a much more serious thing. Let me, even at the risk of boring my readers, make this blockading business clear. Besides Brest the only Atlantic ports of France, into which a warship can go, are L'Orient

and Rochefort; South of them, there is nothing till you come to the Spanish harbours by Cape Finisterre, Ferrol and Corunna. We ought indeed to keep our battle-fleet out of sight of these French harbours, but always with a chain of frigates right up to them and in constant communication with our flagship outside. If the Westerly gales drive us off for a few days we can run to Torbay or Falmouth, and run back, either before the French can come out or in time to fight them as they do come out. For it is by no means always our interest to seal them up; often it is our best interest to tempt them out to fight; but then we must take care none of them ever get back again. Above all, it is our interest that no convoy of naval stores or of grain shall ever get in. Lord Howe, a most beloved and gallant sailor, failed to fulfil any one of the above precepts; after all, he was sixty-eight years old. Thus he failed, in the early summer of '94, to cut off an enormous convoy coming from the French West Indies and the Neutral ports of North America, a convoy on which the very life of the Brest dockyard and the starving population of Western France were just then depending, and to guard which the French Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse bravely put out with thirty sadly dilapidated ships. Howe met him, indeed, at the end of May and fought him for four days, ending on the 'Glorious First of June' with the capture of six and the destruction of one of the French ships; but the convoy he never saw, and its safe arrival was worth a greater loss than Villaret had suffered. It was the same story when Bridport in the next year put out from Spithead with fourteen, met Villaret with twelve, and only took three of them. These Admirals would run no risks. The

French, of course, suffered badly, but they were neither swept from the seas nor sealed up in port for good as they ought to have been. The command of the water really remained in dispute.

We get an excellent glimpse of the Brest Fleet as it was in the year '94–5, from the letters of Major Tench of the Marines, who was taken prisoner when the *Alexander* (74), after losing half her crew, struck to five Frenchmen in November, '94. The Major was badly treated and sometimes half starved on a hulk in Brest harbour, but his captors ingenuously let him see that it was the fault of their vile Government which terrorized them, rather than of the naval authorities. Villaret-Joyeuse was particularly kind, whenever he dared to be so. Tench points out in what respects their Navy was still ahead of our own; their admirable charts, even of all the British harbours; their excellent surgeons and assistants, five to each ship of the line; the superior construction of the hulls of their battleships, both as to length and bottom; their special rating of signallers. He notes also with surprise the good discipline kept on board their ships in spite of 'equalitarian' notions. None of this, however, could compensate for the frightful poverty of the port and indeed of all Brittany, where not only hemp and spars, but the bare necessaries of life were almost wholly wanting, nor for the total lack of seamanship of both officers and men; the old sailors had been sent off for soldiers, and the ships were manned by soldiers and boys; there were ceaseless draggings of anchors and collisions in the basin whenever a ship got under weigh. Most of the battleships had on board furnaces for heating shot red hot, a most barbarous practice, against all

the laws of civilized warfare, but, on the whole, 'more likely to set fire to the ship using it than to the enemy.' As for French manufactures, the cheese they gave him was Gloucester, the plates, when he got a plate to eat off, were Stafford, the knives were Sheffield, and the coats, hats and shoes of the men were mostly of British origin.[1] Yet at the end of '96, with a Fleet in this condition, the French were allowed to embark 20,000 men under Hoche for a great invasion of Ireland, and, though the elements in all their fury combined with bad seamanship to make it a failure, our main Fleet never got to sea till the day before the French were safely back in Brest.

So far, therefore, the British Army and Navy had not distinguished themselves. In February, '95, the Duke of York, on his return from defeat in Holland, was made Commander-in-Chief, and, to the surprise of most people, he proved a much better administrator than General. He was the first person to do anything serious towards raising the pay of the private soldier and ameliorating in many other ways the hard conditions of the Service. Lord Cornwallis took the Ordnance Office and a seat in the Cabinet at the same time. But the Ministry had great elements of weakness; until '98 every year seemed to produce more troubles than the year before it. Loyally as the 'rallied' Whigs supported Pitt, it was to some extent a forced support, and the freezing 'aloofness' of the Prime Minister did little to conciliate them. The smell of Whiggery in

1 'Letters written in France to a Friend in London between November 1794 and May 1795 by Major Tench of the Marines, late of H.M.S. *Alexander*.' London: Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1796.

the Cabinet began to ascend the too recipient nostrils of Grenville, whose family connections were of the closest and most bigoted Whig type, and perhaps tended to draw him slightly away from Pitt; Grenville's temperament also was apt to be despondent. Windham, the ablest of them all, had feelings at times approaching panic. He saw only too clearly what the Revolution meant; "it is," he writes in September, '96, "another Roman Republic that is coming into existence, equally fatal to the independence of all other Nations, and infinitely more so to their virtue and happiness." A Minister who is in such fear of mutiny in the Guards that he dreads storing ammunition in the Tower, and yet takes no steps to protect it, who can't take up a newspaper or open a despatch without 'horror at the dreadful tidings,' and who 'thinks it a mere question of time when he will have to take refuge in Siberia,' is hardly the man to galvanize a Nation. A band of devoted followers, one day to vindicate his name, did indeed gather round Pitt, men like Canning, Rose, Long, Wellesley, and above all Castlereagh; and Pitt, though he allowed Dundas recklessly to squander his soldiers and break his promises to Admirals and Generals alike, never lost the lofty courage that went far to redeem his mistakes. Dundas, however, seems to have learned very little even from his own blunders.

When, in August, '96, Spain, after making peace with France in '95, declared war on us, things looked black enough in the Mediterranean. Corsica had already revolted, and we had just been obliged to seize Elba, which has a good harbour at Porto Ferraio, as an alternative base for the Fleet. The genius of Napoleon had swept Northern and Central Italy from

end to end; there was now at Milan a new daughter-republic of France, called the 'Cisalpine,' and the Austrians were holding out only at Mantua. One by one the ports of the Italian mainland were reluctantly closed to us by their several rulers as the French power developed in the Peninsula. All that summer Sir John Jervis was cruising, with fifteen ships, off Toulon. Admiral Mann was watching outside Cadiz with seven, and Nelson, always on detached and independent jobs, was trying to keep the coast of Italy clear of French shipping. Jervis had perfect trust in Nelson, and gave him a free hand—"Send 'em to the devil your own way," he used to say if Nelson asked for detailed orders. Thus when, after the Spanish declaration of war, the Government reluctantly decided to evacuate the whole Mediterranean, it was Nelson who was charged with the duty of carrying off troops and stores from Corsica, and, early in '97, from Elba too; but meanwhile a French Squadron, which had escaped Hotham in '95 and gone to Cadiz, helped the Spanish Fleet out into the Atlantic. The French, it was thought, were for the West Indies, but after a cruise to Newfoundland got safe back into Brest. The Spaniards were caught by Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, 150 miles N.W. of Cadiz, on February 14th, '97, twenty-seven strong to the English fifteen. Even against Spaniards it was odds no British Admiral had yet faced, and Jervis deserves the greatest credit. Nelson, Collingwood and Troubridge were the heroes of the day; perhaps too few Spanish ships were taken, though Nelson, in the *Captain*, boarded two himself, but the rest were so crippled that the Spanish Navy gave us no more trouble till 1805. Jervis, now created Lord St. Vincent, sat down for two years

to seal the Spaniards up in Cadiz. Cape St. Vincent was a priceless victory at the moment; for if ever a year of despair came to Great Britain it was that year of '97. The Mediterranean was lost; Ireland was on the verge of rebellion; the financial crisis at home had come; our last ally, Austria, called for a truce in April and made peace in October; and now in quick succession came the two Mutinies in the Fleets at Spithead and the Nore.

Luckily there was no real connection between these two. Lord Bridport's command only asked for better wages, food, medical attendance and occasional leave; the pay scale was still that of the time of Charles II.! The men said they would return to duty and put to sea directly if a French Fleet entered the Channel; and Lord Howe, who went down in person, had little difficulty in pacifying them; their demands were agreed to, and the better status of the British sailor dates from that day. But it was a shocking thing for any Government to learn to make such elementary provision for its brave defenders only because force in the shape of mutiny was applied to it. At the Nore, in Admiral Duncan's command, things were much more serious. The Radical agitator, the Irish rebel and the French spy were at work there. Duncan was busy blockading off Texel fifteen Dutch ships, which were only waiting for a fair wind to convey a large French Army to Ireland; the mutineers left him only two ships, and took the rest into the Thames. But Duncan showed superb skill and the Admiralty showed unexpected firmness; they at once granted the raising of wages, etc., and then took steps to cut off the revolted ships from the shore, trained cannon on them and starved them into

unconditional surrender. The leader, a bad character who had been reduced from the rating of midshipman, was hanged at the yardarm. Then the good wind changed, after blowing from the West for three months, and delivered the brave Dutchmen into the hands of Admiral Duncan in the battle of Camperdown, October, '97, where he took nine out of fifteen. Ireland was saved to us for the moment. In December the King went in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown. The temper of the Opposition with which Pitt had to deal at that time may be judged by the terms in which its leading paper, the *Morning Post*, directly inspired by Fox and Grey, recorded the event:—"The consequence of the procession to St. Paul's was that one man returned thanks to Almighty God, and one woman was kicked to death." Well might Gillray caricature Fox as 'The French Telegraph making signals in the Dark' to a French Fleet in the Channel. Well might Canning, who, with Pitt's other young followers, was now beginning his brilliant little newspaper called the *Anti-Jacobin*, apply to Fox Sallust's well-known description of Catiline.

Pitt, indeed, had already made two attempts at negotiation with the French Republic; Lord Malmesbury[1] was sent to Paris in '96 and to Lille in '97; on each occasion his offers were contemptuously rejected, and he was very rudely treated. For making these offers Pitt has been held up to scorn, even by admirers of the party that was then clamouring for peace; 'he only did it to "dish" the Opposition; he was a parliamentary trickster after all,' etc. But it was absolutely necessary to show the world that he, Pitt,

[1] Formerly Sir James Harris. *See* Vol. III., p. 338.

was quite prepared to recognize whatever form of government the French chose to suffer under; that he, Pitt, was not the 'tool of the despots coalised against liberty'; but that also he, Pitt, would not yield a jot of British influence or power. Both his offers therefore stipulated for the independence of Belgium and Holland from France; *i.e.*, for the attainment by Great Britain of the two objects for which she had gone to war. He would give France back her Colonies (which we could easily retake) and would recognize her grip on the middle and upper Rhine. There is evidence that if he had offered a large enough bribe to the leading Paris Radical, Citizen Barras, these or any other terms would have been accepted.

But the Nation which had weathered this terrible year '97 had never lost heart; at least it had thrown up a great sailor, whose merits were soon as well known to the 'man in the street' as to Lord St. Vincent outside Cadiz. Thus, though in the year '98 the prospect of invasion began to be serious and was never dispelled until after Trafalgar, it was generally felt that the worst was over. For one thing, France had now frankly become a conqueror for conquest's sake; Bonaparte, though he kept up the 'language of liberty' when writing to French newspapers, said to his soldiers when they entered Italy in '96: "There is the richest country in Europe and the most unwarlike population; go and sweep it clean." And they swept it clean. It must have been difficult for the most ardent democrat to regard France any longer as the champion of liberty, when she began the year '98 by attacking the ancient Republic of Switzerland; she had just sold to Austria the still more ancient Republic of Venice as the price of peace. And so gradually men's eyes began to open

to the truth, and most people, except Fox, began to suspect the sincerity of French zeal for 'one grand Radical Reform,' and much of the fear of a democratic rising at home began to pass away.

In one respect, however, and that the most serious one, the danger was greater than before, though two years had yet to pass before its full effects were felt. If Britain had thrown up a great sailor France had thrown up the greatest soldier of all time. If the young conqueror of Italy had been a French patriot he would have tried to bring England to her knees at the beginning of '98. This is not the place in which a fair estimate of Napoleon's character can be made; but it seems to me that his first, though by no means his last sin against his own country was committed when at this date he abandoned the plan of an invasion and took the best Army of France away to waste on the sands of Egypt. His reasons are tolerably evident; he intended one day to seize the French crown, though as yet he did not feel strong enough to do so. He knew there must be great risk of military failure in an invasion of Britain, and military failure so near home would ruin his chances. Away in the Levant, failure, which he had moreover no reason to dread, would not much matter.

Anyhow, in the beginning of '98, Bonaparte, as we ought to call him until he seized the crown, was appointed to command the 'Army of England,' and troops and ships were gathered at Brest, and all along the Northern and Western coasts of France. It was to some extent fear of invasion which had caused our withdrawal from the Mediterranean. It was this which also produced our first plans for home defence, of which we shall have to speak later. Ireland seemed to be

our most vulnerable quarter, and at this moment the flame of open rebellion was alight there. It is often assumed by historians that forty thousand Frenchmen, with 'Bony' at their head, thrown into Ireland at this date would have changed the course of history. I humbly venture to disagree. Though the nature of the Irish coast made it difficult for Britain, by no means yet in perfect command of the sea, to prevent a surprise landing, though a French occupation of Ireland would at first have been welcomed by the rebels, and for the time Ireland must have 'gone,' I do not see how, if the Ministry had remained firm, this need have led us to sue for peace on French terms. The command of the sea round the Irish coast would have been soon regained, and the French cut off. Irishmen would soon have tired of their 'deliverers,' and the 'Milesian Republic' would have been short-lived. No—it was to Southern England that a truly single-minded Frenchman would have directed his expedition and directed it at all risks. No doubt there, too, a whole Army Corps *might* eventually have perished or had to surrender, for it would certainly have been cut off by sea. But before any of these things could have happened it would more probably have compelled a Peace on any terms which it chose to dictate, and would thereby have secured its own safe return. The chance of ruining London—and I do not see how in 1798 London could have escaped if once a large French Army had landed—would have been worth the risk of the loss to France of a hundred thousand soldiers and any number of ships of the line.

But Bonaparte was no patriot, and he was not as yet prepared to take the undoubtedly enormous risk.

After a visit to the Northern coast in the early spring he persuaded his Government to allow him rather to deal a side blow at England by the occupation of Egypt. Whatever wild ideas he may have had in his head of an overland march to India or of building a Fleet in the Red Sea, do not much matter; he was an adept at sowing alarms on such points. He took with him 40,000 men and the whole Toulon Fleet (fifteen of the line), captured Malta on June 12th, and landed his men safely at the mouth of the Nile. And the British Fleet? Immediately after the battle of St. Vincent Nelson had gone off to a forlorn-hope attack on the Spanish Island of Teneriffe, which had failed, and he had been badly wounded with the loss of an arm; from July, '97, to April, '98, he had been slowly recovering from this wound; in the latter month he rejoined Lord St. Vincent at Cadiz and was immediately sent to reconnoitre Toulon. It was rather against St. Vincent's wish that we had decided once more to reoccupy the Mediterranean, for, with Italy as yet shut against us, where were we to get supplies? But it was a prudent as well as a gallant decision. Pitt had resolved to build up, if possible, a second Coalition against France; and, if we were to galvanize Austria to fight France, we must begin by galvanizing Italy, whither all Austrian ambitions looked. Nelson was accordingly reinforced to eleven ships, but unfortunately without frigates, 'the eyes of a fleet.' He failed, therefore, to see the French Fleet get out of Toulon, and when it was out no one could be sure of its destination; the most probable guess was Ireland or the West Indies. For two months (June, July) Nelson ranged the Mediterranean, Eastward to Syria, Westward to the Straits and Eastward

back again; at last, on the afternoon of August 1st, he saw the topmasts of the enemy's Fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay near Alexandria, close in shore, thirteen to his own thirteen, but with four ships larger than anything on the British side. Nelson had no need to wait and explain his order of battle to his captains, his 'band of brothers'; that he had done night after night during the weary hunt. But he flew at the enemy at once, and darkness set in just as the battle began. All night long the guns thundered. The French flagship blew up and the French Admiral was killed. Nelson had, with extraordinary daring, thrust in between the foe and the shore; the result was that only two French ships escaped, and he got these in the end. Their loss was 3,500 to our 900; it was the first great victory since 1759. Of course our Fleet was fearfully crippled. Nelson thoroughly realized that it is the business of a Fleet to get itself crippled or even destroyed if it can annihilate the enemy. He got an ugly wound in the head which incapacitated him for several days. By a single stroke he had cut off from Europe the best General and best Army of France.

Though the news of this great victory took two months to reach England, the Second Coalition had already begun; Treaties had been signed by Austria with Naples and with Russia. Turkey, for once in alliance with Russia, now declared war on France. English subsidies were lavished on them all. Nelson flew to Naples to galvanize the Neapolitan Government, and instituted a strict blockade of the new French garrison in Malta. Minorca surrendered to us in November; French Armies were beaten both by Austrians and Russians, both in Germany and in Italy, and in the year '99 the tide seemed to have turned finally

against France. One rather futile attempt indeed she made to recover the Mediterranean; Admiral Bruix got out of Brest with twenty-five sail and, while Bridport was looking for him on the Irish coast, dashed into the Straits and sailed a great circle round inside them; he drew Admiral Keith, who had just replaced St. Vincent, off from Cadiz, and on his safe return to Brest took seventeen Spanish ships with him (July, '99). But the main result of the cruise was rather to simplify matters for us; the enemy by concentrating his Fleets in Brest made them easier to watch. Sir Sidney Smith, half as naval captain, half as ambassador, was sent with two ships to comfort the Turks (March, '99); he found Bonaparte besieging Acre in Palestine. For, after subduing Egypt and getting no sort of news from home, that active person had conceived the idea of marching upon Europe by the backdoor of Syria and Asia Minor. Of the poverty of these countries he seems to have had a very imperfect idea, and the sufferings of his men were frightful. Smith cut off his little boats, which were feeling their way with provisions and siege-guns along the coast, threw, at the critical moment, British bluejackets ashore to help to man the crumbling walls of Acre, and in May compelled the French to raise the siege. Sullenly Bonaparte retreated to Egypt; he had learned from Smith into what a pickle the French Government had got during the last ten months, and now he thought that, with or without his Army, it was time for him to get home, and to pose as the saviour of France. Smith and a Turkish Army pursued him to Egypt, and in July got themselves handsomely cut to pieces at Aboukir. Bonaparte left his men to die in Egypt and sailed with his Staff for France on August

22nd; by sheer luck he escaped Nelson's cruisers. Smith continued to blockade Egypt, and in January, 1800, concluded without authority a Convention by which the French Army was to be allowed to return to France. The British Government didn't disavow this Convention but treated it as non-existent; and at last, early in 1801, sent an Army under Sir Ralph Abercromby to finish off the Egyptian job.

Thus from July, '99, to June, 1800, the British Fleet was supreme inside the Straits and British influence paramount in Italy, although the French garrison at Malta stood a two years' siege (till September, 1800). Only at Genoa had the enemy a foot of Italian soil, and Genoa was blockaded by Keith from the sea and by the Austrian Army from the land. In that year, too, old Lord St. Vincent took command of the Channel Fleet and at once altered the system of blockade. He based himself upon Torbay, Plymouth and Falmouth, and kept twenty-four of the line continually before Brest. Since Bruix's return to that port there were forty-eight French and Spanish ships inside, which were out of action owing to the vigilance of the blockade; no stores were allowed to reach them. Lord Nelson returned to England by land through Austria and Saxony in the summer of 1800.

One would have thought that General Bonaparte would, on his return to France, have been arrested and guillotined for deserting his post. Nothing of the sort. With true instinct his countrymen at once acclaimed him as the one man who could save the situation in Europe. So he gave the 'rascally lawyers' a shake, made a new Constitution, and called himself 'First Consul of the French Republic.' He might as well

have said Dictator at once. His marvellous genius for administration at once displayed itself in every department of French life, and down to about 1807 we may fairly say that his government was popular with all classes of Frenchmen. His insight into character enabled him at once to detach from the Coalition the half-mad Czar of Russia and to convert him into an ally. One of his lightning strokes of action carried him over the Alps where and when the Austrians least expected him; and his good luck enabled him to retrieve in the afternoon of June 14th the battle of Marengo which he had lost in the morning. Genoa indeed, after holding out to its last rat, had just fallen, but Marengo at once re-established French influence in Italy. "It is the nature of the Italians," a French chronicler had said three centuries before, "to be complaisant to the stronger party." Austria concluded an armistice; before the end of the year she had been beaten in Germany, and early in 1801 reluctantly made peace; Pitt's Second Coalition lay in the dust.

As regards soldiering, the conduct of our Ministry during that Coalition had been marked by the same restless, if occasionally fruitless activity as before it. We had tapped a new source of recruiting by an Act which enabled Militiamen to be drafted into regiments of the Line and thus to be liable to foreign service—in Europe only.[1] Thus in 1800 the regular Army had an effective strength of 140,000 men with the colours; of Militia there were perhaps another 100,000; of

1 Hitherto the Militia had been competing against the Line in the recruit-market; it now began to feed the Line, and thus to supply the need of a 'regular and offensive force,' to which Dundas had already called the attention of the Government,

Yeomanry Cavalry 12,000, of Volunteer Infantry and Artillery something under 100,000 more. These were native British and Irish troops; besides these there were 'foreign legions' and 'foreign companies' scattered about in our service almost all over the world. And actually, for the first time in history, Parliament so far recognized that an Army was not merely a necessary evil, that it allowed barracks to be built to lodge our soldiers in, and permanent camps of exercise to be established at several places. So we were able in the summer of '99 to send, in conjunction with the Russians, an expedition to North Holland, where it was supposed that some Dutch sympathies for the old Alliance still existed. As a matter of fact such sympathies, if they existed at all, were strongest in the Eastern provinces, and thither, if anywhere, our arms should have been directed. Prussian co-operation had at first been hoped for, and, when this was refused, it was a mistake to do more than seize the Dutch Fleet. Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, with his short sight and his shaggy eyebrows, 'which made him look like a good-natured lion,' was in command, with Sir John Moore and Sir David Dundas under him. They began well, and the Dutch Fleet was captured and towed away to Britain; they beat off with great loss the first French attack on their entrenchments; but then in September came the stupid Duke of York to command-in-chief, and he, as one would expect, made a mess of it. Supplies, transport and everything else that an Army needs were lacking; the Russians, who were usually drunk, preferred plunder to fighting. Yet so well did our young Militiamen bear themselves, in a series of desperate actions on the sandhills, that the French General, Brune,

was glad to allow us to evacuate Holland without the restoration of the Dutch Fleet (October, '99).

Another job had been the despatch in '98 of troops to Lisbon, to stiffen the backs of our old Portuguese friends; it was from Lisbon that Sir Charles Stuart had sailed to capture Minorca—a fine piece of work. From Minorca it was only a step to Sicily, and thither, at Nelson's request, Stuart sent every man he could spare, and Dundas promised him more. If only half what he promised had been sent, Nelson could have brought a really effective aid to the Austrians in Northern Italy. But Stuart quarrelled with his Government and resigned his command; Abercromby was sent to succeed him, and when the latter arrived, in June, 1800, it was already too late; Marengo had been won. After much hesitation, therefore, it was decided to employ Abercromby to finish off the 25,000 Frenchmen who were still in occupation of Egypt. Malta had fallen to us in September, and it was from Malta that our General started, 16,000 strong, at the end of the year 1800. His landing at Aboukir under a withering fire from an entrenched French force on March 8th, and our other two victories, almost on the same ground —if you could call the deep sand of Egypt ground at all—on 13th and 21st were among the finest things in the history of the British Army. The Frenchmen, veterans of Bonaparte's greatest campaigns, said they had never known what serious fighting was till that fortnight. It is true their leaders were incompetent, while among ours were several of the coming heroes of the Peninsular War, most notably Sir John Moore. Moore was wounded and Abercromby mortally wounded in the third battle; but the French were huddled

behind the walls of Alexandria and Cairo, and, when a Turkish Army also arrived, they were glad to conclude in the autumn a Convention to evacuate Egypt. One must not omit to record the splendid feat of a small contingent from India, despatched by the great Governor-General Wellesley to co-operate with Abercromby. It was led by David Baird, and performed a wonderful march of a hundred miles across the desert from the Red Sea to the Nile, but arrived just too late for fighting.

The effects of this great success were, however, mainly in the future; at the very time of Abercromby's landing England was menaced with a new peril much nearer home. The stress of a great maritime war is bound to press hardly upon the commerce of neutral countries; we have seen the discontent of the 'Neutrals' break out into a feeble flame in the war of 1778–82. But England was now infinitely stronger at sea, and therefore the more rigorous against Neutrals who carried cargoes to French ports. Danes, Swedes, Prussians and the United States of America were the chief sufferers. The Danes adopted the plan of sending their merchantmen down Channel under convoy of ships of war; we stopped this by a mild application of force. Bonaparte cleverly seized on the grievance, and got his new ally, Paul of Russia, to revive the Neutral League of the Baltic States, and to seize all British ships in his harbours (November, 1800). The closing of trade with the Baltic, whence nearly all our naval stores came, would have effectually ruined us, and, when Prussia, Sweden and Denmark joined Paul, we had to 'take steps.' We sent a large Fleet, fifteen of the line and numerous frigates, under Sir Hyde Parker with Nelson as second, to deal with

them in March, 1801. The navigation into the Baltic, by either of the two Danish passages, is, owing to the shoals, exceedingly intricate, and the city of Copenhagen commands the best fairway. It was now bristling with batteries both fixed and floating, and defended by a gallant people and a good little Fleet. The attack, therefore, of April 2nd was a desperate business, even more so than that of Aboukir Bay. Nelson practically took the matter out of the hands of his sluggish Admiral, sailed with twelve ships (three of which stuck on the passage) under the Swedish shore till he got South of Copenhagen, then turned North again and, with his remaining nine, silenced in a few hours the fire of the Danish Fleet and destroyed the floating batteries. To Sir Hyde, who remained a passive spectator four miles to the North of the action, Nelson's position had at one time looked so desperate that the Admiral made the signal for recall. Nelson simply ignored it. Under a threat of bombarding the city he forced the Danes to conclude an armistice for fourteen weeks, which would have been sufficient to enable him to reach and destroy the Russian Fleet at Reval. But Parker refused to sail Eastwards for this purpose until it was too late and the Russians had got safe under their own land batteries at Kronstadt.

The battle of Copenhagen had been an object-lesson in swift striking. A weaker government would have pottered about with 'protocols' and 'demonstrations,' and in less desperate times would have been right to do so. But in 1801 it was a 'cruel necessity' to strike first and negotiate afterwards. Czar Paul had been murdered on March 24th, and his successor Alexander I. read the lesson of Copenhagen quite clearly; the League

of Neutrals dissolved itself, and our merchant ships were released. Nelson was able to turn his attention, when he got home, to a flotilla of flat-boats which had appeared in Boulogne harbour, evidently destined for an invasion of Great Britain. Having no fireships he failed to destroy them, but the sight of him was distinctly good for their morals. Meanwhile the Government of England had, at a most critical moment, passed into weaker hands.

In our unblessed system of party government Diva Britannia always has to fight her enemies with the danger of some such crisis as this hanging round her neck. Pitt, whose last move had been the expedition to Copenhagen, had to resign office because the King would not allow him to fulfil certain promises to the Irish Catholics, and indeed went mad at the mere suggestion of it. With Pitt went out of office Grenville, Dundas, Spencer and Windham. Pitt's successor was Henry Addington, a *protégé* of his own, the son of George III.'s physician, and hence frequently held up to ridicule as 'the Doctor.' Addington was mediocrity incarnate. But he came in as the champion of Protestantism against the Irish Catholics, and this was a popular cause (remember that the prejudices of George III. were the prejudices of the British people), and thus the change was primarily a substitution of an ultra-Tory for a moderate Tory. But there must have been more in it than that. Pitt himself felt that there was more, or he would probably not have resigned. There was a feeling abroad among the parliamentary class that the strain of the war, now that we alone remained at war, was becoming too great. The very safety of the sea which St. Vincent, Duncan and Nelson had purchased

for us contributed to this feeling. Moreover the real Bonaparte was as yet unknown; he was lavish of professions that he desired nothing but peace, and so the experiment of at least a temporary peace seemed to be worth trying. The advent of Addington, then, from the first meant an effort at peace. Pitt gave his whole support to the idea, and, though he did not approve of many of the details, did nothing to embarrass the Government.

The 'Preliminaries of London' were signed on October 1st, 1801, and the Peace of Amiens in the following March. We restored to France and to her Spanish and Dutch allies all their Colonies and Islands except Ceylon and Trinidad. We recognized the possession by the French Republic of the whole line of the Rhine, as well as the daughter-Republics which she had established in Holland and Northern Italy. France promised to leave alone Portugal, Naples, Rome and Egypt. Malta was to be restored to its original owners, the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—a quaint survival of crusading days. Thus we had really given up everything for which the war had begun. Our sole return was that Britain was, as she had never been before, mistress of the seas, and so of the commerce of the World. She had at sea or in her dockyards two hundred and two ships of the line against thirty-nine belonging to France.

The year of peace that now ensued saw the usual wastage of the valuable war material which we had accumulated, and, of all men, it was Lord St. Vincent who, as Addington's First Lord of the Admiralty, cut down the Navy to an absurd 'peace footing' by a series of ill-timed economies. It is fair, however, to

say that he found the civil administration of the Navy in a shocking condition and did reform many abuses. Meanwhile, not all Pitt's friends were so lofty-minded as himself, and Grenville and Windham soon began to badger the Ministry from one side as the regular Foxite Opposition did from the other. Canning, the ablest and, alas! the least scrupulous of the 'young men of Pitt,' poured floods of witty ridicule on 'the Doctor.' But Pitt, though attending Parliament but irregularly, loyally supported Addington until long after the war began again; even then he refrained for nearly a whole year from open criticism. Except St. Vincent, the great lawyer Eldon (Chancellor), and Robert Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkesbury (Foreign Secretary), the Cabinet consisted wholly of nonentities, and we may cheerfully forget them all.[1]

Bonaparte never gave them a moment's rest. Since the Preliminaries of Peace he had been meditating or executing French aggressions all over the world. He wheedled Spain out of her half of Louisiana and then sold it to the United States for hard cash. He annexed Piedmont and the Isle of Elba; he got himself nominated 'President of the Italian Republic,' as he now called the Cisalpine. He began to rearrange the map of Germany to suit France, and he bidded heavily for the support of the Czar. He refused to withdraw the French garrisons from Holland, which he had promised to do. He desired Mr. Addington to stop the freedom of the British press, in which French Royalist exiles were apt to say rude things of him. Finally he planned a reoccupation of Egypt.

[1] Castlereagh, indeed, came in after a while, but was wholly busied with Indian affairs until after Addington's fall.

Luckily our evacuation of Malta had been delayed (perhaps by the difficulty of finding any 'Knights of St. John,' whom I take to have been peaceable old gentlemen not unlike the Military Knights of Windsor Castle); and we now said, March, 1803, that we should not evacuate it until the First Consul had 'explained his intentions' about Egypt. He tried to bluff us, for he did not at that moment want war; but he failed, and war was declared again in May. During the ensuing year Pitt, though busy at Walmer Castle organizing the Cinque Port Volunteers to oppose invasion, and for long resisting every effort of his friends to make him assume the lead of the Opposition, was getting more and more disturbed at the utter feebleness of the Ministry; at last in April, 1804, he struck swiftly and effectively, and Addington fell. It is one of the saddest things in history that the only way in which our hero could regain the position to which every honest Briton wished to see him come, was by a blaze of parliamentary eloquence and 'attack on the Ministry,' which was utterly distasteful to his lofty spirit.

Pitt was anxious to make the widest possible basis for his new Cabinet, and to include even the worst of the Whigs, even Fox, whose eyes were at last opening as the invasion peril got more and more acute; but the King not unnaturally refused Fox. Will it be believed that so strong was party spirit still, that even those Whigs who had come over to Pitt in 1794 now preferred to cast in their lot with the Opposition, and that with them acted Pitt's own cousin Grenville? No more black act of treason to the country was ever committed than this of Grenville, who had been for eight years

the ablest supporter of Pitt in the great struggle. Probably Grenville's brother, Buckingham, said to him severely, "William, my family is a Whig family; it is the duty of Whigs to thwart the King; besides, yon man of yours only made me a marquis, when I asked to be made a duke. Come out from among him, William." And William said, "Dearest brother, yes; I will go to Dropmore and plant trees." And so, in the next and greatest crisis of that struggle, Pitt's last twenty months of life were consumed at the head of an Administration which was not only undistinguished but positively weak. Dundas, now Lord Melville, took the Admiralty, but was in 1805 accused of peculation —not guilty, but guilty of great carelessness as to the disposal of public money; Canning and Castlereagh, the latter of whom soon took the War-office, held minor posts; Barham, who in 1805 succeeded Melville as First Lord of the Admiralty, was a good man, though little known; the others, except Eldon, Hawkesbury and Harrowby, the new Foreign Secretary, were not much to boast of; more than half had served with Addington, who himself soon surrendered and took a peerage and a seat in the Cabinet; but he can hardly have been a tower of strength to Pitt.

I have taken the two ministerial crises of 1801 and 1804 together, in order not to be worried by such trifles (as our great-grandfathers were) in the middle of the war. Addington had to fight the first year of that war, and he fought it bravely, inefficiently and with self-complacence. Pitt had to go on with it, in very different fashion, and died of his efforts. Bonaparte, however, had misjudged England in one respect; directly he began preparations for invasion in earnest, even

the worst of the Whigs were for a time comparatively silent, and criticism was mainly directed against those who did not do enough for our defence.

We must remember in the first place that until the autumn of 1805 the Continent was at peace; for fifteen months England stood alone—and alone against a very different France from the distracted if dangerous Virago of the Revolution. Bonaparte's reign was indeed vulgar to the last degree, inspired by none of the lofty, if dangerous and delusive enthusiasms of the Revolution, but as a Government it was intensely practical. France felt that her wounds had been healed, that her finances had been restored, that her commerce was reviving, and she moved in mighty unity at the call of one voice. Bonaparte was already, 1802, Consul for life, and in May, 1804, he became Napoleon, Emperor of the French. Even the British Government, which would never recognize the latter title, was obliged to call him the 'Actual Head of the French Executive.' Invasion of Britain was now the chief of all his plans, and invasion upon so colossal a scale that the risks of failure should be minimized. Yet all through the next two years we must not forget that a crushing blow at the West Indies was almost as much a subject of dread in Britain as invasion itself. No government ever kept its counsel so well as Bonaparte's; all the time that Nelson was hunting the escaped French Fleet in 1805 he was never sure whether the Channel, the West Indies or merely the recovery of control in the Mediterranean were its real objective.

But invasion it really was, and roughly the plan was a simple one; its details varied from month to month according to the movements of our Fleets, but

on the whole they rested on (*a*) the command of the sea, to be obtained for two or three days by a great fleet-movement from all French ports, (*b*) a hundred thousand men to be shipped in flat-boats from Boulogne and adjacent harbours, (*c*) another smaller Army to be similarly transported from the Flemish coast, either at the same time or, as a reserve, on the next day. Till the end of 1803 evasion of our Fleet was the main idea; the transports were to cross during a calm on some dark night. From the beginning of 1804 the idea gained ground of bringing a Fleet to cover the crossing, and it was then that the combined movements of the French and Spanish Fleets became all important. Hence the enormous effect of the watch outside Brest, so gloriously kept by Cornwallis.

Bonaparte's Armies were easily collected and his boats, less easily, built; by the autumn of 1805 there were from 100,000 to 160,000 men encamped at Boulogne.[1] The largest flat-bottoms of the Flotilla would accommodate a hundred and thirty men apiece, with a crew of about thirty sailors; the smallest would take about fifty men. Horse transport was the greatest difficulty; and, after many experiments, it was finally decided to ship only 6,000 horses, and to trust to finding 'remounts' on the other side; in all there were to be something over 2,000 of the transport boats. It is very interesting to see what a number of modern ideas were anticipated by the inventors of the day for the purposes of the invasion; Mr. Fulton, an American, successively

[1] We must remember that by the system of semaphores called the 'Aerial Telegraph,' messages could be transmitted at the rate of about seven miles a minute, and that such semaphores existed both on the French and on our own coasts.

suggested and offered to France a steamboat,[1] a submarine boat, and a clockwork torpedo called a 'catamaran'; the last he eventually sold to the English Government, and Lord Keith made, in 1804, some not very successful experiments against the Flotilla with it. A Channel Tunnel and an invasion by balloon also found champions as early as 1803; and some people had imagined vast 'floating machines,' or rafts, with windmills working paddle-wheels, to carry 6,000 men apiece! Meanwhile shipbuilding of a more serious kind was going on with the utmost vigour in all the French dockyards, though of course not even the genius of Napoleon could create a new French Navy all at once. Great difficulty was, in fact, experienced in finding sailors to man at once the Fleets and the Flotilla, but it was certainly a stroke of luck for us that their two best Admirals, La Touche-Tréville[2] and Bruix, died in 1804-5; Villeneuve and Ganteaume were, however, good men. Moreover, directly the war began, Bonaparte occupied Hanover, not merely to annoy King George or to squeeze money out of that rich province, but to shut the rivers Elbe and Weser to British commerce, and this was a serious loss to us.

Now no doubt our main reliance was placed, and rightly placed on our Fleet. Collingwood off Rochefort, Pellew off Ferrol, and, better still, Cornwallis off Brest and Nelson off Toulon, kept iron and ceaseless watch; Lord Keith lay in the Downs, right in sight of the French Flotilla, Lord Gardner had ten sail in Bantry

[1] The first steamboat on the Forth and Clyde Canal dates from 1802; Fulton had seen her.

[2] La Touche-Tréville was the one French Admiral who was really keen on the Flotilla, and really believed in it as far back as 1801.

Bay, and we had another Squadron under Russell off Texel; of frigates and small craft patrolling the Channel we had probably not less than a hundred and fifty. It would certainly need some exceptional stroke of luck to enable the French to break through all this; and of course if the Flotilla of transports got out, either with oars or sails, without adequate protection from ships of the line, a few frigates could pound it into red ruin in half an hour. In fact, its best chance seemed to be a couple of days of perfect calm, and such weather is of rare occurrence in the Channel. The next best chance lay in a possible breach of the blockade by (at least two of) the French Fleets, and a naval victory of sufficient magnitude to clear the path. It has been calculated that, when the final crisis came in 1805, France could rely upon sixty-seven battleships (if they could get free) and we upon seventy-one; odds too heavily against France. Our sailor-men never believed in the danger at home. Nelson positively made mistakes from the difficulty he found in crediting that the attempt would be made. "I don't say the French can't come," growled out St. Vincent, "I only say they can't come by sea." Each creature to its own element :—

> The feathered race with pinions skim the air,
> Not so the mackerel and still less the bear.

Still it behoved our Government to consider the question of what to do if by any chance the French did effect a landing. This question had occupied men's minds for seven years at least, and was now occupying them more than ever. The King himself was very keen upon plans of strategy, and wrote some very sensible letters to the Duke of York on the subject. At the

worst time of the scare he wrote to the Bishop of Worcester saying he should send the Queen and Princesses to stay with him beyond the Severn, and head his troops in person when the French should land. The brave old fellow would no doubt have done so, and it is very lucky for us that he was not called upon to do so. Pitt and Dundas seem actually to have studied the plans of 1588, and to some extent to have founded on them an Act, passed in '98, according to which the country was mapped out into districts, and all provisions were to be destroyed, all live stock driven off, and all roads broken up directly the enemy should land, compensation being given by the Nation to the sufferers. This Act was still in force in 1803, but the idea of driving off live stock had been abandoned, and only horses and draught animals were to be 'driven.' But the most exposed situations on the South-East coast were made to bristle with little towers called 'Martellos,' distant a few hundred yards from each other, and full of small guns and small garrisons. Camps of specially selected troops were established at Colchester, Chelmsford, Chatham and Shorncliffe. Sir John Moore in command of the latter, being full of his recent experience in Egypt, taught his men how to tackle boats at the moment of landing. Blockhouses and blocking-hulks were established all along the estuary of the Thames, and a great fleet of lighters was got together there for the rapid transport of troops.

> If Blocks can a Nation deliver,
> Two places are safe from the French:
> The one is the mouth of the River,
> The other the Treasury bench,

said Canning while Addington was still in power.

Beacons ready for firing were placed on all heights. Extra lines of fortification were established behind Plymouth, Portsmouth and Harwich; Pitt would have gone further and fortified London, but was unable to carry his proposal; but ever since '98 a plan had been in existence for the defence of the Capital, street by street, by means of barricades and blockhouses; there were magazines of arms in the Halls of the City Companies, and there were telegraph machines on the roof of the Admiralty and the tower of the Abbey. The once Radical Duke of Richmond was the life and soul of all the defences of Sussex, as Pitt himself was of those in Kent—indeed the latter spent nearly as much time on horseback as Colonel of the Cinque Port Volunteers as at his desk. But there was much diversity of opinion as to where the attempted landing would take place. Some spoke of the Forth or the Clyde as likely objectives, and Scotland was no whit behind England in the Volunteer movement; Scott has portrayed this readiness in 'The Antiquary,' in the notes to which he also relates the swiftness with which the Selkirkshire Yeomanry mustered, on February 2nd, 1804, when the accidental firing of the beacon on Home Castle gave a false alarm. Moore was inclined to fear most for Essex, Melville for Kent, the King for Dorset.

All agreed however that, if beaten on the coast, our men must fall back as quickly as possible and defend successive positions on the road to London. On the North there is an inconsiderable, yet defensive line of positions behind Chelmsford; on the South two much more considerable lines in the South and North Downs; finally the last stand must be made outside London: if on the North. on the heights from Hampstead to Stam-

ford Hill; if on the South, on those from Wandsworth to Greenwich. Along the coast itself were collected, in every creek in which the smallest protection could be afforded either by art or nature, nearly two hundred hulks and flat-bottoms, manned by 'Sea Fencibles,' which could be rapidly rowed from place to place to tackle a landing party. Over 300,000 Volunteers had been enrolled within a few months from the declaration of war, and, by the 'Levée-en-Masse Act' of 1803, lists of all persons between seventeen and fifty-five, ready to serve in any capacity, were made. The carrying out of this Act was entrusted to the Lords-Lieutenant; in each parish which did not provide an adequate number of Volunteers, the inhabitants between the above-mentioned ages were to be called out and drilled once a week for twenty weeks in each year. Patriotism must indeed have gone to great lengths when Fox enrolled himself (at Chertsey) among the Volunteers, and when the Inns of Court Corps was commanded by Erskine; perhaps it was for that reason that George III. called this fine body of men 'The Devil's Own,' a name that has stuck to them ever since. During these years every theatre gave patriotic pieces representing the entire discomfiture of the Invasion and portraying 'Boney' as the most awful man-eating ogre imaginable. Patriotic ballads to the same effect were hawked in every village and sung in every alehouse. Charles Dibdin was regularly 'retained' by the Government as a writer of patriotic songs, and got a pension for it:—

> For should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
> Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Yet, fine as the spirit of the Nation was during these

two fateful years, and though we had on and round our coasts, out of a population of about fifteen millions, well over half a million[1] of men under arms, which was a greater percentage than France with all her conscription could put afoot, we may be very thankful that our strategists were not put to the test of meeting the 'Actual Head of the French Executive,' with even one-fifth of that number of French veterans, on the 'Southern Heights of London' or anywhere else in the Island.

The place to meet him was at his own water-doors. The thing to apply to him was, in modern parliamentary jargon, 'the closure by compartments.' On May 20th, 1803, Lord Nelson, on his flagship the *Victory*, sailed to take up the Mediterranean command. We were still at peace with Spain, who had of course got back Minorca in 1802. Naples had allowed her ports to be occupied by French troops. Elba had been seized by the French. Malta, our only garrison in those seas, was almost as far from Toulon as Gibraltar. Thus there was no port into which we could put to refit, anywhere near the French 'back door'; Nelson, however, found some sort of shelter from bad gales behind the Maddalena Islands off Sardinia, and there, by means of storeships of which Lord St. Vincent was far too sparing, all his repairs had to be done, or else done on the open sea. For two-and-twenty months he never put into a port at all. And yet during that time he had hardly a sick man in his Fleet, which is the highest tribute

[1] Lord Hawkesbury, indeed, in the House of Lords stated the total number to be 810,000 (March, 1805); but he took no account of the meaning of the words 'under arms.' Until June, 1804, nearly half the Volunteers were without firearms of any sort, nor was the whole body ever properly equipped.

to his wonderful skill as an administrator. His own health, always extremely frail, was at this time fairly good, though the sight of the remaining eye was gradually going. If, relatively to the strength of the enemy in Toulon (who was not half the strength of the enemy that Cornwallis was locking into Brest) his twelve ships of the line were an adequate number, many of these ships ought to have been in dock, if not broken up, long ago ;[1] he had far too few frigates for the vast area he had to cover ; and he knew perfectly well that he could never be certain of getting at once into touch with his enemy, when the latter should come out. But, once touch gained or direction guessed, he would 'follow him to the Antipodes,' if need should be. The only events of naval interest to Nelson during this last watch were the substitution in May, 1804, of Lord Melville for Lord St. Vincent as First Lord (and this was good, for Melville spent money more freely), and the declaration of war by Spain in December of the same year ; this added a possible fifteen ships[2] to his enemies, and Melville sent a stupid Admiral, Orde, to watch Cadiz, which made Nelson very angry. The attack upon Melville, recklessly pushed on by the Opposition, weakened the Government (at such a crisis !) very badly, and one result was that the Admiralty kept Nelson without information or orders for months together. Melville was succeeded in May, 1805, by that good old sailor Lord Barham, now nearly eighty years of age but of

1 The cost of *building* a new 74-gun ship in the year of Trafalgar was £62,000, of which £30,000 was for the oak timber alone.

2 Spain had in all about thirty ships of the line, but not quite fifteen actually ready for sea.

splendid courage and clear-headedness; and meanwhile the last great campaign had begun.

Now I could give you exact dates, stations and states of each Fleet on nearly every day for the critical ten months; but, in the first place, you will find this much better done by Captain Mahan, and, in the second place, such things are not only apt to become wearisome, but occasionally even to confuse the reader. Let us rather begin by running our eyes over the map again; let us look at the French and Spanish Atlantic ports and then at their Mediterranean ports and at what these ports severally contained. Their biggest Fleet, Ganteaume's, is in Brest but is closely blockaded by Cornwallis, who has our biggest, and is our second best sailor afloat. If Ganteaume cannot get out unaided, and, in the teeth of Cornwallis, it is obvious that he cannot, Napoleon puts all his trust in somebody being able to liberate Ganteaume; and that somebody can really only be Villeneuve, from Toulon. At L'Orient there is nothing. Then there is Missiessy at Rochefort, with a very small force; he does get out, and wanders off to the West Indies, does there some (not much) damage to our commerce, is out of the game for five months, and, when he returns to Europe, goes back into Rochefort and gets shut up there again; so no more of Missiessy. There is a mixed French and Spanish force at Ferrol close to Cape Finisterre; say ten fit for sea, blockaded by a British eight, but on that iron coast a *complete* blockade is impossible. At Corunna for the moment is nothing; but Corunna is so near Ferrol as to be capable of being blockaded by the force which is blockading the latter. Vigo is the next port to the Southward; there also is nothing, but

it is a place into which the Allies may go when they like. At Cadiz is the main Spanish Fleet, under Gravina, weakly blockaded by a weak British Admiral, Orde; and at Carthagena is another small Spanish squadron. Finally, at Toulon, there is Villeneuve, who breaks out in January, 1805; and so the last great game begins.

Whither has he gone? Nelson is distinctly unlucky at times—he had twice been unlucky in the great campaign of '98, and now he is unlucky again. At first he thinks it is Egypt, and thither he flies, with his cranky hulls which so sorely need a month's refit in harbour. But Villeneuve is not there; Villeneuve for the moment is more unlucky than Nelson, for he meets a storm which knocks his Fleet about so much that he has to put back to Toulon. At the end of March he is out again, and Nelson's scouts again lose touch. It is not Egypt? No, by Heaven! this time it is the Channel or the West Indies; Villeneuve has brushed aside Orde, (who flies for home without even sending Nelson word), and has picked up Spaniards enough to make him eighteen sail in all. The Levanter, which has taken Villeneuve out of the Straits, while the guns of Gibraltar vainly thunder over his head (as if the winds could carry their echo home!), veers right round; and strong Westerly gales keep Nelson from following for over five weeks—bad luck again.[1] And it *is* the West Indies, a danger only second to that of actual invasion at home.

But at last in May, Nelson, with ten, is after Villeneuve

[1] There is of course another possible view, that Nelson overrated the danger to Egypt and underrated the danger of a possible junction of the Brest and Toulon Fleets. Those who argue thus would say that Nelson ought to have made for the Straits at once, at the cost of whatever havoc Villeneuve might make in the Mediterranean.

and gaining on him at an alarming rate; Gravina's ships are worse travellers than the French. Villeneuve's orders are, as indeed Missiessy's had been, to stay a definite time out there, to threaten Jamaica, to do all the damage he can in a short time, and then return to liberate Ganteaume from Brest; between them they are to beat Cornwallis, after which the united Fleets are to move on the Channel to cover the 'Great Design.' The weak point in the whole conception is that Villeneuve is too experienced a sailor not to know that any possible victory over Cornwallis will be purchased at such a cost to himself and Ganteaume that they will be in no condition to sail up the Channel at all, still less to face Lord Keith in the Downs or convoy the Flotilla across to Kent. Another still weaker point is that Villeneuve, soon after reaching the West Indies, smells Nelson from afar, does not relish the prospect of fighting him, and therefore slips back to Europe without staying half his appointed time in the Tropics. Indeed it is only by sheer ill-luck that Nelson does again miss Villeneuve out there. Directly Nelson learns of his enemy's Eastward flight he takes up the chase again, and reaches Europe in mid-July. It was this double chase, out and home again, in the summer months of 1805, that was the crisis of the war and the period of extremest tension—one can hardly call it panic—in England.

Nelson had sent a swift brig to England with the warning to 'look out for Villeneuve'; the brig sighted Villeneuve on his homeward voyage, and Lord Barham, reckoning from the position of the sight that the enemy was making for a Spanish port, had at once sent Sir Robert Calder to cut him off on the Spanish coast. For

Villeneuve, acting upon fresh orders from Napoleon, had made not for Brest but for Ferrol, any complete blockade of which port was, as we have seen, difficult. Calder, when he met Villeneuve on June 22nd, was overmatched, but he might have fought, considering that the peril was still great, a closer action; as it was he only took two Spaniards (June 22) and let the rest get safe into Ferrol and Vigo, while he fell back to join Cornwallis.

Now, after the long double chase and the action with Calder, it is not surprising that the French and Spanish ships were not in a condition to attempt anything serious against Cornwallis, and indeed had little stomach for anything of the kind, yet one cannot fail to see that the months of July and August were fatally wasted by Villeneuve, who went in and out of various Spanish ports and finally allowed his Fleet to be blockaded, thirty-five strong, in Cadiz by our gallant Collingwood with only three ships.[1] Although it is usually said that Cornwallis, about a fortnight before this, made a mistake in detaching half his Fleet Southwards to watch off Finisterre, the truth seems rather to be that the mere sight of that half sent Villeneuve flying South to Cadiz; at any rate Villeneuve had taken no advantage of the division of the British. And now, August 15th, Nelson was home again and able to join Cornwallis off Brest.

You commonly read, in many otherwise excellent works, that Villeneuve had 'decoyed' Nelson to the West Indies; that the whole thing had been a trick to get

1 Collingwood, until he was reinforced, kept on signalling to an imaginary Fleet outside; Duncan had done the same when watching off Texel in the days of the Mutiny of 1797.

Nelson away from Europe and that it had practically succeeded, but for the fact that Villeneuve was incapable of reaping the fruits of it. No view could be more false. Napoleon had ordered Villeneuve and Missiessy and his Spanish allies first to strike terror into the West Indies, and then to win victories in Europe; and so perfectly did Nelson, in the month of May, grasp this that he was able with only ten ships to fly to the deliverance of the West Indies and to fly back in time to save Great Britain; he knew the double danger, and his skill, daring and self-reliance had enabled him to puff it to the winds. For it was now certain that Villeneuve, if ever he got out of Cadiz, would neither beat Cornwallis, liberate Ganteaume nor get command of the Channel; so certain indeed that Nelson was able in mid-August to take his dear *Victory*, which was all a-leak, into Spithead for a short refit and to spend three weeks with his friends ashore. It must have been about the same time (perhaps when he heard that Villeneuve had gone to Cadiz) that Napoleon finally saw that the Invasion game was up, and began to move his great Army by silent, swift detachments from the cliffs of Boulogne to the Upper Rhine, where his restless greed had already involved him in war against a great Third Coalition of the Continental Powers.

But then, as if in rage at his Admiral's failure, he sent deliberate orders to Villeneuve to come out of Cadiz and fight somebody, he didn't care whom, at all costs. Nelson quickly made up his mind that that somebody should be himself, and no other. On September 14th he embarked at Spithead and a fortnight later joined Collingwood, who had already been largely reinforced, off Cadiz. Villeneuve's idea now was that,

since the command of the Channel had been lost, that of the Mediterranean might yet be challenged; at least a French descent on Sicily was a desirable objective. When, therefore, he sailed out of Cadiz on October 19th, with thirty-three ships, he was really making for the Straits. But between the Straits and himself he found Nelson. The morning of the 21st was calm, but with a heavy swell betokening the coming of an Atlantic gale; Cape Trafalgar was visible on the Eastern horizon. So light was the wind, as our twenty-seven bore down, that the first guns were not fired till noon. Every stitch of canvas was set as we advanced in two columns,[1] Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* leading the one and Nelson in the *Victory* the other; such a formation means that on the leading ships the first fire of the enemy will be fiercely concentrated. Before the days of smokeless powder a naval battle on a calm day must have looked a dark, confused business to the frigates, who watched in a ring outside; great masts and flags looming out of the cloud, to the sound of crashing of spars and the ceaseless boom of the broadsides. 'We could see nothing but her Royals above the clouds,' says a midshipman on the *Victory*, speaking of the *Royal Sovereign*. But these two immortal leaders drove through the French line at two several places, and, as their followers came on, one after the other, the perfect seamanship of the British captains placed them where they liked in the press of battle; so close that occasionally 'we couldn't run out our guns their proper length.' From Admiral to powder-monkey (one hopes

1 'Columns' is only vaguely correct; the technical term is 'line of bearing,' equivalent to some extent to the military formation of troops in *échelon*.

there were still powder-monkeys, but one doesn't hear much of them) English, French and Spaniards alike fought with conspicuous valour, and it was nearly an hour before the first Frenchman struck. Soon after that Nelson was mortally wounded; he lived long enough to know that fifteen of his enemy, none of his own, had struck; and in five hours the greatest sea-fight since Salamis was all over. The *Victory* had her mizen shot away, her main- and foremasts sprung; on the *Royal Sovereign* not a stick was left standing. The total number of the enemy that struck was eighteen; almost the last words that Nelson was able to gasp out to his flag-captain were, "Hardy, I bargained for twenty." Six of theirs were never in action; and, of these, four were taken by Admiral Strachan in November, while four of the shattered hulks which crawled into Cadiz were surrendered to us by the Spaniards in 1808. Of those which struck to us, eight were actually wrecked after the action.

"The victory," says the *Times* of November 7th, 1805, "created none of those enthusiastic emotions in the public mind which the successes of our naval arms have in every former instance produced. There was not a man who did not think that the life of the Hero of the Nile was too great a price for the capture and destruction of twenty sail of French and Spanish men-of-war. No ebullitions of popular transport, no demonstration of public joy marked this great and important event." Yet Trafalgar was no mere naval victory; it was the putting out of action for the remainder of the war of the most dreaded weapon which our enemy could hope to bring against us. Even Nelson's death was not too high a price to pay for this, though Nelson was the

The Battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21st. 1805.

From the Model in the United Service Institution.
By kind permission

very embodiment and vital force of the Sea Power of Great Britain. His private character was clouded by one insane infatuation for a worthless woman, but it was characteristic of him that he invested that woman with the halo of a saint. In everything but this no life more simply devoted to the performance of duty was ever lived.

Not far apart from Nelson in point of time passed to its rest the great lonely spirit of the 'Pilot that weathered the Storm.' When Pitt died on January 23rd, 1806, he was quite unaware that the Storm had been weathered; nay, it had seemed to come down blacker than before. He had built up, since his return to power, by Treaties with Austria, Russia, Sweden and Naples, a Third Coalition against France, and, on the very day of Trafalgar, Napoleon had dealt it a smashing blow by the capture of an Austrian Army at Ulm. Six weeks later the French Emperor had shattered it to pieces by the victory of Austerlitz; Russia withdrew to her snows and Austria made a humiliating peace. "Roll up that map of Europe," said Pitt on the news of Austerlitz, "it will not be wanted these ten years." Just nine years later that map was unrolled again, to have inscribed on it several of the wise provisions for which Pitt had stipulated, in the event of victory, in his recent Treaty with the Czar of Russia.

CHAPTER II

IRELAND, 1660–1800

THE problem which the Restored Monarchy had to face in Ireland was compounded of racial, religious and agrarian elements, but in the main it was an agrarian problem, that of a resettlement of the land. Wave after wave of men of English and Scottish descent had flowed into Ireland and had been absorbed into the Irish people, and therefore no doubt the population of the Eastern half of the island was considerably mixed in blood. More such waves were still to flow, and yet I take it as a truth that Irish descent has, and always has had, the immense preponderance, and that the English immigration has been grossly exaggerated.

In no instance has it been more exaggerated than in the history of the 'Cromwellian Settlement.' The popular belief that Cromwell said 'To Hell or Connaught with you!' and actually impelled the Irish race in one or other of these directions, is not true and is easily disproved. The effects of the recent war had been so devastating that in 1659 the population of the island is believed to have sunk to about half a million; of this the settlers of traceable English or Scottish descent did not form one-fifth. Some 30,000 of Irish descent had taken foreign service or been banished to America and the West Indies; some 2,000 Irish landowners, evicted

from the three Eastern provinces, had received grants of land in Connaught; but the bulk of the population—*i.e.* all the peasants and the majority of the gentry, remained or returned. Nor do I think that many of the landowners sank into the peasant class; there were provable instances in which they did so, there are such in every country—the descendant of the d'Urbervilles becomes Farmer Turbeyfield, and so on—but the majority of the evicted Irish gentry took leases from the new English landlords, became perhaps a little poorer, became 'squireens,' 'half-mounted gentlemen,' whose daughters the new landlords married; and in two generations all distinctions of descent had been effaced; 'the children of some of Oliver's soldiers cannot speak a word of English' (1697). I conclude that the stories, told in the Irish Parliament at the end of the Eighteenth Century, about peasants, who in their smoky cabins had preserved the title-deeds to lands from which their ancestors were evicted two hundred years before, were myths, or it was somebody else's title-deeds that such persons preserved.

Now the Cromwellian Settlement rested originally on an Act of Charles I., by which 'Adventurers,' who had lent money to the English Government to enable it to subdue the Irish rebellion, were to be repaid with confiscated Irish lands; such men received certificates, called 'debentures,' entitling them to so many acres for each £100 subscribed. The Republic, on which the task of subduing the rebellion ultimately devolved, being unable to pay its soldiers their full wages, had given them similar debentures; and, all through the Protectorate, Adventurers and soldiers were being planted in rows in the three Eastern provinces

of Ireland, Irish 'rebels' being evicted to make room for them. Most of the common soldiers had sold their debentures to their own officers, to speculators, or, in some cases, to the very men who were to be evicted; and the settlement was by no means complete when King Charles was restored. Least complete of all was the eviction of the Irish, already past masters in the art of resisting that process. Not even from the towns, which the law said they were wholly to evacuate, would they go. True, supernatural aid occasionally came to the English: "The Lord," says a Dublin newspaper in May, '54, "who is a jealous God, and more knowing of their iniquity than we, hath burnt down the whole town (of Cashel) in a quarter of an hour, except the houses of the English." In spite of this the ratio in towns in 1659 was still nine Irishmen to eight English.

What was the King's Government to do in this state of things? On the face of it you would say the Cromwellians, arch-rebels against King Charles, must go; the poor Irish, who had fought for King Charles, must be restored. But the flaw in this argument is that the Irish had not, in 1641 or at any subsequent time, been fighting for King Charles; it had suited them after 1643 to inscribe King Charles' name on their flag, but in reality they had merely been fighting against the power that for the time had the upper hand in England; and the Republic, in subduing them, had merely done in a few years what the King's predecessors had been trying to do for over a century. Was the King of England now to turn his back on the work the Republic had been doing for England? A further consideration was this; the sturdy Cromwellians, led by Lord Broghill and Sir Charles Coote, were in the year '60 in possession

of the actual power in Ireland, and would fight rather than be evicted. In fact they anticipated the English Parliament, and in February proclaimed Charles as King, with the proviso that he would confirm their titles to their new lands. Ormond, one of the best of the restored Cavaliers and a true Anglo-Irish patriot, saw clearly that his master must accept this offer. During the remainder of his long life (he lived till 1688) the resettlement of Ireland rested largely on Ormond's good faith and patriotism.

This resettlement was, however, a very difficult business, and the fact that most of the evicted Irish were Catholics and all the new settlers Protestants considerably complicated it, for the Civil War had left behind it in England a tenfold greater hatred of Popery than had previously been felt. "It was not asked of me in the day of Kinsale," said an old Irish gentleman, who had fought for Elizabeth against the Spaniards and for Ormond against Parliament, "of what religion I was"; but now that was apt to be the first question asked. Yet some provision must be made for those who, however nominally, had kept a Royalist flag flying, or followed the King into exile; and so the Government hit upon the idea of dividing the claimants to land into classes. Such a division became the basis of the Irish 'Act of Settlement' of 1662; and the first class consisted of Adventurers or Cromwellian soldiers who were to retain their lands, or be 'reprised' with lands of equal value. Next came 'innocent Papists,' who had nothing to do with the massacre of 1641 or the subsequent rebellion; they were to be restored to their lands if they could prove their innocence before a special court established for the purpose of trying their

claims. Three other classes, assumed to have been more or less guilty of rebellion, followed in succession, among them those who had followed the King abroad and fought in the French or Spanish service at his orders; these were to be 'satisfied' with such land as remained after the satisfaction of classes I. and II. All lands of actual regicides were to be wholly forfeit; no one who had accepted lands in Connaught was to have any claim on his old lands; and, finally, a lot of 'nominees,' that is, special favourites of the King, were to be restored at once.

With the exception of this last article, the Act was not an unfair attempt to solve a problem insoluble upon any basis of perfect equity. The Commission sat for nearly a year, and did its best. But the massacre was a long time ago; guilt or innocence were alike difficult to prove, and still more difficult to define. Some seven hundred Irish Catholic landowners were restored, and some three hundred more were 'gratified' with other lands. The latest impartial authority[1] thinks that few 'innocents' were actually shut out; but the fact remains that many claimants were never heard, and that not nearly enough land existed to satisfy all claims. In 1665 an 'Act of Explanation' was added, by which the Adventurers and soldiers were to give up one-third of their lands, in order to enable Government to deal with the more pressing of the claimants; and to some extent the readjustment was going on all the reign.

In spite of this agrarian problem, the reign of Charles II. was prosperous, not only for the English Colony but for the native Irish: the race-amalgamation had probably never been so rapid. The revenue rose sixfold,

[1] Dr. M. J. Bonn, *Die Englische Kolonisation in Irland*, 1906,

and the population almost trebled itself in forty years. The Catholics retained as landlords perhaps one-third of the cultivable area, and as lessees and middlemen nearer three-fourths: but the administration of justice and police and all the higher offices of the State were in Protestant hands, and, though not yet legally excluded from Parliament, few Catholics sat in the Lower House. Ormond made an excellent Lord-Lieutenant, and, though determined to uphold that 'Protestant Ascendancy' of which so much is afterwards heard, tried hard to be fair to all parties. The Protectorate, in effecting a Parliamentary Union with Ireland, had established perfect free trade between the three countries under its sway, and it was the obvious policy of every one who looked forward to pacifying and civilizing the Irish, to encourage their industries in every possible way. Ormond thoroughly believed in this policy, and propagated the woollen and linen manufactures with great zeal; he planted colonies of French Protestant weavers to teach his people these arts in several of the Irish towns.

There were, however, two rocks ahead, the uncompromising attitude of the restored Anglican Church towards Dissenters, and the insane jealousy of English landowners and manufacturers towards the Colony as a whole. I say deliberately 'insane,' and even suicidal. Could the English Parliament, instead of listening to shopkeepers, have been induced by some great statesman to take a view of the Empire as a whole, and to direct its exclusiveness and jealousy merely against foreigners, there would have been much to say for the 'Mercantile System.' But no; we intended to monopolize the markets of the World, not for all the citizens of an

Empire, but for those of a narrow strip of English land reaching from the Wash to the Severn Sea. So we planted English Colonists in Ireland. We said to them, "Go rule; keep under these poor benighted Irish; convert them from their Popery: teach them agriculture, industry and clean English ways of living; but don't make them or yourselves too prosperous. You shall never be so prosperous as to compete with us in anything; at first we will exclude you only from our home market; you shall send (1663) no live cattle to England." Ireland was before all things a grazing country, and this was a cruel blow. Next (1666) it is 'no cattle and no sheep alive or dead—no, not one pig' ['the gintleman that pays the rint']; 'no butter and no cheese.'

The Colonists grumbled: but they began exporting the said goods to the Continent and to America, began to create their 'provision' or 'victualling' trade, began to build ships, and, above all, to push on the export of raw wool and rough woollen goods. "Stop," said the English Parliament, "you will encourage France and Spain to compete with English woollens, so you may send your raw wool only to England. And as for the American Colonies, you shall not trade with them at all—that is our job (1670)." Now the shrewd Colonists had come to Ireland to make their fortunes, and for no other reason; when they found they were not to be allowed to make them, they began to migrate in shoals, some back to England, far more to America.

The second rock ahead was nothing less than a schism within the Protestant camp. The Church of Ireland, as by law established before the rebellion, and as now by law restored, was the Church of Charles I. and Laud, with four Archbishops and eighteen Bishops to minister

to 100,000 Protestants, at least half of whom objected to Bishops altogether. Jeremy Taylor, author of 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' was the brightest ornament of that Church; when he became Bishop of Down and Connor, he forgot that he had once written an eloquent plea for the 'Liberty of Prophesying.' It is true that he and his brethren showed themselves nobly tolerant towards the Catholics, but they avenged themselves for this virtue on their Protestant Dissenting brethren, who formed the bulk of the population in Ulster and who were strong in all Irish towns. These were now absolutely denied freedom of worship, and even their marriages were declared illegal unless celebrated in an Episcopal church. Result—a fresh impetus added to emigration, and the gain of Massachusetts at the expense of Ulster and at the ultimate expense of the British Empire. The native Irish, gentry and peasants alike, gained by all this. They didn't want to be dragooned into industry and prosperity; they wanted

> To keep game cocks and hunt the fox
> And drink in punch the Solway,

and to break one another's heads with shillelaghs, as their honest ancestors had been doing these thousand years. Somebody had given them the fatal potato, so easy to cultivate, like themselves so prolific, and alas! so uncertain. They wanted their LAND, on what terms or from whom they didn't care; and, as the vigorous, thrifty, glum Colonists were driven out by English jealousy and English intolerance, they got a good deal of it back again.

So matters stood at the death of Charles II. If a King should come along who would have a good rousing

quarrel with his English subjects, he might easily buy the temporary allegiance of the native Irish, especially if he happened to be a devout Catholic; but it would be at the price of the sacrifice of the entire English Colony, lock, stock and barrel, civil, military and religious. Even then he would not be able to keep this allegiance if he remained King of England. Loyalty to an abstraction is a loftier and more enduring passion than loyalty to an individual. King James II. was certainly not a person to command the latter; and the Irish, who owed nothing whatever to the Stuarts, were not at that time a people to rise to the height of the former. There never were any real Jacobites in Ireland; the one ballad on the Irish struggle of 1689–91 worth remembering—'It was a' for our rightful King'—was written by a Scot, Ogilvy of Inverquharity. The Irishman of the day expressed his own spirit in the lines:—

> I'd give it, faith, with all my heart
> T'enjoy my land or any part,
> My banniclabber[1] and pottados
> Without these French and Dutch granados.

The second Lord Clarendon was King James' first Lord-Lieutenant—a loyal High Churchman and a firm Protestant; but the Army was at once put into the hands of Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, a passionate anti-English Catholic, who at once began disarming the Protestant Militia and filling his regular Army with Catholic officers and men. In '87 he succeeded Clarendon as Deputy, and so great was the alarm of the Colony at his proceedings that 1,500 of the remaining Protestant families left Ireland at once. Tyrconnel appointed Catholic sheriffs and justices, encouraged lawsuits and

[1] Buttermilk.

petitions against the Land Settlement of 1662, and remodelled the Borough corporations, so as to secure the return of Catholics to the next Parliament. In short he imitated and outdid all the most foolish and irritating measures by which his master was alienating the hearts of his English subjects.

His master and he were to find that they were only playing immediately into the hands of the King of France, and ultimately into those of William of Orange. Loyalty to the Stuarts was a real force in England, and one of the noblest forces in English politics, but James' Irish policy shattered it to bits: the restoration of the 'Protestant interest' in Ireland was one of the leading points in William's Declaration, and one of the most welcome. And, when the inevitable Revolution came in England, and Louis XIV. realized that he must fight it, he saw that he might make a useful diversion against it in Ireland, but he intended what he did there to be merely a diversion; he intended nothing in favour of the Irish. Nor did his ally, James, intend for them more than that they should help him to recover the English Crown. It is a sordid story of a sordid bargain.

James landed at Kinsale on March 12th, '89. He brought only a few French troops, but officers and arms for the large Irish Army which Tyrconnel had gathered to join him. He marched straight upon Ulster, and found the gates of Enniskillen and Derry shut in his face. The story of the siege of Derry has often been told, how there 'the fragments of the Imperial Race turned desperately to bay.' It was called Londonderry because it had mainly been a Colony of London citizens; perhaps behind its walls now were the sons of 'prentices

who had fought under Essex at Newbury. A few companies of sturdy Protestants from the Irish Army came in under Captain Murray, but the governor of the city ran away, and the command was divided between Major Baker and the Reverend George Walker, vicar of a neighbouring parish. The city was full of Protestant refugees from the Southern borders of Ulster; some seven thousand men in all were fit for service, soldiers, 'prentices, artisans and farmers. James, having been nearly shot from the walls on his arrival, soon went away; but his generals, French and Irish, pounded and battered at the walls for 105 days: they barred relief from the sea by a huge boom across the mouth of the river at the entrance to Lough Foyle; they drove under the walls all the starving Protestants they could find, that our brotherly hearts might be melted. Our brotherly hearts refused to melt, and we continued to shoot. Famine was our greatest foe; we fed

On roots, stinking fruits, old jack boots,

within sight of the topmasts of English ships in the Lough, which couldn't or wouldn't attempt our relief. The Irish Army outside starved also, and was wasted by sickness; but Derry was practically at its last jack-boot when, under positive orders from home, the *Mountjoy* and the *Phoenix* at last broke the boom and brought provisions (July 30th). The Irish Army burned its camp and marched sullenly away: it had been much harassed by sallies from the garrison of Enniskillen, and on August 1st its left wing was cut to pieces by the Enniskilliners at the battle of Newton Butler, where no quarter was given. Twelve days after that old Marshal Schomberg landed near Carrickfergus with

16,000 English and Dutch troops in the service of King William.

James meanwhile had been holding a Parliament at Dublin. As was natural in the circumstances, few Protestants had been elected, the thirty-four most Protestant towns were unrepresented, and the Houses proceeded to undo everything that had been done since 1640. First they proclaimed equality of both religions in Ireland; this sounded beautiful, and on the part of the Irish gentry was, I think, genuine, for they were never, as a race, persecutors, and even at the height of this revolution there was no persecution of such Protestant clergy as would acknowledge James; but, on the part of James II., the ally of Louis XIV., such toleration 'is to me suspect.' The real aim of this Irish Parliament was seen when it abolished all Appeals to English law-courts, and declared that no English Statutes could bind Ireland; above all when it repealed the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and ordered the heirs of all who had lost their land since 1641 to re-enter upon it. It proposed to compensate persons who had purchased such land, but not those who had received it by grant or inheritance; and, in order to form a fund for such compensation, it passed a sweeping Act of Attainder against some two thousand named persons, unless they could clear themselves of treason to King James by certain fixed dates (varying according to the class of treason alleged, and commencing on September 1st), and, as most of these persons had taken refuge in England, this would be almost impossible.

There is nothing wonderful in these Acts; if beneath them there lay an intention to destroy the English Colony, they were on the surface but tit for tat—1689

for 1662; as for the Attainder, the English Parliament was doing much the same to the Jacobites. But they were at least hasty and inexpedient Acts, and matters were not improved when James began to issue a bad coinage of iron and brass, every sixpenny-worth of which was dignified with the name of a guinea.

William, if he were to remain a King at all, must now attempt the reconquest of Ireland upon a serious scale, and he made elaborate preparations to be in really strong force. It is interesting to read that Sir Christopher Wren built for him 'an itinerant house, which could be taken to pieces and laid upon two waggons'; he also took 'a coach wherein meat may be roasted or boiled on a march.' In the matter of troops his English subjects gave him far less help than they should have done, and he was obliged to rely to a great degree upon Dutch, German and Huguenot troops: to him this would be a matter of indifference, for he was far more the head of a great European coalition against France than he ever was King of Great Britain; but for the English as a military people it was disastrous. From that time onwards till the close of the Eighteenth Century, Englishmen relied largely on their ability to pay foreigners to fight their battles. We must also admit that, though our Standing Army was in its infancy, our War Office already displayed all the vices of senility in false muster-rolls, fraudulent contractors, favouritism and jobbery of every kind. So for ten months Schomberg, by reputation one of the first soldiers in Europe, could do almost nothing; his Army was rotten and mutinous, his supplies rotten or non-existent. He entrenched himself, however, at Dundalk, and James, in twice his force, came and looked at his entrenchments,

did not like them, and went back to Dublin. I think we may fairly accuse the Irish leaders of great want of enterprise in not annihilating Schomberg, as he lay starving at Dundalk; but perhaps James was a leader too hopeless for any patriotic enterprise to flourish in his sight, and so the winter and spring 1689–90 were wasted. Six thousand veteran French troops came in March to aid James, but their officers failed to conciliate the wayward Irish temper, and Schomberg fell safely back to join William, who landed at Carrickfergus with 27,000 fresh men, British, Dutch and Danes, on June 14th. King Louis ought, perhaps, to have sent Admiral Tourville to cut off William's transport ships, but, had he done so, the English Admiral, Torrington, would have been quickly in pursuit.

In warfare William, when not restrained by political considerations, would always be at his enemy's throat; and by July 1st he was at James' throat on the river Boyne. Had he listened to Schomberg he might have ended the war almost without a blow, for he was now in far superior force, and might have detached enough troops to cut off the enemy's retreat by a flank march. He did this, in fact, when it was almost too late, but took his main force over the well-defended fords of the river breast-high, and lost a good many men in doing so. But once over he drove the Irish in headlong flight before him. James fled among the first, and embarked at Waterford for France. His soldiering days were over; let us leave him to his priests.

Tyrconnel, the French Lauzun and the gallant Patrick Sarsfield gathered the remains of their Army behind the Shannon; relieved of their poltroon of a King they fought in other fashion, and William, who in truth was

most anxious not to win Ireland by the sword alone, failed as totally to take Limerick as James had failed to take Derry. He returned to England, in August, having for ever linked his own 'glorious, pious and immortal memory,' in the hearts of all Protestant Irishmen, with the name of the Battle of the Boyne. Lord Marlborough took Cork and Kinsale for William; then he too left Ireland. In the winter of 1690 Tyrconnel went to France, and came back in January, 1691, with strong reinforcements and a new French General, St. Ruth, to face a new Dutch General, Ginckel, on the line of the Shannon. It was Ginckel who really ended the war; on June 30th, 1691, he took the hitherto impregnable position of Athlone, his men swimming and fording the Shannon 'like otters,' says an eye-witness. He drove St. Ruth back, defeated and killed him in the desperate battle of Aghrim. Galway then surrendered on terms, and finally, when a British Squadron appeared in the Shannon, Limerick also, after a most notable defence, surrendered on September 24th. "Change Kings with us," said Sarsfield, as he went into foreign service with 14,000 of the Irish Army, "and we'll fight you over again."

The English Parliament, in October '90, had very naturally laid down the principle of a fresh confiscation of Irish land to pay the expenses of the war; it is only in the most modern times that it has established the opposite principle of rewarding its enemies at the expense of Englishmen. The terms that Ginckel had granted to Galway and Limerick were capable of being interpreted to secure for the Catholic Irish of the six Southern and Western counties their property and religion 'as in the days of Charles II.' William, who had previously

offered the Catholics half the land, churches and offices in Ireland, confirmed the Treaty of Limerick in the above sense. But, like James, he had to submit to the dictation of his subjects who had fought for him. Three successive Irish Parliaments, fully supported by the English Parliament, utterly refused to ratify the Treaty, which was only confirmed, when too late, in 1697; and in the end nearly four thousand persons were declared to have forfeited their land. Far less careful justice than Charles II.'s was done in the reallotment; Commissions were indeed appointed to decide on the 'innocence' of claimants, but they were bribed or hasty, or their findings were disregarded—in both directions; and the insecurity of William's throne accounted for much of this. The line was now drawn much more sharply between Catholics and Protestants; the Catholics retained not above one-sixth of the large properties, and these wholly in the West. Enormous tracts of land were carelessly given to the King's favourites, so enormous that the wrath of the English Parliament was excited, and in 1700 an 'Act of Resumption' took them nearly all away again. The new landowners were not really so much Colonists as 'speculators in rents': they cut down the timber, they improved nothing, and they soon became largely absentees. Only in Ulster was there a fresh and vigorous immigration of the Scottish farmer class, and in the towns fresh Colonies of Huguenot and German workpeople. And the law of all plantations repeated itself: the native Irish drifted back and assimilated the resident English landlords to themselves.

The first sixty years of the Eighteenth Century were a peaceful, though not a prosperous period in Ireland.

The 'three burdensome beasts,' of which a Cromwellian settler had complained, the wolf, the priest and the Tory,[1] soon ceased to give much trouble. The fighting men of Irish or Anglo-Irish descent had gone to swell the Armies of Catholic Powers on the Continent, as England found to her cost at Fontenoy and elsewhere. The Catholics were, however, still to the Protestants in the ratio of eight to three, and outside Ulster and the towns more like ten to one. The laws now called them 'the common enemy,' and George III. had been some years on the throne before the opprobrious name was dropped. A code was devised, destined not so much for the rooting out of Popery as for degrading it socially. Land being the source of all political power, care had to be taken that no Papist should acquire land beyond the one-sixth which the Revolution had left to those of his faith. English and Irish Parliaments throughout the reigns of William and Anne vied with each other in putting fresh coping-stones on this 'Penal Code.' Papists are unschooled, unhorsed,[2] unarmed by Act of Parliament: they may not buy land at all, nor lease it on long lease; if they inherit it, it must be divided equally between their children; if any of these turn Protestant he can disinherit his father and his brethren; if a Papist leaves orphans, a Protestant guardian must be appointed; if he marries a Protestant lady, she forfeits her property. The thousand or so of Catholic priests who are still in Ireland are indeed left (and carefully

[1] Rewards: for killing a dog-wolf £5, a bitch-wolf £10; for capturing a priest £10, a Tory £2. The word 'Tory' means in Ireland a brigand. To 'tory' is to go a-briganding. Any Tory killing two other Tories is to be pardoned. The traditional 'last wolf' was killed 1724.

[2] No Papist to have a horse worth £5.

registered), but no new ones shall come in, and no monks or Bishops are to be left, so there can be no fresh ordinations; therefore in a generation we may hope that 'burdensome beast No. 2' will be quite extinct. Rewards shall be given to informers who 'discover' violations of these Acts. Seats in Parliament, the legal profession, the grand jury, the magistracy, all posts in Army, Navy and Civil Service, are of course wholly reserved for Protestants. Great Britain maintains this 'Protestant Ascendancy' by an Army of ten or twelve thousand Protestants, wholly at the expense of Ireland.

The spirit of these laws, rather than these laws themselves, had its effect. It did produce conversions, and on a considerable scale, nearly five thousand in eighty years, but wholly among the upper and middle classes. Mr. Haggarty the attorney comes to Rory O'More the stonemason, and asks him to alter the inscription on his father's grave,

"Pray for the Sowl of Denis Haggarty,"

in such a way that people may forget that Denis had been a Papist.[1] But the peasantry were entirely untouched by the code; they were probably no poorer or worse off than they had been before, for they had always been very near the margin of starvation. To a kindly, improvident Protestant landlord they rallied with perfect readiness; his religion was no concern of theirs, nor theirs of his; if he was a sportsman or a duellist, and he was generally both, they became his warm friends. To their own priests they were admirably faithful; the priests encouraged early marriages, and the fertility of

[1] Rory agreed, and simply carved the word 'Don't' before 'Pray.'

the race was amazing. They retained a fondness for organized crime, outrage committed by night in companies on unpopular persons, and they could be horribly cruel on such occasions even to cattle which they houghed and maimed but hardly ever stole. From other crime they remained singularly free. For politics they cared not at all, nor ever would have cared, had they not at the end of the century been inflamed by revolutionary agitators. A people more unfit for self-government it is hard to imagine.

In detail, however, the Penal Code was incapable of being executed, and it very soon became a dead letter. The laws against landowning by Catholics were evaded by secret conveyances to Protestant friends. Juries would find no verdicts; as late as 1808, perhaps as late as 1909, 'the politics of Wexford juries differed not infrequently both from the laws of God and from the Statute Book.' 'Informers' were lucky if they escaped with a ducking. Even judges winked at the evasion of the law. Contempt for the law became in fact the one certain thing you could predicate of an Irishman of whatever religion he was. In what other country would a gentleman have cut off the pigtail of the High Sheriff of his County, brought it to a ball-room, tied it to a chandelier, and got the whole company to dance round it in ecstasy? Does a bailiff serve a writ on a popular landlord, he will certainly be made to eat it; probably his digestion will never recover, for parchment and sealing-wax are unwholesome, but who cares? he is only a 'minion of the law.' Every 'half-mounted gentleman' carries a large whip loaded at the butt end with lead, so as to be able to flog his neighbour or knock out his brains 'as circumstances may dictate.'

The Irish Church, though glorified by the names of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, did absolutely nothing for the bettering of this wild and brutal society. Only one effort was made for the conversion of the peasants, and that was by enticing their children away from them into Protestant 'Charter Schools,' which, in the long run, came to resemble rather badly managed workhouses such as Oliver Twist knew. The laws against priests and Papist schools were enforced as little as any others: Catholic Bishops resided, visited and ordained, at first secretly, soon quite openly and unhindered. Protestant Dissenters were not, it is true, persecuted, but they had no legal toleration for their worship till 1719, and the Irish Test Act of 1704 excluded them from seats in Parliament and from all office under the Crown; they remained, however, a very powerful and well-organized body of the lower middle class. Meanwhile the alien Church drew tithes from the whole of Ireland, and the parsons farmed out its collection to 'tithe proctors,' who were hated, ducked and flogged almost as much as the poor bailiffs. In Parliament the Bishops had real power, for the Irish Peers were so frequently 'absentees' that the twenty-two prelates could often turn the vote in the Lords. Three successive Archbishops, King, Boulter and Stone, were in fact between 1702 and 1764 the most important persons in the Irish Government: and *quieta non movere* seems to have been their first principle. King and Boulter were alive to many of the evils of the time and the place; Stone was a bad man and a political jobber.

The long reign of Walpole, evil in most things, was in nothing more evil than in its encouragement of political jobbery in Ireland. There were no 'parties,' no Whig

and Tory, in the Irish government; but there were 'interests,' family cliques, each of which strove, *more Scotico*, 'to keep its ain fish-guts for its ain sea-maws': to keep Irish sinecures, pensions and places for Boyles, Ponsonbys or Beresfords. It was the desire to do this, in the teeth of the Walpolian Government of England, which perhaps first woke a 'national' spirit in the Protestant Colony.

The English Parliament, by fresh and crushing restrictions on Irish trade, had done and did its best to give that Colony fresh grievances. By Acts of 1698 and 1699 it crushed the Irish woollen industry completely out of existence; whereupon the Munster farmers, many of them Catholics, began to smuggle their raw wool over to France. They grew almost rich upon that trade, but they learned only a fresh contempt for law. A nascent cotton trade was prohibited by 7 George I., a nascent glass industry by 19 George II. The victualling trade and the linen trade, the latter confined more and more wholly to Ulster, alone remained prosperous, and the former employed few hands. The Irish Parliament felt these grievances, but it was bound hand and foot by Poynings' Law, which prevented Bills being introduced into it without the sanction of the English Privy Council; and, lest this should not prove clear enough, a fresh Act was passed in 6 George I. declaring openly that the British Parliament can legislate for Ireland. Moreover none of the ordinary *palladia* of the Briton protected even a Protestant Irishman; there was no Habeas Corpus Act; the Judges held office during the King's pleasure; Parliament was only dissolvable at his pleasure or his death (George II.'s Irish Parliament sat for thirty-three years); there was no

way in which it could put the screw on the Executive Government, no Place Bill, no Mutiny Bill, no real need to vote supplies, and, so, not much use in refusing them. For the 'hereditary revenue' of the Crown in Ireland included not only large and perpetual quit-rents from the Colonists, but the hearth tax, customs and excise as well; and so the Crown could govern and pay its way without recourse to the Irish Parliament, from which nevertheless it was pleased to accept a certain amount of very light taxes. Nay, the Crown could and did give large Irish pensions to its English and German ministers, courtiers, mistresses and cousins; the castle of many a Count of Schnippy-Schnappenhausen was maintained by a 'pension on the Irish Establishment.' It was small wonder then that the Irish Parliament in 1703 petitioned for a Union with the English Parliament; the petition was contemptuously refused! The Fates, if they are capable of smiling, probably smiled.

William Molyneux, M.P. for Dublin in 1698, and Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1713–1745, were the first persons to strike notes of resistance to this state of things. In 1720 Swift's pamphlet, suggesting to Irishmen to 'live of their own' and 'burn everything that came from England except her coals,' stirred the Government to prosecute the author; but the Dublin grand jury threw out the bill. Two years later Swift nearly produced an Irish revolt by his 'Drapier's Letters' against a proposed copper coinage. Much as he hated his exile in Ireland, he felt for the wrongs of his brother exiles, and they supported him heartily.

To say, as Swift said, that 'Government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery' is a fine piece of Whig bombast (though uttered by a

Tory), but quite untrue where such government is for the good of a people unfit to govern itself. Whether or no the Irish Protestant Parliament was fit to be admitted to a share in 'government' is a doubtful question. But the real point is that the British government of Ireland had not been so much a 'government' as an exploitation of the country for the benefit of Great Britain.

From the accession of George III. the self-consciousness of the Colony began to develop rapidly. All danger from the Catholics seemed to be at an end. They had been perfectly quiet when the insurrections of 1715 and 1745 had made the throne of the Georges rock; and, as fear of the Catholics vanished, the feeling of need for dependence on Britain vanished too. Irishmen began to demand two things: some real constitutional safeguards and some relaxation of the restrictions on Irish commerce; with this demand there soon blended a cry for relaxation of the penal code against the Catholics. The early years of George III., so miserable in their political squabbles in the British Parliament, were years in which political ideas developed at an extraordinary rate among the upper classes of civilized European countries; years in which many otherwise sensible people began to believe that Golden Ages could be created by Acts of Parliament and by giving people votes. The Irish House of Commons was a singularly 'unrepresentative' body, it was also singularly 'corrupt,' in the sense that the Viceroy could always buy a majority in it by bribing the Borough owners with ribbons, titles or hard cash; but, as the spirit of 'Liberty' began to develop, the cost of such purchase became very great, and votes had now sometimes to be bought by concessions to that spirit. The quarrel of Great Britain

with America came at a terribly opportune time for the Irish 'patriots.' For instance, by 1770 the Government had been obliged to buy an increase of the troops on the Irish Establishment to 15,000 men, and of the pension list to £90,000 a year, by granting (1768) an Octennial Act, to the effect that there should be a General Election in Ireland every eight years. As the American quarrel grew into a war, the demands of Irish patriots rose: "If we vote you extra taxes," they said, "if we allow you to use our troops for the subjugation of Americans, with whom, please to understand, we have no quarrel but a good deal of sympathy, you must give us a substantial reward. Our linen exports, much of which went indirectly to America, have been hard hit by this quarrel of yours: if the war becomes European, and it looks like that, where will our smuggling trade with France be? Suppose we were to follow the teaching of Dean Swift and the example of America, and refuse to import your British products? Ah! we should touch you to the quick there."

Ireland was, in fact, after America, the best customer of the British shopkeeper, and the British shopkeeper began to tremble. In 1777–8 we begin to hear the names of the Irish patriots, Henry Grattan, Henry Flood, Lord Charlemont. The country is being drained of the fresh troops it has raised; a French invasion is by no means improbable. A movement for enrolling Volunteers on a gigantic scale begins in Ulster and Leinster. It is at first wholly a Protestant, and even a loyal movement by a loyal and Protestant Colony; but that it may, that it must develop into an engine for putting the screw on Lord North's Government, can easily be foreseen.

And what was Lord North's Government that it should

resist a screw turned sufficiently hard? In four years it gave way all along the line, and at all outposts of the line at once. All the enlightened public opinion in England was now in favour of giving way on most points, and even of going farther than the wisest heads in Ireland thought prudent. All the unenlightened opinion in England was in favour of a dogged resistance on the two capital points of free trade and religious equality. Grattan began the game (February, '78) with a motion in his Parliament in favour of free trade, and Burke supported him in the English House. Lord North obediently prepared a far-reaching measure of relief, but, when the outcry among the English merchants seemed to threaten him more than the demands of Irish orators, as obediently whittled his measure down to nothing. He permitted the Irish to pass a first Catholic Relief Bill, allowing Catholics long leases of land, and abolishing the compulsory division of their estates. With less judgment he presented the Volunteers with arms for sixteen thousand men. The Volunteers immediately assembled, in these and more thousands, round King William's statue in Dublin, and labelled one of the Boyne cannons that stood there with the words "Free Trade or This." The Irish Parliament, deliberating amid armed men (not a favourable circumstance for sobriety of debate) cut short the supplies to the Crown; and 'non-importation agreements' were largely signed in Dublin. North put his helm about again, and granted a great measure of free trade on many essential points, 1779: the Test Act of 1704 was also repealed, and Protestant Dissenters could once more hold office under the Crown.

Grattan was the hero of all this, and of more to come.

Whether he were a true statesman or not, he was the nearest approach to one that Ireland had yet produced. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he was utterly incorruptible. He was certainly a very eloquent orator, and, like other eloquent men of his time, occasionally a froth- and rant-monger. Of democratic movements of all kinds he professed an unmitigated dread; but he was on an inclined plane, and on such a superficies it is notoriously difficult to stop. "Partial free trade," he now said, "has been granted us by the English, but what the English can grant they can also take away. We must, therefore, have a Free Parliament. Shout, ye Volunteers! (he did not actually say "Shoulder your arms!"); organize your mass meetings; another turn of the screw!" His first 'Declaration of Independence'—ominous name—was introduced into the Irish Parliament in 1780, but the purchased Government majority, and perhaps some lingering fear in soberer men as to what was to be the upshot of all this, were as yet too strong for him. North only allowed a Habeas Corpus Act, and offered to tinker Poynings' Law a little. At the end of 1781 a mass convention of the Volunteers at Dungannon terrified Lord North even more than the victories of George Washington in America, and in April, 1782, his Government fell. Lord Rockingham and the Whigs, *i.e.* Fox and Burke, came in, and in May hastily granted all Grattan's demands. Poynings' Act and 6 George I. were repealed; Appeals from Irish law-courts to the English House of Lords were abolished, Irish Judges could no longer be dismissed at the pleasure of the Crown, and the Irish Parliament obtained by annual Mutiny Bills some control of its Army. 'Home Rule' was an accomplished fact.

Could this Parliament, which contained a galaxy of brilliant orators, which represented the culture, such as it was, of Ireland, which professed and perhaps really felt much loyalty to the Crown, be trusted to bear its share in the responsibilities of the Empire? Could it be trusted to do full justice to Catholics and Dissenters, without thereby imperilling Imperial interests? The answer must in both cases be a reluctant No; or rather, that it could be trusted to act loyally only so long as it continued corrupt, bribable and unreformed—so long, therefore, as the British Ministry could job a majority in it.

It *was* hideously 'unreformed'; more than two-thirds of its House of Commons were returned on the nomination of single borough 'owners'; but, if it should be reformed and the franchise extended, as some of its more ardent 'patriots' now began to demand, to the lower classes, irrespective of religion, the only means of control over it would vanish, and a democratic Ireland would be certain to follow the example of America. Grattan would have died rather than admit this for a moment, and yet Grattan was led by his own glowing eloquence and popularity into motions which tended that way. 'Seven hundred spectators of the first fashion' applauded that eloquence day after day in the splendid rotunda of the Irish House of Commons, but of practical statesmanship they heard very little. It seems to me that the one narrow plank of safety lay in establishing complete religious equality *plus* a very considerable restriction of the franchise. Had Grattan demanded a Parliament freely elected by all persons of both religions possessed of property worth £100 a year, he might not only have 'liberated' Ireland, but set a

good example to Great Britain. But the 'forty-shilling freeholder,' who in Ireland, as in England, enjoyed the county franchise, would not be a person to be trusted with that engine of power in a reformed Parliament in which Catholics could sit. Such freeholds could be, and afterwards were created in enormous numbers for political purposes; and yet Grattan, who during the next two decades brought in frequent 'Reform Bills' as well as 'Emancipation Bills,' never seems to have been alive to this future danger. For the moment all went well. Catholics were allowed to purchase land, the Penal Laws against priests and schoolmasters were abolished. But the Volunteers were not disbanded, as they should have been after the Peace of 1783, not, indeed, till the British Government put them down with a strong hand in '92; and they passed more and more under democratic and separatist influences.

To Pitt, now at the helm in England, this Home Rule business began to reveal several awkward possibilities. It was now open to Ireland to impose protective duties against British manufactures, and one Irish leader, Henry Flood, notoriously wished to do so; it was open to her to refuse to go to war when England went to war; it was open to her to censure the Lord-Lieutenant, and yet not open to her to change him; the Irish Ministry, though appointed by the Crown, and responsible to the English Parliament, was at the mercy of the Irish Parliament also. The commercial question, however, loomed largest in Pitt's mind, and in '85 he prepared a great measure, which would really have neutralized many of the mischiefs of Home Rule and have been perhaps the first step towards a Federal Union. Great Britain still protected many of her manufactures against

Ireland, and Pitt now proposed perfect free trade and a Treaty of Commerce between the two islands, but in return for a regular contribution towards the Imperial Navy. Grattan carried the ungenerous and unworthy modification that such contribution should not be made until all Irish loans were paid off—in other words, only from year to year at the pleasure of the Irish Parliament. Pitt would have accepted even that but for a furious outburst of commercial jealousy in England, to which, as if he had been a mere Lord North, he gave way, and the negotiation dropped.

In '88 there was another very awkward collision between the two Parliaments on the Regency question. In England, you remember, Pitt carried a Bill appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, and with restrictions. In Ireland Grattan carried, in the sense of the English Opposition, an Address to the Prince to 'take upon himself' the Regency, and without restrictions. Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant refused to present the Address, was censured by the Irish Parliament, and supplies were stopped. The deadlock was ended by King George's convalescence, but a similar one might recur at any moment.

Meanwhile Ireland, after the removal of restrictions on her foreign trade in 1779, had entered upon a period of rapid, if somewhat delusive prosperity. The fisheries, the cotton, the glass, the dairy produce, above all the linen trade took enormous strides, especially after the Close of the American War; and as about this time the growth of population in Great Britain dried up the export of corn from her shores, Ireland began to supply her with corn. This was in the long run disastrous to Ireland, which is not naturally a cereal but a grazing country; magnificent pasture was then and afterwards

ploughed up to produce very poor corn, emigration ceased (for arable work creates tenfold the demand for hands that pasture does), and population increased at a ruinous rate. Lavish expenditure on roads, canals and public buildings was the order of the day; Dublin in particular became a Capital city of great external splendour, and was thronged with a brilliant society from which religious bigotry seemed to have wholly disappeared, and people began to say, 'Redeunt Saturnia regna.'

Then came the French Revolution, and with it the beginning of the end of this glittering masque of freedom and progress. We at once become aware that beneath the surface there are elements of disorder never really laid to rest since 1641; there is an ignorant and prolific peasantry, taught only by an almost equally ignorant priesthood, and from its lay masters learning only one lesson—contempt for law. We have hardly noticed their 'Whiteboy,' 'Oakboy,' 'Steelboy' outrages, their occasional civil wars of Catholic 'Defenders' with Protestant peasants called 'Peep o' Day Boys' on the borders of Ulster; these have really gone on throughout the century. We have occasionally had to pass stringent Acts against 'persons who go armed to commit outrage by night,' and they have occasionally shot one of ourselves. But then, we have so much more frequently shot one another[1]; human life has always been cheap, and the very man who shot at you overnight would often be showing you the best way out of a boreen in the

[1] Sir Jonah Barrington enumerates two hundred and seventy duels fought, during his manhood, between leading and official persons in Ireland, beginning with one between the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. A regular code of duelling was in existence, printed, published and occasionally revised. Duels took place in sight of enormous fields of spectators.

hunting field next day. If we ever had a dim consciousness that we were dancing on a volcano, you could surely not expect us to give up dancing—still less drinking?

Nor have we realized as a source of danger those fierce handicraftsmen in Presbyterian Ulster, still excluded from seats in Parliament, still 'socially nowhere.' They more than any one else have learned lessons from America; to them first and most convincingly the message from France has now penetrated. Least of all have we realized that a combination between the Ulster craftsmen and the Southern peasantry is possible; yet in 1791–2 this was exactly what happened. There was a 'Catholic Association' sitting in Dublin, mildly patronized by some of the Parliamentary leaders, but catching up rapidly the French claptrap about the 'Rights of Man.' To it the Ulstermen held out no uncertain revolutionary hand. Theobald Wolfe Tone founded in 1791 the secret society of 'United Irishmen.' This did not at once avow separatist or republican tendencies, but its leaders meant separation and Republic from the first. It grasped the Volunteers, and enrolled the lower classes of both faiths by the hundred. It cried out for 'an equal representation of the people of Ireland'; 'away with your Charlemonts and your Grattans, your moderate Reform Bills, your step-by-step concessions! We stand for equal electoral districts, manhood suffrage, annual parliaments' and all the latest jargon of blood-dripping Paris.

The true leaders of progress in Ireland, and among them I still reckon Grattan, at first held bravely on their way, and the Government put down 'Catholic Conventions,' the Volunteers, and attempts to form insurrectionary 'National Guards,' with a strong hand.

Two successive Catholic Relief Bills were got through in '92 and '93. Catholics might now again marry Protestants, might be lawyers, grand jurors, magistrates, might hold almost all offices under the Crown, might found and endow schools, and finally might have the electoral franchise. Having given that, it was madness to stop short of giving them seats in Parliament; for Catholic constituencies which might have elected their own gentry, could now only elect Protestant agitators and demagogues. Mr. Lecky rightly says this 'laid the foundation of the political anarchy of our own day.'

There, having gone either too far or not far enough, the Irish aristocracy stopped. The violence of the United Irishmen threw them back on the English connection at all costs; their lives and their property were at stake; all measures of parliamentary reform were rejected; Grattan, hitherto their leader, became a voice crying in the wilderness. And France, recognizing in England the one determined opponent to her scheme for regenerating the world by a massacre of the intelligent classes, spared no pains to sow the seeds of civil war in England's most vulnerable point, Ireland. In '94 began the first definite intrigue of the 'United men' for a French invasion. Tone, and soon afterwards a young hothead called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were the leaders in this, and Belfast was its first centre. Revolutionary clubs, atheist in Belfast, Catholic in Dublin, began to spring up. The South hesitated long; all the Catholic Bishops were perfectly loyal, and abhorred the idea of alliance between their flocks and an atheistic, regicide Republic. It is just possible, though not probable, that, if Pitt had stuck to his guns, and had forced complete religious equality through the Irish Parliament, the

South would never have moved at all. But he allowed the hopes of the Catholics to be excited at the beginning of '95 by his Viceroy, Fitzwilliam, and, when he found himself confronted by the deep-rooted bigotry of King George, drew back, as he was to do again in 1801. The best that can be said for him was that the King's prejudices were those of the British people also; to carry Emancipation in Ireland without carrying it in Britain would be difficult, to carry it in Britain in the middle of a great war impossible.

Anyhow, the chance was lost. Fitzwilliam was recalled after the briefest of Viceroyalties, and the preparations for civil war began. From this time onwards we can hardly acquit Grattan of factious opposition verging on disloyalty. We must remember that he was under the spell of Fox and the English Whigs, now degenerating into disloyal Radicals, who put party before country and rejoiced at every English defeat. He drew with him his friend George Ponsonby and two leading members of the House of Lords, the Duke of Leinster and Lord Moira. All '95 a French invasion was expected; but Pitt, at death-grips with France, could spare only 10,000 British Militiamen, while the Irish Militia was of very doubtful loyalty. Loyal Ireland, therefore, organized itself into 'Orange' Lodges against the Catholics, and created a Yeomanry force of its own. Then we begin to see on what a basis of savagery Irish society really rested. The more printable parts of the 'Orange Toast,' drunk on the knee at the Orange Lodges on the anniversary of the Boyne, are worth recording:—

> "To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the Great and Good King William, not forgetting

> Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money and wooden shoes : and may we never want a Williamite to kick [unprintable] . . . a Jacobite ; and he that won't drink this toast, be he bishop, priest, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may he [still more unprintable] . . . may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm and a leaky vessel to carry him over the Styx ; may the dog Cerberus make a meal of his rump and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull, may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with each pin [most unprintable] . . . and blow him with a clean carcase to Hell. Amen."

Inspired by this toast, and under the ægis of an Act of 1796 establishing martial law in suspected districts and granting a general indemnity to magistrates who violated the laws, the 'Orangemen' sallied forth to put down rebellion by methods hardly less savage than its own ; in many cases it is to be feared they put innocent persons to death. Tone, Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor had gone to the Continent, and had succeeded in gaining, each without the knowledge of the others, the ear of the French Directory. The British Government, though warned by the Viceroy, Lord Camden, of the critical situation of affairs, was slow to take action, and at first loyal Ireland was saved rather by the cruel Orangemen than by Mr. Pitt. A French expedition, with 16,000 men under the gallant Hoche, succeeded in slipping out of Brest, but was dispersed by a storm ; the whole South would have risen to greet it, but although most of its vessels reached Bantry Bay, neither its

Naval or Military Commanders did; and Grouchy, the senior officer present, though he stayed for nearly a fortnight within sight of the shore, did not risk a landing (December, '96). In the next autumn a similar force was prepared in Holland, but the Dutch Fleet that bore it was smashed to pieces by Admiral Duncan at Camperdown. General Lake had meanwhile been acting vigorously, if cruelly, in Ulster, and had disarmed the Protestant-republican wing of the rebellion without much actual fighting; he got an enormous haul of muskets and pikes there, for side by side with the 'patriot' rebel always moved the informer. No Irish conspiracy ever escaped betrayal by its own friends, and early in '98 the Government succeeded in pouncing on Lord Edward Fitzgerald and some other leaders.

Hardly was this done before the South-Eastern counties, which Lake had not had time to disarm, burst into a final flame, still known as the Rebellion of '98. Many priests were leaders, one Father Murphy in particular, and a very few Catholic gentlemen were also involved. But in the main it was an agrarian movement, of peasants against landlords, democrats against aristocracy, Nationalists against English, rather than of Catholics against Protestants. Horrible outrages were committed by the 'croppies' (men were tossed alive on pikes), horribly avenged by Orange Yeomanry and by British Militiamen Dublin and the North were with difficulty held down; even the brave Lord Camden thought it prudent to send his own wife over to England, for, by the end of May, it looked as if Father Murphy and fifty thousand rebels might be at the gates of the Capital. But the battles of New Ross and Arklow checked their advance, and at last, on June 21st, Lake with English regular troops,

which had arrived almost too late, was able to storm the rebels' camp at Vinegar Hill, County Wexford. A tiny French force which managed to land in Mayo in August, and to defeat Lake with some Militiamen, was soon compelled to surrender to Cornwallis.

The Irish Parliament counted for very little in the period of the struggle. Grattan and George Ponsonby, who had never ceased, in season or out of season, to advocate Emancipation and reform of Parliament, lost no opportunity of laying all the disorder at the doors of Dublin Castle, and of appealing beyond the walls of a Parliament which had ceased to listen to them, to an abstraction called the 'people of Ireland,' of whose adult males at least a fourth part were by 1796 enrolled in the Society of United Irishmen.

Viva la ! the French is coming,
Viva la ! our friends is true !

That was the tune that was moving the hearts of Irish 'patriots,' and Grattan could hardly fail to know it; but his name was still one to conjure with, and, if he had possessed true statesmanship, he might have done much to quiet his misguided countrymen. Instead of that he and his friends, on the eve of the rebellion, openly seceded from Parliament, and thus left the Houses more 'Orange' than before.

Lord Camden had done his very best, but he had been imperfectly seconded by the British Government, which didn't see till almost too late how serious the rebellion had become. Both the Viceroy and his Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, shrank with horror from the cruelties of their Orange allies, but, until Great Britain would send a sufficient force of regulars,

little choice was left to the Castle but to trust to the Orangemen. The two ablest living Irish statesmen, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare and Chancellor, and Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, at last prevailed on Pitt to send to Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief, that good soldier Cornwallis, who landed the day before the battle of Vinegar Hill. Castlereagh was to act as Chief Secretary; and to him and Cornwallis the pacification of Ireland was due. Both combined in the highest degree the qualities of mercy and firmness, and were soon able to restrain the excesses of the Yeomanry. Both were strong pro-Catholics, and utterly refused to look upon the rebellion as a religious war; Cornwallis, indeed, considered it to be purely 'Jacobin,' *i.e.* democratic, and underrated the undoubtedly Nationalist, separatist and agrarian character of it. He was pitiless to all ringleaders, who were gradually hunted down and executed or banished, but he wished to grant the widest possible amnesty to their dupes. By the summer of '99 Ireland was quiet.

One result of the rebellion was that all clear-sighted statesmen saw that there must be an end of Home Rule. An incorporating Union of the two Parliaments was the only plank of safety for Great Britain, and, in the opinion of Pitt, Castlereagh and Cornwallis, the only means by which equal justice could be secured for all parties in Ireland. There had been talk of such a Union at intervals during the last hundred and forty years; and up till 1772 the English Colony would probably have acquiesced in it. The rapid prosperity of the years 1779–93 had made all in the other direction, but the last five years had shown that the Irish Parliament was incapable either of ruling justly or of upholding

Imperial interests. Castlereagh rightly foresaw the danger of total separation if the next French landing should be successful, and saw therefore that no time was to be lost. But he ardently desired that such a Union should be accompanied by complete civil equality for both religions and by a large endowment of the Catholic Church. Luckily the Irish Parliament was so corrupt that, if England would only pay the price, it was certain to vote itself out of existence.

The Irish 'patriots,' with Demosthenes-Grattan at their head, would naturally resist, and one is constrained to admire their resistance. They could plead that it was a British measure, introduced in the interests of Great Britain; that their Parliament had been on the whole loyal, and had nobly borne its share of the burdens of the French War; that it represented the intelligence of the country. Dublin 'society' of course was on the same side, and so were the Dublin shopkeepers and lawyers. On the other hand, the more loyal among the Catholics were in favour of Union; all their Bishops were favourable; favourable, too, but for other reasons, was their greatest opponent, Lord Clare, intellectually only second to Castlereagh. He paid a visit to Pitt in October, '98, and won him over to his view that the Union was not to be accompanied by Catholic Emancipation.[1]

Now Pitt's great fault in politics was a certain aloofness, perhaps a shyness, which made him unwilling to discover his whole mind until it was perfectly made up. He had no doubt been brooding over this question for a long time before he mentioned it to his Cabinet in

[1] Pitt intended Emancipation, which he considered could be more fairly granted in the Imperial Parliament, to follow immediately after the Union.

June, '98. Cornwallis went to Ireland in that month, ignorant of Pitt's intentions, but was told in October to sound the Irish leaders of all parties on the subject of Union. In December he was told that the Government meant to carry it at all costs, and that the Catholics must not press their claims until it had been carried.

In January, '99, therefore, Castlereagh introduced the measure in the Irish House of Commons, but was beaten by two votes, whereas in the English House only fourteen votes were given against it. The Irish Houses were prorogued on June 1st, and Cornwallis and Castlereagh spent seven months in the sordid task of buying a Government majority. When the last session of the Irish Parliament opened, in January, 1800, sixty-three seats in the Commons had changed their representatives and were now, in obedience to their 'Borough-owners,' filled with Unionists. These owners had been bought with twenty-eight new Peerages, with twenty-six steps in Peerage, with pensions and with ribands: Borough-owners who proved unbribable had been compensated as well as those who took such bribes for the loss of their 'property'; and, though no actual bribes in money were given, a million and a quarter was spent in such compensations. Grattan reappeared in Parliament, and made two of his most fervid orations against the measure; other strong efforts were made by the Opposition, as much as £5,000 being paid for a single vote against the Union. Clare in the Lords and Castlereagh—no eloquent orator, but a cool master of debate—in the Commons led for the Government, and bore unflinchingly the torrents of patriot eloquence. The best card that the Opposition had to play was the iniquity of forcing

the measure through without a General Election; but Government knew well that to hold an Election was to risk another insurrection, and to give France another opportunity. Its majority dwindled a little, as the fateful weeks ran on, but the work was done and the final victory won by forty-six votes in the Commons and forty-nine in the Lords. The Bill received the Royal Assent on August 1st, 1800. King George put the harp of Ireland on his Royal Standard, and took the opportunity to drop the title of King of France, which his predecessors had held since Edward III.

By the Act of 1800, Ireland was to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by four spiritual (Protestant) and twenty-eight temporal lords, the latter elected for life, as 'representative Peers,' by the rest of the Irish Peerage; by one University, sixty-four County, and thirty-six Borough members. The debts of the two countries were to be kept separate, and Ireland was to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer in the proportion of two to fifteen. Her taxation was not to be equalized with the English, but never to be raised above the English standard; those of her manufactures which would suffer from the otherwise perfect free trade now established between the countries were to be protected for twenty years by a special tariff. The Protestant Church remained established by law, and 'for ever' united with that of England.

That the Union did not fulfil all the expectations of its authors towards restoring peace and prosperity to Ireland cannot be denied. At its date she was, in spite of the last terrible seven years, still a prosperous commercial country. No one in 1800 could have foreseen the fifteen exhausting years of French war which were

to add half a billion to the debts of the United Kingdom. Few foresaw that Britain was near the outset of a policy of free trade, for which Ireland was not nearly as ready as she. One thing and one only Britain demanded from Ireland with increasing appetite, and that was corn. This demand again doubled her population in the next forty years, and it needed the terrible famine of 1846 to halve it again. Least of all could any one have foreseen, with the great Pitt at the helm and the great Castlereagh one day to succeed him, that justice to the Catholics would be refused till 1829. The endowment of their clergy, their admission to Parliament, the redemption of tithe, were all measures upon which Pitt had set his heart. But when, in September, 1800, he opened the question to his Cabinet, he found few supporters. Lord Clare for Ireland and Lord Loughborough for England had 'got at' the King, and when Pitt told George, in January, 1801, that he must carry the Emancipation measure or resign, George answered that he should violate his coronation oath if he were to admit Catholics to Parliament. "None of your damned Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas," said that 'good old' monarch to his Secretary for War, who endeavoured to point out the fallacy of this argument. George, moreover, had another card to play; he could always go mad if you squeezed him too much, and he threatened to do so now. The truth is that Pitt discovered too late that the British people were as hostile to seeing the Catholics in Parliament as the British King. It was the ghost of Bloody Mary that rose up and prevented justice to Ireland.

Pitt, Dundas, Grenville, Windham, Cornwallis, Canning and Castlereagh at once resigned. When in 1807 Gren-

ville moved again the same question, the King again compelled him to resign. Pitt and his friends have been blamed for ever taking office again without forcing Emancipation down the throats of people and King; but we must remember that in 1804 the country was again at death-grips with a France now inspired by the imperial genius of Napoleon. To weather that storm—and Castlereagh was the true pilot who finally weathered it—to save Britain by her exertions and Europe by her example, was a grander task than even to do justice to Irish and British Catholics. But injustice was done, and has left a terrible legacy behind it. Ireland has always fancied, and in later days has been encouraged by unscrupulous English politicians to fancy, that the main injustice was not the withholding of Emancipation, but the abolition of the independent Parliament. If that was so, Ireland has avenged herself terribly, as indeed had already been prophesied by two of her leaders. "A discontented and unguided Ireland," said George Knox, "may one day become as formidable a source of aggressive Jacobinism (*i.e.* democracy) to the English-speaking peoples, as France is upon the Continent, and its baleful influence may extend to the furthest limits of the globe." Grattan's prophetical foresight was even more remarkable :—"We will avenge ourselves by sending into the ranks of your Parliament, and into the very heart of your Constitution, *one hundred of the greatest scoundrels in the Kingdom.*" [1]

[1] Lecky, 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' p. 205.

CHAPTER III

INDIA, 1600–1805

In order to understand the history of British India, so far as it comes within our period, we must begin by trying to grasp a few simple geographical and ethnographical facts; first that modern British India is in extent nearly as large and about eight times as populous as modern European Russia; secondly that it is not geographically one country, and only appears on the map to be so because it is a peninsula; thirdly, that, as is the case in most peninsulas, its inhabitants are the leavings of successive race-waves, which have flowed over it from age to age and fought with each other for its riches; fourthly that it was never really united under one Sovereign Power before the days of the Empress-Queen Victoria.

The Peninsula consists of two parts, geographically divided from each other into North and South by the Vindhya mountains, which also send out one long spur Northwards into the plain between the system of the Ganges and the system of the Indus, and another Eastwards into the plain of the lower Ganges. South of these mountains begins a high tableland, studded with innumerable rocky eminences admirably adapted for defence; this tableland, roughly called the Deccan, descends both to Eastern and Western seas in a series

of hill ranges called the 'Ghauts,' and between these Ghauts and the sea lies a strip of plain, narrow on the West coast and broader on the East coast. At the northern back of all lies the greatest mountain chain on earth, that of the Himalayas, rising in places to six miles above sea-level; this is drained by enormous rivers, which make Northern India, or Hindostan proper, the richest and most densely peopled agricultural plain in the World.

In this Peninsula to-day Edward VII. rules by his Viceroy over two hundred and thirty million subjects, and over sixty millions more governed by Princes depending on him. Of these millions an enormous majority consists of agriculturists or peasants of some sort; that is to say, of men whose prosperity is liable to be seriously affected by any unusual manifestation of the forces of nature. In the West we grumblers are so much accustomed to the seasons going wrong that we are almost astonished if the summer is warm or the winter is cold; but in the East the seasons have more normal habits; a wind called a monsoon blows from North-East so many months, and from South-West so many other months; in July, August and September [1] of each year it ought to, and nearly always does rain in torrents; if it does, 'March comes in with the roses.' But if it doesn't there are not only no roses, but no wheat or rice, *i.e.* no food. Then there is a famine and usually a pestilence to follow. On the other hand, if, in consequence of any little dispute among the Elder Gods up in the Himalayan peaks,

[1] On the South-East coast the rains come with the North-Eastern monsoon, not the South-Western; October to December are the rainy months there.

the rains are too heavy or too prolonged, Mother Ganges comes down in double strength and wipes out fences, walls, bridges and villages; she is capable of lifting in one night Ram Pershad's entire landed property and depositing it on the top of that of Ditta Mull farther down stream, out of which accident there will probably arise a very pretty lawsuit between Ditta and Ram. No wonder they and their kind deify Mother Ganges; the wrath of the gods is really only known to people who live face to face with Nature in her most stupendous moods.

Surprises and overwhelming disasters have come to the husbandmen of India from human as well as natural agencies. The whole history of the Peninsula seems to be made up of deluges of invasion from the North. Whence the Aborigines came, we can hardly tell, nor of what stock they were; but they may be still reckoned at over a tenth of the population; their languages are mostly spoken in the far South, and are perhaps akin to those of the Malays; but one finds isolated Colonies of them in many parts of India. The pure Hindoos, of Aryan race and speech akin to our own, undoubtedly came from the North, perhaps three thousand years ago; and from a mixture of these with the Aborigines over half the population is descended. This mixed race is to-day largely Hindoo-ized in religion. Through Persia came Greeks with Alexander in the Fourth Century before Christ; from somewhere 'at the back of beyond' came 'Scythians,' whoever they were, three or four centuries later. But the greatest immigrations in historical times have been the successive races of Mahommedan conquerors, whose invasions cover the period between the Eighth and

Eighteenth Centuries of our era. And these Mahommedan conquerors have probably been for the most part branches of the 'Turanian' family, akin to the Turkish stock, although no doubt some have been Persians and therefore 'Aryans.' Religions have been and are as mixed and as changing as race-elements; the old Hindoo religion was a simple deification of the great Powers of Nature, but has since been much overlaid and corrupted; Buddhism, the fairest flower among Eastern faiths, had its day, but was persecuted almost out of existence; Mahommedanism has proved itself, with some notable exceptions, less persecuting in India than elsewhere.

Traffic with India was well known to Herodotus,[1] who says that the 'farthest men towards the Sunrise' are Indians; Strabo says much the same. Ptolemy, who suspected that India and China were two different countries, divided India into a 'Nearer' and a 'Farther,' the mouth of the Ganges being his dividing line. Mediæval geographers were inclined to add a third India, and to think the Nile rose in one of the three. The only things of which they were sure were that St. Thomas' tomb was somewhere in the Peninsula, and that Adam had been born in Ceylon. There were Christian kings somewhere there, if one could only get at them, but there was also a 'Soldan great and powerful' at Delhi; there, too, were elephants and much gold.[2] It was, of course, the rise of Mahommedanism in the Near East which cut off our real knowledge of, and

[1] III. 98, 106.

[2] A charming picture of India, and indeed of the whole East, is given in the 'Catalan Atlas' of 1375. The kings in this picture sit on their countries and wear their crowns; some of them have Christian names.

our old trade-routes to the Far East. The Red Sea became a Mahommedan lake, and only the almost impossible land route remained even partially open. Hence the heroes of the Renaissance sought to open a new, if longer road by the Ocean. Columbus 'took the wrong turning,' and blundered into the New World on his way to 'India and Cathay.' The Portuguese took the right one, by the Cape of Good Hope, and got there. On the Malabar coast, *i.e.* the South-Western coast of India, they met traders who had come from the true Spice Islands still farther East. These, and not Hindostan, were the goal of Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century traders of whatever nationality, and the Portuguese were the first to reach these Islands. But then the Dutch ousted the Portuguese, and we tried vainly to oust the Dutch.

Both Dutch and Portuguese had made the spice trade a national concern, and devoted national resources to it. But such was not at first the method of the English. It is in the year 1591 that we first hear of an Englishman, Ralph Fitch, returning to London after a residence at the Court of the 'Great Mogul,'[1] Akbar, who was nearly Queen Bess's contemporary, and who ruled from

[1] Whom, once for all, I decline to call 'Mughal.' Most of us learned, in fifth-form holiday tasks, that Clive seized the fort of Budge-Budge, and Chief Justice Impey hanged Nuncomar; I am too old to write 'Baj-Baj' and 'Nanda-Kumar,' or to call the Cuddalore of my childhood 'Gudalur' (with accents at the pleasure of the Reformer); I begin to fear that, under the reformed spelling, I may even fail to recognize my old friend Hurry Punt when I come to him. What a strange age is this which busies itself with correct spellings of Hindoo names and correct (?) pronunciations of Latin and Greek words, while taking vigorous steps to prevent English boys from learning the Latin and Greek languages!

Afghanistan to the Vindhya mountains; his capital cities were Agra and Delhi. About the same time we have the first recorded voyage of an English ship to India, that of Captain Lancaster in the *Edward Bonaventure*, 1591–4. A year or two later the London merchants of the 'Levant Company,' finding their Mediterranean trade to Turkey getting crippled by the Spaniards, applied to the Queen for leave to trade to India by the route of the Cape. Hence was formed, in 1599, the 'Governor and Company of the Merchants of London trading with the East Indies,' or, more shortly, the 'East India Company.' Their Charter, granted on the last day of the great Sixteenth Century, gave them, for fifteen years, exclusive privilege of such trade, leave to export from England a certain amount of silver, and leave to visit any lands in the East not in the possession of 'friendly and Christian Princes.' The irony of the wording was probably unconscious; but the truth was that a heathen Prince might quite probably be friendly to traders of other nations than his own, whereas a Christian was certain to be hostile. What the Queen meant was, 'but don't you embroil me with Spain or Portugal.' They proceeded to embroil her successors with both and with the Dutch.

From the first they were unpopular at home for four main reasons: (*a*) because of their enormous profits, (*b*) because they exported silver, (*c*) because they had a monopoly, (*d*) because they imported fabrics of silk and cotton, which competed in the home market with home-made woollen goods. This unpopularity lasted, off and on, until the trade was thrown open to all British subjects in 1813. Let us consider in a little more detail the four heads just given. (*a*) The profits were enor-

mous; two hundred per cent. on your 'venture' was not an uncommon return in the reign of James I. At first all the subscribed capital of the Company was embarked in a single voyage (of one or more ships), and the 'concern wound up,' as we should say, when the ships returned. The subscribers might, and probably did embark fresh capital in the next voyage, but were not obliged to do so. From the date of Cromwell's Charter, 1657, the Company's stock became permanent, in fact became a true 'joint-stock,' whose shares might be bought and sold 'on Change.' Down to the dissolution of the Company in 1858, these shares, though liable to great fluctuations, remained one of the best possible investments of capital in Great Britain.

(*b*) A fierce controversy raged throughout the Seventeenth Century on the question of the export of silver. The demand for silver in India, whose mines were very imperfectly explored, was enormous. All our silver came from the New World, and one school of economists said we ought to keep at home every shilling we could get. But the East India Company was able, on the whole, to prove that by the export of a small quantity of silver it was able to buy in India goods of enormous value, which it could afterwards sell to other European nations for far more silver than had been exported to buy them, or even for gold.

(*c*) The affairs of the Company formed a favourite battle ground between the old principles of monopoly and of trade regulated by governments, and the growing principle of 'free trade.' From the first there were numerous 'interlopers,' whom the Company called pirates; and very early in its history it had to make some concessions to these. For instance, the carrying

trade from port to port in India was left tolerably free; in much later days ships built by British subjects in Indian ports were allowed to bring home a limited quantity of goods. When our American Colonists began, early in the Eighteenth Century, to feel their naughty feet, they proved to be the most adroit and successful infringers of the Company's monopoly. But, long before that, the monopoly was in danger at home; Charles I., *more suo*, turned a dishonest penny by now selling and now revoking permissions to interlopers to violate the Company's Charter, which was always renewed for periods of years. Always, in fact, the Company had to bribe somebody; the King before the Revolution and the Houses of Parliament after that event. And so gradually King, Houses and Nation began to treat the Company, and the Empire which it was so quietly founding, as National Concerns.

(*d*) To the Company's quarrel with the makers of woollen goods I shall referred elsewhere,[1] but it is worth remembering here that cotton fabrics were not allowed perfectly free entry to England until 1774. With this exception, however, all Indian goods were welcomed and eagerly bought at home.

But 'Indian goods' proper were really an afterthought. When the first Charter was granted, men's palates and stomachs, rasped and acidulated by salt food, were crying out for spices, and spices were the real object of all the early voyages. It was only when the Dutch beat us utterly out of the true Spice Islands (and they had finally done this before the Seventeenth Century was half over) that the Company turned all its energies to the coasts of Hindostan. There it had very

[1] *Vide infra*, p. 206.

early established a Factory at Surat, in the teeth of Portuguese opposition but with the favour of the Great Mogul. Captain Best in 1612, and Captain Downton in 1615, strewed the Gulf of Cambay with the wrecks of enormously superior Portuguese 'Armadas,' of 'galleons, frigates, grabs and gallivats'; and it was this Best, or perhaps Captain William Hawkins a few months before, who obtained for us our first real licence for trade. This licence, says Mr. Orme, the best historian of early British India, was at first a mere *husbullhookum* (apparently an inferior article signed only by the Grand Vizier), but soon strengthened by a real *firman* or edict from the Mogul himself. But we must try to realize that, once a Factory or House of Trade was established in such a country as India, it would very soon have to protect itself by force either against European rivals or against temporary outbreaks of Native hostility. The Mogul Empire, the greatest in India before our own, dated only from the early Sixteenth Century, and though it survived as a shadow till 1857, it lost all its power with the death of Aurungzebe in 1707. It was only during his reign of fifty years that the Mogul power was extended into the Deccan, and in the process of that extension its hold on the North was very much weakened. After 1707 the Empire was split up among 'Nabobs' and 'Subahdars' (viceroys), owing but not paying allegiance to Aurungzebe's successors at Delhi; such men were, like the Moguls, usually Mahommedans in religion; but in some parts of India old Hindoo Kings and 'Rajahs' recovered their kingdoms or carved out new ones. Orme well points out that, even under Mahommedan Sovereigns, the real power was often in the hands of Hindoo ministers, for a successful

Mahommedan usually becomes sensual and lazy, whereas the temperate and vegetarian Hindoo, adapting himself better to his own climate, has free scope for his master-passions of avarice and intrigue,[1] and easily outwits his Sovereign. On the whole it was a Hindoo and not a Mahommedan India that we had to conquer.

The Mogul with whom we now were dealing was Jehangir, an honourable sovereign when he was sober, and to him in 1615, to get confirmation of these grants, came Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from King James. The Mogul had in fact not a little to gain from a Treaty with a Sea-Power, which could protect Mahommedan pilgrims crossing the Indian Ocean on pilgrimages to the Holy City of Mecca, for that ocean swarmed with pirates.[2] But on the Eastern coast of India, whither our attentions were soon afterwards directed, we had less claims on the Mogul's courtesy, nor had he, as yet, any power at all South of the Vindhya mountains. On the East coast, too, we were to meet tougher rivals in the persons of the Dutch, who had already got factories at Chinsurah on the Hooghly and at Masulipatam; and, in later days, the French. In 1632 we managed to establish ourselves at Cuttack in Orissa, and thence in 1650 we moved to Hooghly on the Hooghly river, having also, between these dates, built a factory in 1639 far away South at Madras. At the end of the Seventeenth Century our Hooghly settlement finally took root, under the auspices of the valiant Job Charnock, at Calcutta, a village seventy miles from open sea, on a noble reach of the great river, and

[1] Such are the persons whom we to-day call 'Baboos.'

[2] And with Portuguese, whose crusading spirit prompted them to cut off Moslem pilgrims.

therefore admirably situated for trade, but desperately unhealthy :—

> 'Power on silt,
> Death in her hands, but gold!'

Meanwhile Bombay, part of the dowry of his Portuguese Queen, had been in 1668 leased to the Company by Charles II. for the modest rent of ten pounds a year; fifteen years later the Factory at Surat was abandoned in favour of Bombay. And so, before the first hundred years of the Company had run out, the 'Three Presidencies' were already in existence. Each of these boasts some special founder or defender in some hour of peril; Madras owes all to Francis Day, Bombay to Gerald Angier, the first Englishman to enlist and drill native troops or 'Sepoys' for the Company's service, and Calcutta to Job Charnock. At each step forward which its servants in India felt compelled to take, the Directors of the Company in London, anxious for dividends and peace, but never really without visions of future Empire, grumbled yet acquiesced in the opinion of the 'man on the spot.' In 1673 a great step towards power was taken when the Ocean rock of St. Helena was seized as a watering station for the Company's ships.

The leaders in the Great Rebellion, after long looking askance at the monopoly, ended by accepting it and the Company as National Facts, and Cromwell treated India as a Concern of State. Charles II. was a most staunch, if not wholly a disinterested friend. His reign was the age of Sir Josiah Child, greatest of East India merchants at home, and of his brother Sir John Child, President of the Factories at Surat and Bombay. At

that date, too, began to appear the first symptoms of the break up of the Mogul Empire; Sivaji, of noble Rajpoot descent and Hindoo faith, began to create the Mahratta Nation and to ravage Hindostan from end to end. In 1664 he plundered Surat but spared our Factory; a few years later, Angier at Bombay beat off Malabar pirates by sea and Mahrattas by land. Meanwhile the Pathans from the North-Western passes of the Himalayas began to raid the Punjaub. And about the date of the English Revolution it became clear that no *husbullhookums* or even *firmans* from the Peacock Throne of Delhi would protect our settlements much longer. The Directors of the Company sighed, but began to prepare for war with troublesome Viceroys, or, if necessary, with Aurungzebe himself; its Presidents began to collect the revenue in the little strips of territory round their forts, and to enlist and drill Sepoys. And then, of course, the shares began to go down on the Stock Exchange.

The Revolution brought the Company for a time into a very awkward corner. Child, its leading spirit, a strong Royalist and Tory, had carried matters in Leadenhall Street with a high hand. There were Whigs, and powerful ones, among the shareholders, but he had triumphed over them. Interlopers, to whom Whiggish shareholders wished to make concessions, had multiplied exceedingly. But Child stood firm, brought and won against a Mr. Sandys an action in which the whole question of the lawfulness and expediency of the monopoly was thrashed out, and then prosecuted Interlopers wholesale. Some of these persons took to piracy and robbed the Company's ships; others went to India and got private concessions from native Princes in the teeth

of the Company. By 1690 the Interlopers were a body with a respectable amount of cohesion, clamouring either for free trade, enlargement of the Company, or a rival charter. William III. most sensibly favoured the second of these plans; but, after much fumbling and bribery of courtiers and members of Parliament by both parties, the Whigs won the day. In 1698 a 'New East India Company' was formed and a charter granted to its merchants, who in return subscribed largely to a great loan to the Government. The leaders of the Old Company appeared beaten, though their charter was not yet revoked; they lay low and said little.

They had, in fact, one great card to play. All the 'good will and stock' of the trade was their private property; theirs were the *firmans*, theirs were the ships of great draught and excellent staying power, specially built and heavily armed for the trade, theirs the buildings and the experienced servants. The 'New' led off with a great splash, created, on paper, three Presidencies at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and sent a pompous embassy to Aurungzebe, who was then busy with a Mahratta war. The Mogul seems to have been honestly puzzled by the whole business; party government and its consequences were out of the sphere of his concepts, and the embassy failed to obtain any favours from him. His Nabobs, who were getting stronger as he got weaker, conceived that they might make something out of this quarrel of the intrusive strangers, and so in 1702 the Nabob of the Carnatic, the country between the Eastern Ghauts and the sea, attacked Madras, which was valiantly defended for the Old Company by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of Lord Chatham. And the New Company was soon in

such a bad way that it was ready to accept almost any terms of amalgamation that the Old might be willing to grant it.

Marlborough's wars had just begun, and with them a new and serious danger for British India—the danger from French rivalry. And therefore in 1708, both parties at home willingly accepted Lord Godolphin's 'award,' by which the basis of the Old Company was so far widened as to admit the shareholders of the New; the monopoly was confirmed to the United Company. A French East India Company had received a charter as far back as 1609, but the earliest French Factories only date from about 1668; in 1674 was founded the French settlement of Pondicherry, on the Coromandel Coast, about eighty miles South of Madras. On this coast, seventy years later, the duel between the two nations was to begin, and in the interval the commerce of the English Company had made gigantic strides. Meanwhile, the Mogul Empire had gone to pieces, and we begin to hear of a 'Nizam' of the Deccan, ruling in practical independence at Hyderabad and Aurungabad, and nominating Nabobs at his pleasure.

France, however, had provided herself, against the opening of the duel, with a station of great importance. After her failure to plant colonies in Madagascar she had occupied, towards the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, the Mascarene Islands, in latitude 20° South, and called them 'Isle de France,' now Mauritius and British, and 'Isle de Bourbon,' now Réunion. In the year 1735 a Breton gentleman called La Bourdonnais became Governor there, and, in nine years, had made Mauritius, both in strength and wealth, a rival and a halfway house to the French settlements in India, which now

comprised, besides Pondicherry, Chandernagore[1] on the Hooghly and Mahé on the South-West or 'Malabar' Coast. La Bourdonnais appears to have been a man who could build you a fleet out of nothing at a few months' notice. But French India was weakly supported both by its Company and its Government at home. The former had gone bankrupt in 1720 and had been with difficulty reconstructed. French investors are timid; "every one in my country who possesses anything," said Napoleon III. once to Queen Victoria, "has little courage." The French Company threw up one or two servants of great ability, but always dreaded their impetuosity; it recalled them at critical moments, and then there was no one to take their places. In the English Company's service the same thing occasionally happened, but there were always numbers of men not afraid of responsibility ready to step forward and to save the situation.

On the other hand, French Governors, by greater imaginative power and greater concessions to native feeling, appealed with more success than Englishmen to native prejudices and ideas.[2] The title of 'Nabob'

[1] Chandernagore, now perhaps the tiniest 'Colony' in the World, must always have been at the mercy of the Power that held Calcutta, for it lies a little way up the river from our Capital.

[2] We have seen the same results of the French temperament in operation among the simple natives of North America (*vide supra*, Vol. III., p. 190); but in India was a wider field of credulity to which to appeal. The ignorance of the natives of India concerning the habits of Europeans is well illustrated in the Autobiography (?) of a Sepoy called Seetaram, who joined the Bengal Army in 1812. Though he lived in Oude and was of the highest caste he had never seen a '*Sahib*' (Englishman) till he grew up, but he had believed that Sahibs were born from eggs which grew on trees, and that '*Mem-Sahibs*' (ladies) had wings!

used to be given in derision to Englishmen who returned home with a bad liver and a *crore* of rupees to purchase seats in Parliament; but a French Governor of Pondicherry actually assumed the title out there without a wink of shame and dressed for the part. The career of M. Dupleix, Governor of Chandernagore 1730–41, of Pondicherry 1741–54, well illustrates the causes of French success and failure in India. In the former settlement he had done wonders and extended its trade from Persia to Japan; in the latter he had to fight for dear life against Madras, and he almost won.

In treating of the history of this contest, I will try to spare my readers details, dates and names, especially Indian names, as far as possible. The first period which we must set ourselves is the surrender of Pondicherry to the British in 1761; and we must remember that although between 1748 and 1756 there is peace at home, there is really none in India. We may treat it all as one war from 1744 to 1761, and we may safely call it 'Clive's War.' For the first few years it is, roughly speaking, Stringer Lawrence and Clive *versus* Dupleix on the Coromandel Coast; then it is Clive *versus* the Nabob of Bengal on the Hooghly; finally it is Forde, Stringer Lawrence and Eyre Coote, all inspired by Clive, *versus* Count Bussy and Count Lally all along the Eastern coast of India. In the background looms, if not always a British Navy, at least a British fleet of armed 'East Indiamen.' Whenever there is peace at home these leaders can go on fighting each other under the guise of 'assisting Native Allies.' Of the two great Native Powers of the immediate future, the Sultan of Mysore has not yet appeared above the horizon, while the horsemen of the Central

Confederacy known as the Mahrattas flash hither and thither levying tributes and raiding, but play as yet no leading part. It is, then, with deputies of the shadowy Mogul, or deputies of these deputies, such as the Nizam of the Deccan, the Nabob of the Carnatic, the Nabob of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, that both France and England will have to deal. And if we incline to be astonished at victories won by three or four hundred Europeans and a couple of thousand Sepoys over native Armies of fifty thousand men and a hundred guns, we may read Orme's startling account of the military art as understood by Indian Princes. Orme had seen it in working, or rather in failure to work; 'the Infantry a multitude of people assembled together without regard to rank-and-file, some with swords and targets, some with matchlocks of most uncertain fire, some with lances too long or too weak to be of any service.' The Cavalry is better, but 'as each man provides his own horse, it is the interest of the rider to fight as little as possible, for if the horse is killed the owner is ruined. When a Chief is killed his followers usually run away at once.' As for the guns, we learn elsewhere that if they were fired once in half an hour it was reckoned a feat. Indeed, then, it was a case of 'the thicker the hay, the more easy to mow it.' To the French, acting under the orders of the civilian Dupleix, belongs the credit of first discovering these facts; and, from the date of that discovery, odds of ten dark faces to one white one have always been reckoned fair for Europeans to face.

On the other hand, we must remember that there were fighting races in the Peninsula who, when we did meet them in later years, gave a very different account of themselves and of us; such were the old aristocracies

of Rajpootana, several of the Mahratta clans, the Sikhs of the Punjaub, the Ghoorkas of Nepaul, and the fanatic Pathans of the far North-West; and we must also remember that, when well led, British Sepoys of all races fought by our side with a valour unsurpassed by any European troops and endured privation far more cheerfully than these.

It was distinctly in imitation of the French force already existing at Pondicherry that Major Stringer Lawrence began to enlist and drill Sepoys upon a large scale, to defend the Madras Presidency. India was, indeed, at that day the happy hunting-ground of broken men and military adventurers ready to serve for pay; Lawrence's rank-and-file were often purchased slaves from all parts of the Asiatic world; it was not till about '58 that the Madras Government began to enlist natives of the Carnatic. The Bengal Army which Clive founded came to be made up of Hindoos, Rajpoots, Afghans; that of Bombay had at first a large admixture of natives of Africa. But in all three Presidencies the recruiting was at first quite haphazard. Native subalterns and captains, with a very slight sprinkling of Europeans, seem to have been the rule in early days; gradually the proportion of European officers became greater. When in 1796 the Native Army was first reorganized as a whole, it was found to number in the three Presidencies, 57,000 men, Bombay having only 9,000 of these, Madras[1] and Bengal 24,000 each. A native cavalry regiment of 426 sabres would then have 15 British commissioned to 12 native commissioned officers; the non-commis-

[1] One is sorry to learn that in 1756 the Madras Army was for the first time clothed in uniform because the Company had a great quantity of unsaleable cloth in its stores!

sioned officers were 4 British and 39 natives; an infantry battalion of 800 men had 22 British and 20 native officers, 1 British and 100 native 'non-coms.' At the same date the European troops on Indian service numbered 13,000, but, a few years before, Lord Cornwallis, no bad judge, criticized very severely the rank-and-file of which the Company's European regiments were composed; for the Sepoys as a whole he had great praise; "in size," he once told the Duke of York, "they would not disgrace the Prussian ranks." The word of command in the native Armies seems to have been given either in '*Urdu*' or in some sort of travesty of English[1]; uniforms were at first exceedingly various; to this day, I am told, some of the feudatory Princes dress their officers and men after the pattern worn by my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim in King William III.'s wars.

News of the declaration of war between France and England having reached Pondicherry in 1745, Dupleix, though ordered by his Company at home to avoid hostilities as far as possible, was all on fire to begin

[1] 'Every Officer of Sepoys,' say 'General Orders' at Madras, 1770, 'ought to be acquainted with the Moorish [*i.e. Urdu*] language.' The standard height for the ranks was 5 ft. 6 in. The pay was six rupees a month for a Sepoy, sixty for a *Subahdar*. The difficulty in the cases of all native Armies was to prevent the Sepoys sending *all* their pay to their families. The centre of the whole system was the commander of each battalion, who was supposed to be 'a father to his children.' After Lawrence, Joseph Smith was the true organizer of the Madras Army. The Bengal Army was slightly better paid (seven rupees a month per Sepoy) and was always of much higher quality than that of Madras; this was emphatically the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who attributed it to the higher castes from which the men were drawn.

them; but he was obliged to wait until La Bourdonnais' Fleet arrived, and then, in 1747, he pounced upon Madras and took it with ease. He professed to the Nabob of the Carnatic, who ruled at Arcot, that he would hold the captured city for him, but that potentate, when he came to claim his conquest, was surprised to find his 10,000 men driven in headlong flight back to Arcot by 230 Frenchmen and 700 French Sepoys. Some English fugitives had escaped from Madras to the English Fort of St. David, a few miles South of Pondicherry, and among these was Robert Clive, aged twenty-two, a 'writer' or civil servant of the British Company. Clive is one of those instances, much rarer than they are commonly believed to be, of a man with no previous military experience leaping at once to the front in every branch of the soldier's profession. He was the soul of the defence, under Stringer Lawrence, of Fort St. David, which the French vainly besieged till 1748, when the arrival of Admiral Boscawen with a British Fleet turned the tables and led us to a counter-siege of Pondicherry. There, too, Clive greatly distinguished himself, but Dupleix's resolution foiled all attacks. Then in '49 came news of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Madras to the British.

Peace on the Coromandel Coast? Not a bit of it; Dupleix was busy nursing candidates for the 'thrones' of Arcot and Hyderabad, to each of which there was a disputed succession. The British thereon espoused, in each case, the cause of the rival candidate, and the two Powers went on fighting as 'auxiliaries.' In the Deccan, by the year '51, the French seemed to be completely successful; Count Bussy kept his man on the throne of Hyderabad and, under his shadow, extended French

influence over much of the coast lying between Madras and Calcutta, especially in the district known as the 'Northern Sirkars.' But in the Carnatic Dupleix was foiled by the daring of Clive and the strategy of Stringer Lawrence. Although for a long time our candidate for the Nabobship and a good part of our troops were shut up and besieged far away south at Trichinopoly, Clive turned the French flank by his astonishing seizure and defence of Arcot itself, sixty-nine miles inland from Madras. He had only 200 British and 300 Sepoys, and he held the citadel of Arcot for two months against a host of men (1751), and inflicted a severe defeat on them as they retreated. This enabled Lawrence, early in '52, to relieve Trichinopoly. All '52–3–4 the war went on with varying success, but wherever Clive appeared he snatched victory out of what had looked like certain ruin. When, in 1753, his health compelled him to go home for a season, Lawrence worthily upheld the cause, and thrice defeated in open field forces sent by Dupleix to renew the siege of Trichinopoly. It was in '55 that Colonel Coote came to Madras with the 39th Regiment, the first 'King's Regiment'[1] that had been seen in India—hence its motto :—'Primus in Indis.' In the autumn of '54, just as Great Britain and France were getting on uneasy terms with each other again, the French Company recalled its one strong man, Dupleix,[2] and replaced him by a silly fellow, who patched up a truce with the British, giving up much that France

[1] Not actually the first King's troops. Some few soldiers had been sent to Bombay as early as 1665, and on board Boscawen's Fleet in 1748 there had been some Royal troops.

[2] France to-day commemorates Dupleix in the name of one of her cruisers, but the British Navy has no *Clive* or *Hastings*.

had won and more that she had claimed. Our candidate received the throne of Arcot as Nabob of the Carnatic.

The truce was, however, but little observed, and when, in '56, Clive returned to India as a Colonel and Governor of Fort St. David, he was full of the intention of upsetting the influence that Count Bussy had established in the Deccan and the Northern Sirkars. He was, in fact, just going to tackle this job when bad news arrived from Bengal. In that province French, Dutch, and English Companies had been alike prosperous and had, so far, avoided serious disputes. All had pushed their commercial establishments far up the Ganges, and even beyond the Nabob's Capital, which was at Moorshedabad. The great river brought trade enough for all, and occasional Mahratta raids had done little to interrupt it, although one of these led to the digging of the so-called 'Mahratta ditch' as a defence for Calcutta on the land side. Charnock's old fort, called Fort William, was in sad disrepair, but the late Nabob, Allaverdy Khan, had been, on the whole, a good friend to Calcutta. Now, however, he was dead and a wretched debauched youth called Suraja Dowla reigned in his stead. This person, apparently from mere lust of immediate plunder, attacked first our Factory at Cossimbazar, which was nearest to his Capital, plundered it successfully, and then jumped at Calcutta. The Governor made but feeble attempts to defend Fort William, then fled to the shipping in the river and dropped downstream. The few English left behind, 145 men and at least one lady, fought valiantly till their powder was spent; they then surrendered and were thrust, apparently without the knowledge of the Nabob, into a little guardroom called the 'Black Hole,' where

all but twenty-three died of suffocation in the night, June 20th, 1756. Suraja plundered the town, left a garrison, and marched away. When this news reached Madras it was resolved to send Clive with every available soldier at once to Bengal. The difficulties and delays incident to Indian warfare and navigation are well illustrated by the fact that Clive, who sailed from Madras in Admiral Watson's Fleet in October, did not land in the Hooghly till the end of the year. He brought with him some 700 British, 100 half-breeds, and 1,200 Sepoys. He at once seized Budge-Budge and recaptured Calcutta and Hooghly. The Nabob advanced, 40,000 strong, to chastise him, but his horsemen, after receiving a volley or two from Clive, ran away, and the poor creature was obliged to agree to a Treaty restoring all our Factories and promising compensation for his raid.

So far so good, or so bad; Suraja might have gone on reigning at Moorshedabad and plundered the British again when he next thought of it. But in March, '57, Clive learned that France was again at war with Great Britain, and it seemed to him a pity to leave the French settlement at Chandernagore untaken. So he took it. Then it seemed a pity to leave such a fellow as Suraja (who not unnaturally flamed up again at this insult to his 'sovereignty') unthrashed. Moreover, plenty of offers came to Clive, from Suraja's own servants, to betray him; and so the Colonel selected one of these traitors, called Meer Jaffeer, and resolved to do with him what Bussy had done with his tame viceroy in the Deccan—namely, put him on the throne at Moorshedabad and let the Company rule his provinces in his name. Letters were passing and repassing between Clive and Jaffeer, when the agent in the intrigue, one Omichund,

suddenly came to Clive and threatened to tell Suraja what was going on unless he got an enormous bribe. Clive deceived this blackmailing rascal by a written promise to pay the bribe, to which he was afterwards accused of having forged Admiral Watson's name. Watson seems to have had scruples about signing the promise, but apparently did not object to some one signing behind his back on his behalf. It would have been more honourable, for both Clive and Watson, if they had paid Omichund his bribe and immediately hanged him. Clive also to some extent sullied his own fame by accepting enormous presents in hard cash from Jaffeer. True, it was not then forbidden for the Company's servants to accept such presents, but Clive's were on an unheard-of scale, and a man so great as he ought to have risen above the temptation; when in later years he administered Bengal for the Company, he did his best to extirpate the vile practice of accepting large presents from natives.

Meanwhile, the Nabob's Army was advancing down the river again, and Meer Jaffeer was nominally in command of one wing of it. In mid-June, 1757, it lay at Plassey, some thirty miles South of Moorshedabad; of infantry there were 35,000, of cavalry 18,000, of guns fifty, while fifty brave Frenchmen had four little guns of their own. Clive, by no means sure that Jaffeer would keep troth with him, advanced to Plassey with his 700 British, his 100 half-castes, and an increased force, say 2,000, of Sepoys; thus the odds were nearly twenty to one. Plassey, however, which won for us Bengal, can hardly be called a regular battle. On June 22nd Clive's little Army took good cover behind a mudbank and let Suraja's heavy guns play on them till they

were tired. A fierce shower spoiled this practice at midday, and when the Nabob's troops advanced to try and force Clive's position, they were met by withering volleys and their only faithful general was killed. Suraja thereon fled, and his main Army followed him, only the few French gentlemen standing firm. Jaffeer's troops, however, moved ominously round as if to take Clive in flank, and perhaps, indeed, Jaffeer was still hesitating which side he should betray, when the English sprang at him from their cover and attacked him fiercely. That settled his views, and by five o'clock the battle, such as it was, was won. Next day Clive greeted Jaffeer as Nabob of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and proceeded to install him at Moorshedabad. To keep him good Clive selected as Resident at his court a young civil servant, aged twenty-five, called Warren Hastings. Suraja was put to death by Jaffeer's orders, and I don't think we need waste much pity on him. Omichund, tricked of his promised bribe, went on a pious pilgrimage to a Hindoo shrine, and returned to his old trade of banker a somewhat disappointed man; he probably never attempted blackmail upon quite such a royal scale again.

Jaffeer is indeed the person most to be pitied; he was not a strong man and he was in the grasp of a terribly strong man. He was also surrounded by treachery, as black as had been his own towards Suraja. Before the end of '57 his province of Behar was in revolt, and he was obliged to call to his new masters for help. Clive quietly moved troops up to Patna, the capital of Behar, put down the revolt, and returned in May, '58, to rebuild Fort William at Calcutta. Every one, meanwhile, dipped their hands in Jaffeer's purse. All that year

Madras kept crying for Clive to come back, for the French Government was awake at last and was sending royal French troops to Pondicherry. But Clive knew that Bengal was yet but half subdued, and therefore, instead of returning, he conceived the fine idea of striking swiftly at a point lying between the Northern and the Southern spheres of danger. So he sent his best lieutenant, Colonel Forde, to Vizagapatam in the Northern Sirkars, where Bussy had established French power. Forde rallied a local Rajah to help him, defeated a French Army at Condore, marched South and, in the face of fearful odds, stormed Masulipatam. This not only had the effect of expelling every Frenchman from the coast between Orissa and the Carnatic, but paralysed all would-be allies of the French in India.

In '59, after again putting down a rebellion against Jaffeer in Behar, Clive made the sad discovery that poor Jaffeer had been making advances to the Dutch, who still kept their Hooghly Factory at Chinsurah. Holland was indeed at peace with Britain at home, but that did not restrain Dutch agents in India. In October, '59, a considerable Dutch Fleet having arrived at Chinsurah, the Dutch were ready to listen to Jaffeer; but at the same time Forde returned to Calcutta victorious from Masulipatam. Clive hurled him at the town of Chinsurah, hurled the three small Company's ships then in the river at the Dutch seven, and sank or took six of these, while Forde wiped out just double his own numbers of Mynheers on land. Jaffeer trembled to the bottom of his slippers, and Clive made no reproaches to him for his intended treachery. The end of Dutch as of French rivalry in Bengal had come, and Clive, having won for the Company the practical dominion of

Bengal, Behar and Orissa, sailed for England in February, '60.

Probably none of these victories would have borne lasting fruit had the British Fleet not been successful over the French in other parts of the World. The command of a distant dependency like India must ultimately rest upon sea-power and the succour which sea-power can bring. France might hold the excellent naval base of the Mauritius, but, unless she kept it constantly full of naval stores for repairing and victualling ships, and unless she kept on sending ships to hold the seas, it would be of little use to her. The last act of the drama was really played out by Admirals Pocock and d'Aché. The latter arrived on the Coromandel Coast in April, '58, with a dozen French sail of the line, a valiant soldier of Irish descent called Count Lally, and twelve hundred good French troops, an enormous Army for the India of the day. But, before Lally could attack Madras, up came Pocock in inferior force and knocked d'Aché's ships about so badly that he had to go to Pondicherry to mend his rigging. Lally, however, landed and took Fort St. David and Cuddalore. But he then exhausted his men in a long southward march to Tanjore, out of whose Rajah he wished to squeeze money with which to enlist more Sepoys. In August Pocock fought d'Aché again and drove him to Mauritius, where he found little comfort either in victuals or rigging, and so at last Lally had to begin his siege of Madras without help from the sea. Five long months his men starved before our walls, and then fell back on Arcot, which he had lately occupied. It was the last time the French took the offensive. All '59 they hung about in the 'hinterland' of Madras; d'Aché reappeared in the autumn, was again

beaten, and left Indian seas for good. Soon afterwards arrived Colonel Coote with six hundred fresh English troops, beat Lally after a desperate battle at Wandewash (January, 1760), and began to retake one by one all our lost strongholds in the Carnatic. At last Lally was driven into, and besieged in Pondicherry. Most valiantly he held its walls, and most vainly he looked for d'Aché's topmasts on the horizon. Pondicherry was at once the Quebec and the Montreal of French India, and it surrendered at last to starvation in January, 1761. In July, '62, occurred the memorable expedition from Madras against the Spanish post of Manila in the Philippine Islands ; memorable because for the first time Sepoys were induced to cross the sea—a most perilous thing for their caste. The expedition, though not 2,000 strong, was completely successful and Manila was stormed on October 6th ; but it soon became clear that to hold the Philippines would be another matter. However, the Peace of Paris soon relieved us of the responsibility, for Manila was restored to Spain ; and the Treaty also allowed the French to reoccupy Pondicherry as well as Chandernagore and Mahé, but with the stipulation that the second of these should only be a trading and unfortified station.

Thus, in less than twenty years, the British East India Company had ousted its rivals and become, on the lower Ganges and in the Carnatic, practical, though not yet legal, sovereign of wide districts which it defended and administered in the name of local Rajahs and Nabobs. Each step in the aggression had seemed to be necessary as a measure of defence, and each such step was destined to lead on to another, although never again were any steps to be so rapid, so cheaply purchased,

or so startling in results. The results were indeed startling, and seem to have turned the heads of the young and often half-educated civilians who had to administer the new territories. These, being ridiculously underpaid by the Company, had long been in the habit of enriching themselves by private trade, and now the 'possibility of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice' was too much for them. In Bengal especially a perfect reign of plunder set in, and the shame of it afterwards recoiled on the heads of the very men who tried to stop it, Clive and Hastings. Meer Jaffeer being obviously squeezed dry, it occurred to the civilians at Calcutta to depose him, and to set up another new Nabob who would pay almost anything for his elevation; so they chose Jaffeer's son-in-law, Meer Kossim, a much falser and much more able man. He was no sooner seated on his new throne than, first of native Princes, he began to train an Army in European drill and discipline, employing for this purpose a renegade Alsatian called Reinart.

Meanwhile, other trouble was brewing for the unconscious British. The Great Mogul of the day, Shah Alum, was a very Small Mogul territorially, and indeed an Afghan raid had just driven him from Delhi and he was a wanderer on the frontier of Oude; but his name still counted for something, and he had a sort of Army. Kossim, already seeking to throw over his Calcutta masters, addressed himself to this Mogul, who was willing after some haggling to recognize him as Nabob. Early in '63 Kossim and Reinart sprang upon Patna, slaughtered the garrison, and imprisoned some two hundred British survivors there. Then came the valiant Major Thomas Adams, whose half-forgotten campaign of 1763 is one of the real wonders of Indian history;

he won the victories of Sooty and Oondwah Nullah, stormed Patna, though too late to save the British prisoners whom Reinart massacred, and finally drove Kossim's Army in headlong flight into Oude. These victories were not over mobs such as Clive had beaten at Plassey, but over disciplined troops in strongly fortified positions, and never less than eight to Adams' one. In Oude ruled another Nabob, Shuja Dowla (not to be confused with Suraja Dowla), and now he and Kossim and the Mogul made a triple alliance and hardened their hearts against the British, for whom matters were made worse by the successive breakdown in health of Adams and his able lieutenant Knox, and then by mutinies both of the European and the native troops.

These complained that the civilians had defrauded them of pay and prize-money, which was only too true, and Carnac, who succeeded to Adams' command, was incapable of dealing with the situation, although he managed to defend Patna against an advance of the Allies. He was soon replaced by Hector Munro, who blew the native mutineers[1] from guns, restored order, and successfully hurled his little force against the enemy at Buxar near Benares (October, 1764). The effect of his victory was that Kossim was abandoned by both his friends and disappeared from the scene, while Shah Alum sought our friendship; and so Clive, who landed in May, 1765, as Governor of Bengal, was able to conclude a good Peace with the latter as well as with the Nabob of Oude. To the Mogul was given a considerable strip of territory called the province of Allahabad, and he, in return for this, confirmed in legal

[1] The mutiny of the Europeans was over before Munro's arrival.

fashion our Sovereignty in Bengal, Behar, Orissa and the Northern Sirkars. This gave us legal right to raise and enjoy the vast revenue of these provinces, which was mainly paid in form of a land-rent, and gave us also the command of all troops. There was still to be a Nabob at Moorshedabad, and he was to be allowed the criminal jurisdiction of the three provinces, and to have a modest pension of £300,000 a year. The Mogul was to have a tribute of twice as much, which we did not insult him by calling a 'pension.'

Clive's other task, during his brief visit of twenty-two months, was a heroic and partly successful attempt to purge the civil and military Services of the taint of corruption. He raised salaries, and absolutely forbade private trade and the acceptance of presents from natives. The Calcutta civilians were furious, and even inspired the officers of the gallant little Army to kick against their 'field allowances' being cut down. Two hundred of these threatened to resign their commissions; Clive arrested and cashiered the ringleaders, gave commissions to civilians in their places, and threatened to shoot if necessary. His success was immediate. For himself on this occasion he refused all gifts; even a legacy, which old Jaffeer left him by his will, he devoted to a fund for impoverished officers. When he left India in March, '67, at least the principle of a purer administration had been laid down. It is a sad fact that some of the Directors at home, who had not quarrelled with his own acceptance of large presents in '57, fell upon him at once on his return and persecuted him to the death, because he had now exposed the corruption of their servants and so spoiled the value of their patronage. A two-year-long 'examination into his conduct' took

place in the House of Commons, where the Company was very powerful; in the end he was acquitted of all peculation, and voted to have rendered great services, but the persecution preyed upon his mind, and he shot himself in 1774. Thus a most evil example had been set, which was to be followed in the case of Clive's greatest successors, Hastings and Wellesley. "This House" is, indeed, "a place in which to investigate all the evils of this Commonwealth"; but, then as now, a tribunal less fit to take a dispassionate view of the affairs of such a distant and diverse dependency as India it is hard to imagine.

The events of the next few years were not startling in any of the Three Presidencies, but the minds of men at home had been awakened to the importance of India, and to the anomaly of a Sovereignty exercised by a Mercantile Company; and they were to be still more awakened by the financial distress into which the recent wars and a great famine in Bengal in 1770 now plunged the said Company. It was our first famine there, and the results were appalling. The Directors thought that the good days when there were three-score great East Indiamen lying in the Hooghly, full up to the hatches of rich cargoes, were gone for ever. Dividends went down, and shareholders shook fists at meetings. Most people thought that King and Parliament should 'devise some scheme' for the better regulation of the Company's government and trade. In the last resort the Directors were ready to agree to this if King and Parliament would tide them over the present financial crisis by a loan. It was not a new idea; Parliament had already in '67 limited the lawful dividend of the Company, and exacted a yearly payment from it; Chatham always contended

that the Sovereignty of British India ought to lie in the Crown. Lord North had his hands very full with the rising trouble in America; but Burke, little prescient of the different line he was soon to take, poured forth all his Whiggish wrath against those who would 'violate ancient charters.' The first 'India Bill' was, however, passed, in spite of Burke, in 1773, and is called the 'Regulating Act'; mistaken and stupid in many ways, it was an honest beginning. It created a 'Governor-General' and a Council of four persons, at first nominated by Parliament, afterwards by the Directors subject to a royal veto. The seat of government was fixed at Calcutta, which was to control the other two Presidencies. A Supreme Court of four Judges was to administer English Law to British subjects in India. The weakest point in the Bill was that the Governor had only one vote in his own Council,[1] and was thus liable to become a mere figurehead without any power.

And so all depended upon the persons first selected for these various high offices, for they would have the shaping of tradition. The choice for the highest post fell upon the best possible candidate, Warren Hastings, already Governor of Calcutta. Like Clive, this man was descended from an impoverished family of rural squires, but, unlike Clive, he had had an excellent classical education, had been the first scholar of his year at Westminster, but had then, in order to live, been obliged to take a humble post in the Company's service (1750). He never forgot his elegant scholarship, which enabled him to master with ease the vernacular speech[2]

[1] Add a casting vote in case opinions were equally divided.

[2] When we are told that such and such a person is a 'master of the vernacular' it probably means of the *Urdu* or 'camp-

of India as well as the Persian, then the official language of all Eastern courts. He had been a prisoner of Suraja's up country in '56, had resided at Jaffeer's court after Plassey, had sat in the Council at Calcutta in '61, been on leave in England between '64 and '69, and in '72, after a brief sojourn at Madras, he became President or Governor of Calcutta. The years '72–4 were no doubt the happiest period of his sway; the old Calcutta Council, at first hostile to him, had been won over by his perfect tact and sweet temper, and he had begun the series of administrative reforms which were the foundation of our present system of government. We shall soon see how the new Council of four, appointed under the Regulating Act, did all in its power to thwart him in these reforms as in everything else, but, whenever their opposition ceased for a moment, Hastings quietly picked up the threads of his great work again, and continued it for the whole of his thirteen years. Let us therefore consider for a moment what these reforms were.

The main source of revenue for all Asiatic governments has always been a share in the produce of the land, usually levied in the form of a direct land-rent. Out of the collection of this rent all the subsequent functions of the Company's Government, judicial and executive, ultimately grew. Hastings, who found an empty Exchequer, a huge debt, and one of his provinces, Orissa, overrun by Mahrattas, found also the collection of this rent in the hands of a corrupt gang of native agents, who ground the *zemindars*[1] as these in their turn

language' which grew up from a blend of the Northern tongues spoken in the Mogul camp with the Aryan tongues of Northern India. Hastings seems also to have known Bengali.

[1] A *zemindar* is one who has a customary right to collect the

ground the peasants or *ryots*. Hastings therefore appointed English 'Collectors,' and put them at the head of Civil and Criminal Tribunals, to which the *ryots* could appeal; he gave the *zemindars* leases of their rents for five years, proposing that, in the future, the Government should revise the scale of payments which the *zemindar* made to it whenever these leases fell in. Further, he created Courts both of Civil and Criminal Appeal in Calcutta; to Hindoos these were to administer a code of Hindoo Law, which he caused to be drawn up from the best authenticated sources, and to Mahommedans they were to administer the code of the Law of Islam, which owed its origin to Aurungzebe. He took the first step towards the creation of a Police, which was to suppress a particu'ar form of murder and violent robbery practised, in the name of religion, by the caste of the *dacoits*, and he fined the villages in

revenue of a certain district (this is presumed to have originated in a grant by the Sovereign, and tends to become hereditary); he is neither true farmer nor true landlord, but rather a beneficiary of the Government. The meaning of the term gradually disappeared and all sorts of people came to be reckoned as *zemindars*, from old native chiefs dating before the Moguls to modern rent-collectors. Before Hastings' time the *zemindar* was always liable to be 'screwed' by the Government, and was tempted to screw the peasants, whom, however, he could not evict, in turn. In some aspects we may consider the *ryot* as the nearest thing to a real *owner* of the land he cultivated. The *ryot* had a customary duty to cultivate his land, and a customary obligation to pay his rent to the *zemindar*; he was, in fact, legally unable to quit his land, and the whole village was responsible in common for the rents and for the cultivation. But the disorders of the Eighteenth Century had thrown this whole system into the melting-pot; lots of *ryots* had left their homes, and whole villages were deserted. If we must have a theory, it would perhaps be safer to treat the State as the only original owner of all land. See Baden-Powell, 'Land Systems of India' (Oxford, 1892), i. 22–3.

which such crimes took place. He abolished by a stroke of the pen Clive's tribute (or pension) to the shadowy Mogul, because that worthy had just put himself under the protection of the Mahrattas; and he cut down by one-half that to the still more shadowy Nabob. And by these and other means he not only created peace and order out of chaos, but raised for his masters an extra two millions of annual revenue.

In his 'foreign policy' Hastings made no attempt to extend the frontier of the Empire, and was indeed averse from doing so. But he inaugurated that system of subsidizing and defending those native Princes who would accept our perpetual friendship, on which we still largely rely. In this, as in everything else, he received little support from the Directors at home, who were always on the verge of sacrificing him. They, in fact, saw only too clearly that his reforms were building a future not for their own Sovereignty in India, but for that of the Crown of Great Britain. And if the Directors were hostile, infinitely more hostile were three of the four Councillors who were appointed under the Regulating Act to 'assist' the Governor-General. They arrived at the end of 1774, and their quarrels with him began at once; only one of them, Barwell, had any Indian experience, and he remained Hastings' steady friend till he went home in '80. The leading spirit of the four was Philip Francis, recently a clerk in the War Office, who had used backstairs knowledge there acquired as material for a series of anonymous libels upon every one in public life whom he disliked, from the King downwards.[1] He grafted on to a naturally

[1] This is not intended to convey any opinion that Francis was the author of the 'Letters of Junius'; on this difficult question

bitter Radical spirit of opposition to every one in place and power, an infinite capacity for the lowest and dirtiest intrigues and slanders against public men. The origin of his hatred to Hastings seems merely to have been a desire to supplant him as Governor; for, although his own salary as Councillor was eight thousand a year (enough, one would have thought, for such an esurient knave), Hastings' was twenty-five thousand. Of the other two Councillors, General Clavering and Colonel Monson, the former was honest but passionate, and totally ignorant of India, and the latter, who had seen service in India in Coote's wars, was rash, incompetent, and not by any means honest. Both fell entirely under the influence of the far more able Francis.

From the date of their landing until the end of 1780, when Francis went home baffled to plot against the Governor-General with parliamentary jobbers and hot-headed enthusiasts, Hastings' only periods of respite from their hostility were when one of the three fell ill, or when Monson and Clavering successively died in the years '76 and '77, and so left him and Barwell on an equality with the enemy; then the Act provided that the Governor should have a casting vote, and he never spared to use it, in order to undo the mischief these men had done. At other times no accusation of crime was too gross for Francis to bring forward, no native evidence too much tainted for him to use and even invite; often the only

I am rather inclined to agree with Sir William Anson, who, in his edition of Grafton's 'Autobiography,' thinks that the writer of those famous letters was, if not Lord Temple, somebody more closely in Temple's confidence than Francis. Many other anonymous libels have now been definitely traced to Francis.

resource left to Hastings was to leave the room, and so to break up the Council meeting.

Francis began in 1775 by getting hold of a peculiarly disreputable Brahmin called Nuncomar, who, having some private grudges, and perceiving which way the wind was blowing, brought against the Governor charges of peculation. Hastings boldly indicted Nuncomar, before the new Supreme Court, for a conspiracy, but before this could be tried, Nuncomar was also indicted by a private individual for forgery, and, after a trial before Chief Justice Impey, perfectly fair according to English standards, was condemned and hanged. Neither Clavering, Monson nor even Francis ventured at the time to question the justice of this sentence, though the last named ever afterwards insinuated that Hastings had got up the whole case in order to stifle Nuncomar's evidence against himself. Long afterwards Burke, inspired by Francis, reasserted this, and also alleged that Impey, who was an old friend of Hastings, had been an accessory to this malversation of justice. The Whig historian, Lord Macaulay, has, in his very worst manner, given colour to the charge.[1] At another time, so fierce was Francis' persecution that Hastings was goaded into sending home a conditional resignation, although he immediately withdrew it; the Directors accepted it as if unconditional and sent orders to Clavering to succeed to the post of Governor. Hastings at once appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided in his favour. Thus from 1774 to 1780 the great Governor-General was often absolutely powerless, either for good or evil. The Councillors who succeeded to Clavering and Monson

[1] The worst of it is that Macaulay had every opportunity of knowing the facts, and probably did actually know them.

were, with the exception of Eyre Coote, men of little note; but if they gave the Governor less trouble, they gave him little help, for the tradition of opposition had been established. In 1780 Francis became so insufferably rude that Hastings challenged him to a duel, and wounded him; and at the end of that year he went home to England. As for the English Government, Lord North always professed friendliness to Hastings, but was quite ready to sacrifice him to any clamour.

Yet so great was Hastings' intelligence that he was able to take the widest views of British interests in the Peninsula as a whole, and so great was his industry at every moment at which he could regain power that he was often able to give effect to these views. In Bengal, indeed, his reign was free, on the whole, from the great dangers which then threatened Bombay and Madras, and one of his greatest titles to fame is the way in which he gave assistance, both diplomatic and military, to his hardly pressed subordinates in both these quarters. The one power which he seems, with true instinct, to have dreaded and sought to pacify was that of the Mahrattas, whom up till now I have frequently mentioned without explanation. Since the days of Sivaji[1] a series of able Hindoo chiefs had built up in Western and Central India a great Confederation, whose centre, so far as it had one, was at Poona. Its forces were riders and spearmen not unlike the moss-troopers of the Scottish border; its objects were not so much Territorial Sovereignty as plunder and tribute from all settled States. But all the hill fortresses of Western and Central India passed into Mahratta hands, and from these their cavalry issued forth to levy twenty-five per

[1] *Vide supra*, p. 121.

cent. on the revenues of their neighbours throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula; branches of the Mahratta clans ruled at Nagpore (Bhonslas), at Indore (Holkars), at Gwalior (Scindias), at Baroda (Gaekwars), while the Peishwa, or 'hereditary Prime Minister' at Poona was a standing terror to Bombay and the Deccan. There was also, indeed, a Rajah of the Mahrattas, who lived at Sattara; nominally he was the head of the whole Confederacy, but the Peishwa had usurped all his power. Seldom did they all combine for a general purpose, and they had recently suffered a terrible defeat (1761) at Paniput from an Afghan tribe which had occupied Delhi and evicted the Mogul. But in ten years they were stronger than ever, and Hastings' governorship was contemporary with the rise to power of Madaji, the greatest of the family of Scindia. Scindia's ambition was to act as Prime Minister to the Mogul, and he did finally succeed in freeing poor Shah Alum from his Afghan foes and restoring him to Delhi; but he was always as anxious to avoid provoking the British as Hastings was to avoid a war with the Mahrattas. The first Mahratta war, 1775–82, originated neither from Calcutta nor Gwalior but from Bombay and Poona.

This we shall have to consider later on; let us, to begin with, dismiss the events which happened during the same period on the frontier of Bengal. The Nabob of Oude, our old foe Shuja Dowla, was, in Hastings' opinion, our best friend there, and Oude our best 'buffer-State.' He was perpetually threatened by Mahrattas, who made overtures to some feudatories of his called the Rohillas. The latter were an Afghan clan who, in the recent break-up of the Mogul Empire, had seized the North-Western corner of Oude, and called it Rohilcund.

Shuja could not get them to fulfil their feudal obligations to him, and, as he had recently concluded a subsidiary Treaty with Hastings for the defence of Oude against all and sundry, he was able to claim the use of a British force, led by Colonel Champion, to suppress and finally drive out these troublesome Afghan Rohillas. The latter, being born fighters and nothing else, made a most valiant defence, but were handsomely beaten by the skill and valour of Champion. The Nabob's troops followed, and no doubt committed, after our victories, excesses on the Rohillas, some twenty thousand of whom were driven from their homes. Over a million Hindoo husbandmen, whom they had cruelly fleeced and oppressed for fifty years past, breathed in peace again. This 'attack on a peaceful and defenceless people' was the first count in the numerous charges brought by Burke against Hastings in his subsequent indictment; but Burke's rant and froth were too much even for the House of Commons, which refused to allow the impeachment to be founded on this charge.

Well, Shuja Dowla died in 1775, and we lost a good ally; his son Asuf was a poor creature, and, in defiance of Treaties, Francis and his two friends in Council compelled him to pay enormous sums to the Company—one notices with pain that no Whig impeached the Whig Francis for this 'robbery.' The Directors were delighted and Hastings and justice were set at nought. They also allowed Asuf's mother and grandmother to appropriate some two millions of the late Nabob's property. But when Francis had gone home, Hastings proceeded to compel these venerable ladies to disgorge, from their treasure-house at Fyzabad, much of this stolen cash. This act was known to his enemies as the

'Robbery of the Begums (Queens) of Oude.' Horrible tales were whispered in England of the tortures and violence which Hastings had urged the Nabob to use in the process; and the latter really had imprisoned one or two of the Queens' attendants. The two Queens, however, afterwards bore testimony to the moderation wherewith Hastings had treated them, and admitted that they had been aiding, with some of the said cash, a rebel vassal of the Company known as Cheyte Sing, sometimes called Rajah [1] of Benares. Benares had been annexed to the Company's territories, in the days of Hastings' powerlessness and against his will, by Francis and his brethren. Cheyte (appropriate name) was bound by compact to supply both money and troops for the Army of Bengal; he had refused both. Hastings, supported by Coote, resolved to make an example of Cheyte, demanded an enormous fine for his contumacy, and went in person with a very slender guard to enforce payment. Cheyte had troops concealed, and the Governor's life was for a short time in great danger. But force was quickly sent to his assistance; Cheyte was beaten and deprived of his Rajahship. In the subsequent impeachment of Hastings the 'Robbery of Cheyte Sing' was only less black a count than the 'Robbery of the Queens of Oude.' But in spite (or perhaps because) of these 'robberies,' it was a prosperous and contented Bengal that the Governor-General left behind him when he departed from India for good in February, 1785.

In the other two Presidencies things were not going so well. In Madras the French war was hardly over when a new danger arose in the person of a new 'Sultan

[1] Cheyte was really little more than a big *zemindar*, but he was enormously rich and had a considerable body of troops.

of Mysore.' Hyder Ali, a Mahommedan soldier of real genius, had carved out with his sword, mainly at the expense of small Hindoo Rajahs, a Southern kingdom, in the district of Mysore with a Capital at Seringapatam. He was now (say 1766–8) extending it towards both Western and Eastern seas. Mahratta-like, he relied principally on a swarm of light horsemen. Clive, who just saw his rise, had been inclined to think of Hyder as a possible counterpoise to the Mahratta power, but, had there ever been a chance of using him for that purpose, it was wasted by a series of weak and vacillating Governors of Madras. Our tame Nabob of the Carnatic was the shakiest possible ally, and, in all our campaigns against Hyder, he steadily avoided fulfilling his promises to supply us with food and transport. A new Nizam of the Deccan, who was supposed, since the expulsion of the French, to be at our disposal, was little better, and it was quite likely that both would join with Hyder against Madras. This danger, however, was averted by the energetic blows which our great soldiers, Munro, Joseph Smith and Coote, dealt at Hyder himself. In the first war, 1767–8, Colonel Smith, though almost without Cavalry, twice routed enormous Mysorean Armies in the open, but could not prevent their light horse from sweeping over the Carnatic, nor the imbeciles at Madras from allowing Hyder in the latter year to dictate a Peace almost on his own terms. One of the clauses of this Peace was that Madras and Mysore should aid each other if the Mahrattas threatened either. But when, two years later, the Peishwa of Poona attacked Mysore, Madras calmly refused its promised aid to Hyder, who was obliged to buy off the wild riders by enormous cessions of territory.

In 1772—for Mahrattas rose and fell like locust-swarms—Hyder had recovered all he had lost, and again offered his friendship to Madras; it was again refused, and from that hour till 1799, when Hyder's son, Tippoo, fell defending Seringapatam against us, the Sultans of Mysore were our most implacable foes.

Bombay meanwhile had been fanning a little flame of its own. It coveted, and not unnaturally, the neighbouring Islands of Salsette and Elephanta and the great mainland port of Bassein. But Poona and its Peishwa dominated its immediate 'hinterland,' and other Mahratta Powers dominated the whole of Western India from Goojerat to the frontier of Mysore. A disputed succession at Poona gave the Bombavians their first chance. In 1775 they 'ran' for the Peishwaship a candidate who, in return for aid in troops, promised to cede the coveted places. Hastings thoroughly disapproved of this move, for Mahrattas were to him hornets to be left alone wherever possible. Francis and his friends disapproved of it even more, and, much against the Governor-General's wish, inflicted on Bombay the humiliation of disavowing all its proceedings. Bombay refused to be disavowed, and went on with the said proceedings, but it was not until, in 1778, it became manifest that the French, who already had an agent at Poona, would support the rival candidate, that Hastings would send any help. Meanwhile Bombay had found itself in dire straits. A precipitate, ill-planned and worse executed advance upon Poona in January, 1779, ended in the disgraceful Convention of Wurgaum, by which Colonel Carnac agreed to give up everything in order to purchase a safe retreat. This Convention, negotiated by Madaji Scindia, was nominally made with the rival Peishwa, to whose aid

had come other Mahratta chiefs. The Convention of Wurgaum was disavowed by Hastings, who now actually sent flying columns of men across India from Bengal to Bombay, a stupendous feat before the days of Grand Trunk roads,[1] etc. Colonel Goddard, in command of one column of Bengal troops,[2] overran Goojerat, took the great city of Ahmedabad, defeated Holkar and Scindia, the most warlike of all the Mahrattas, in open field, and ended up with the capture of Bassein. Another handful of men under Captain Popham stormed Scindia's virgin fortress-rock of Gwalior, and this made an enormous impression upon Indian opinion. But meanwhile matters in the Carnatic got to look blacker every day. The danger of a General Confederacy of all the Mahratta clans with Hyder Ali and the French loomed before our eyes, and so, in 1782, the Governor-General wisely concluded with Madaji Scindia the Treaty of Salbai which closed our 'First Mahratta War.' Salsette and Elephanta were left to Bombay, but Bassein, Goojerat and Gwalior were restored to their several Mahratta rulers, and our candidate for Poona was pensioned off without a throne. The Mahrattas expressly pledged themselves to hold no friendly intercourse with any European nation except the British. The Treaty was what is vulgarly called a 'climb-down,' but, in view of the Southern danger, this

[1] It was on this occasion that the Princes of Rajpootana first showed their sympathy with us as their natural allies against the Marattas.

[2] An Indian Army on the march carried its 'bazaar' with it and bought all provisions therein without any extra expense to Government. This force of Goddard's, consisting of 6,600 fighting men, was accompanied by camp followers and bazaar to the number of 24,500 persons!

was unavoidable. It is interesting to see that Francis' last utterance in India had been to condemn the splendid feats of Goddard and Popham as 'frantic military exploits,' and to declare—for he was a coward as well as a malignant—that Bengal itself was 'incapable of resistance.' Hastings laughed at his fears and strengthened his frontiers.

The worst of the danger, a possible alliance between Mahrattas, Hyder Ali and the Frenchmen, had been thus conjured away, and we had already seized the three famous French Factories Chandernagore, Mahé and Pondicherry, the last at great cost of life in the attack. The fall of Mahé in 1780 brought Hyder into the field with the largest and best-drilled Army we had yet faced in India—90,000 men, including 400 French. The weak Government of Madras shut its eyes to the danger until Hyder was sending up the villages of the Carnatic in smoke and flame. In the interior Wandewash, heroically defended by Lieutenant Flint, alone held out. Gallant Munro, the hero of Buxar, lost his head, and allowed a large force under Colonel Baillie to be cut to pieces unaided. Then Hastings, acting on his own authority, removed the incompetent Governor of Madras and sent by sea the veteran Coote to take the Carnatic command. He also sent by land a column of men under Colonel Pearse, through Orissa and the Sirkars, and this joined Coote just after his first victory over Hyder. Coote was prematurely aged and very cantankerous, but he was a magnificent handler of troops in the field, and, like Clive, could snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat. In the desert which Hyder's horsemen had made he could get no transport and hardly any food for his troops; more than once he was

nearly starved out; once he was in the gravest danger between Hyder's Army and a French Fleet hovering off Cuddalore. But in June, '80, he gave Hyder a tremendous drubbing at Porto Novo; in '81 Munro, aided by a British Fleet under Sir Edward Hughes, took the Dutch settlement of Negapatam,[1] and in the following January Hughes took, from these same Dutchmen, the great city and harbour of Trincomalee in Ceylon. Hyder thereon recognized that he had failed, and would probably have thrown up the sponge but for the appearance, when almost too late, of a large French Fleet under M. de Suffren.

It was indeed almost too late. Yet perhaps France never had enough ships afloat to engage in the Far East at all. Perhaps it is only the wonderful personality of Suffren that has called attention to this campaign of 1782–3, in which, in five great and bloody sea-fights, neither side lost a single ship of the line. France undoubtedly 'discovered' the greatest sailor in her history —though he was not yet even an Admiral when he reached India—but, having discovered him, she supported him very feebly. What relief she sent, she sent in driblets, which British ships usually snapped up before they reached the Cape; and she had given him neither stores, money nor frigates enough. The British Government, on the other hand, as soon as it learned what was going on, sent a stout reinforcement under Sir Richard Bickerton to join Hughes. Yet, while Coote was winning battles in spite of starvation on land, Suffren was creating out of the merchant-ships which he took, materials for

[1] Remember this year '81 in Europe and America; Spaniards and Dutch joined to French; America almost lost; Eliott defending Gibraltar; Armed Neutrality threatening us in the Baltic.

repairing his battleships at sea. Five times, I say, he fought Hughes, who was in somewhat inferior force in all but the last of these battles; and his merit was not that he beat Hughes, which except on the fifth meeting he did not, but that he was always ready to renew action before Hughes. The latter was an excellent Admiral of the second class, a born fighter, and admirably seconded by his captains, six of whom died on the deck of fame, but he was slow and methodical, and couldn't push on his repairs with the fiery energy of the Frenchman. Suffren, on the contrary, was very badly seconded by his captains, some of whom actually hung back out of danger, yet he thoroughly grasped the importance of the command of the sea for the final issue of the strife on land, and the command of the sea was in his hands when the news of Peace came from home.

He arrived off Madras with twelve ships of the line in February, '82, fought a hot action with Hughes, who had nine, and threw three thousand men ashore to aid Hyder, thus enabling the latter to take Cuddalore; fought Hughes again (great slaughter on both sides) in April and followed him to Trincomalee; tempted him out and fought him a third time off Cuddalore in July, and then, while Hughes was refitting off Madras, hurried South and pounced upon Trincomalee. Thus he had got an excellent naval base for further operations, and had deprived Hughes of the same. Hughes arrived only two days later (September) and fought a fourth action to recover the port, but in vain. Then—for the autumn monsoon, which sweeps the Coromandel Coast from the North-East, was at hand—Hughes had to seek refuge on the other side of India; there he picked up Bickerton's reinforcement of five ships.

In December died the great warrior Hyder Ali; it is said that he urged his son and successor Tippoo to make peace with the British, but Tippoo had no intention of doing so. The latter was as fierce as his father but less crafty, less able, and was besides a fanatic Mussulman. Coote, too, was near his own end and had to quit the war, the far less competent James Stuart succeeding him, while the veteran Frenchman, Count Bussy, arrived in March, '83, to command at Cuddalore, where Stuart immediately besieged him. Suffren kept the sea from Ceylon to Madras until Hughes appeared, eighteen strong to Suffren's fifteen, and the two Fleets met off Cuddalore for the last time. Though Hughes lost no ships he was fearfully mauled and had to retire at once to Madras, leaving his antagonist, bleeding but victorious, in the roadstead of Cuddalore, leaving also Stuart's force cut off from its base at Madras. News of peace arrived in June. Tippoo was not included in the Treaty, and we, now freed from direct French enmity, ought to have followed him up to the death. He was already being severely pressed on his Western coasts, where he had lost several fortresses to our Bombay troops, and we were preparing a great invasion of Mysore from the Carnatic side when, in March, '84, in defiance of all military opinion, the Madras Government concluded another shameful Peace with Tippoo on the *status quo* before the war.

Meanwhile Lord North's Government had fallen. For years it had been tottering, and field-days on 'Indian affairs' had been one of the favourite resources of the utterly unscrupulous Opposition; Lord North wished India was at the bottom of its own Ocean. Burke did not know whether he was more angry with North for violating the 'ancient charters' of the Company or

with the Company for destroying, through its agents, the 'ancient civilizations' of India. Francis had, in fact, 'got at' him directly he arrived home, and intended to use him as the instrument of revenge on Hastings. If Burke had stopped to inquire he might have learned that the 'ancient civilizations' of India, *i.e.* the Mogul Government, had been overthrown, less than a century before, by these very Nabobs, Nizams and Sultans with whom we had to fight out there. Their Governments were the antithesis of civilization, and none of them were seventy years old. But, once the game was afoot in Parliament, reason was at the mercy of passion. Evidence from discharged servants is nowadays treated by our Law Courts as notoriously liable to be tainted, but English politicians had then no such scruples, and there were plenty of discharged servants of the Company in England with grievances, and sometimes good ones, against their masters, and to their tales eager ear was lent. In '81 North renewed the charter for ten years only and confiscated for the Crown all the Company's profits beyond a dividend of eight per cent. As modern Governments, when they are too much worried by fanatics on some subject that doesn't interest them much, appoint a 'Royal Commission' to talk about it, so North appointed two Committees of the House of Commons to examine all stories of the Company's maladministration. Burke was chairman of the one and Henry Dundas, already an enemy of Hastings, of the other. That was how North left the job.

Then in 1782 Rockingham succeeded North, and was at the mercy of his friend Burke, who carried a vote of censure on Hastings. But Shelburne succeeded Rockingham in the same year, and, though he desired

to send Lord Cornwallis to India as Governor-General, he took no steps for Hastings' recall. The Coalition of Fox and North in 1783 ousted Shelburne and again gave Burke his opportunity, and the result was 'Fox's India Bill.' This was really not a bad Bill in itself. It proposed to create a Council of seven persons, irremovable for four years, in whom all the Government and patronage of India was to be vested. These persons were in the first instance to be nominated by the two Houses of Parliament, afterwards by the Crown. An immediate outcry was raised that the whole thing was merely a gigantic Whig job, to secure for a political party the spoils of India. It was an unreasonable outcry, for, after all, in four years the Crown was to come to its own, and would then nominate with advice of its Ministers of whatever party. But so bad, so infamous, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, was the character of the Coalition Government, that there was no job of which Fox and his friends were not believed capable. The King, as we know, by his high-handed interference got the Lords to throw out the Bill, and dismissed the Coalition. The electors, in the spring of '84, warmly endorsed the King's act. Pitt's own 'India Bill,' mainly the work of Dundas, was introduced and carried immediately. It established, in a 'Board of Control' of six persons nominated by the Crown, what was virtually an 'India Office,' and the President of this Board became virtually Secretary of State for India. The Governor-General was to be responsible to this Board, but was to act in India with the advice of his Council. All patronage was to be left in the hands of the Directors of the Company, but on their nomination of the Commander-in-Chief, of the Governor-General, of the Governors of

Madras and Bombay, and of the Councils in the Three Presidencies, the Crown was to have a veto. By a subsequent amending Act the Governor might proceed 'in emergencies' without, or even against the votes of his Council. This was the model upon which India was governed until the assumption of direct Sovereignty by the Crown in 1858.

Then in 1785 the great Governor-General came home, and Burke flew at him at once. Of his three main charges the House of Commons refused to vote that the Rohilla War was a crime, but a small and a large majority respectively voted that he had robbed Cheyte Sing and the Queens of Oude; and on these charges the Ministry allowed an impeachment to be grounded in 1787. Pitt's votes surprised every one; it may be that Pitt, who was still very young and inexperienced and who was, in his quiet way, a more true 'humanitarian' than Burke, allowed the latter's wonderful eloquence to lead him astray; but when he voted for the impeachment, he declared himself to have been convinced by the evidence. The attitude of Dundas is harder to explain; no eloquence ever led him astray, and, in later years, he showed himself admirably alive to the necessities of firm government in India, and did much for its good administration. He appears as an enemy of Hastings first at the end of North's Government, although, long after that, he once publicly called him the 'Saviour of India.' Anyhow, the impeachment began in February, '88, and produced some amazing fine eloquence, of a dramatic kind, in Westminster Hall. But it dragged on till 1795, and by no means all the Peers who had heard it begin lived to acquit the defendant when it ended. The defence cost Hastings nearly all his modest savings, but

enormous majorities finally acquitted him on every count.

In spite of it all Hastings triumphed, and triumphs still at the bar of History. He laid the foundation of one of the best things of which human nature is capable, namely, the Government of conquered races, unfit for self-government, for the benefit not of the conquerors but of the conquered themselves. The Roman Empire at its best, say in the age of the Antonines, had something of the kind; one or two of the small and thinly peopled French Colonies had occasionally been administered in a similar spirit; elsewhere in History, before Hastings' day, one looks for it in vain. Without it one becomes a Napoleon, 'a pagod thing of sabre sway.' And for doing this Hastings was rewarded with such black ingratitude that, in 1814, even the Prince Regent could speak of him as 'one of the worst used men in the Empire.' In India, except his three Councillors and a few disappointed jobbers, high and low retained the greatest faith in, and affection for him. Honourable natives of whatever rank, caste or religion put all their trust in him. Cornwallis, his successor, to whom it fell to build on his foundation, gave, on his return to England in '94, his warm testimony to what Hastings had done for India, and the far greater Lord Wellesley, who had actually voted for his impeachment, acknowledged in after years how wrong his vote had been. Hastings died at a great age in 1818; at the end of his life he was offered a Peerage, but refused it unless the House of Commons would rescind the votes that had been given against him in 1786–7.

For a brief interregnum Sir John Macpherson reigned at Fort William, and, in September, '86, arrived Lord

Cornwallis as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. The universal trust which every one at home put in this good, but perhaps not great man is a pleasing feature in an age of such party rancour. Whether it is the American War that has to be finished, a soldier's advice to be given to the Cabinet, a mutiny to be quelled, Ireland to be pacified, South-Eastern England to be organized to meet invasion, a peace with France to be negotiated, or India to be governed, Cornwallis is reckoned the safe man to entrust with the task. He makes mistakes, and bad ones, nay, he often fails, for he is no genius; but he has infinite doggedness and patience, and is the soul of unswerving honour and of devotion to duty. His horror of jobs is extreme; and he is incessantly worried by great people at home who wish him to provide 'places' for their disreputable friends and relations. George, Prince of Wales, among others writes him the most disgustingly fawning letters, always ending up with a request for a job. In answer Cornwallis almost tells 'George P.' what he thinks of him. All the time, as his letters show, his heart is with his boy in Eton playing-fields, or with his partridges on the golden stubbles of dear Suffolk.

When he arrived in India he believed his task would be one of peace and administration only; from the inevitable war with Tippoo he averted his face as long as he could. In administration he accomplished much; thus, for instance, he divided Bengal into twenty-five Districts, with a Civil and Criminal Court in each, and with four intermediate Courts between them and the final Courts of Appeal at Calcutta; and he took from the Nabob the last vestiges of his jurisdiction. He separated the functions of Collector of Revenue from

those of District Judge, and raised to a reasonable level the salaries of his Collectors. But the legislation for which he is best remembered is the 'Permanent Settlement' of the revenue of Bengal. Hastings had always expected that the Government would from time to time revise the scale of 'rents' which it collected from the *zemindars*, and so would ultimately be a sharer in the increased return from the land. The Directors and Cornwallis considered that the advantages of this would be outweighed by the gain of fixing the rent for ever. An attempt was therefore made to give to both *zemindar* and *ryot* the English remedy of the 'magic of property.' The *zemindar* was to become a sort of landlord, and was expected to show a great interest in 'improving' his property; he would be bound to loyalty and good behavour in his own interest, for any revolution would be certain to be followed by a new assessment. The common responsibility of the *ryots* for the village rent was at the same time abolished, and each *ryot* was to have fixity of tenure. Sir John Shore, who assisted Cornwallis, although himself in favour of periodical assessments, afterwards extended the 'perpetual' plan to the Province of Benares, and in later years it was applied in the Sirkars and in some districts of the Madras Presidency.[1] In other parts of India the Government, as supreme 'landowner,' deals directly with the *ryots*, or with some 'village authority,' on a basis of periodical re-assessment of the rent. Another reform which Cornwallis, and after him Lord Wellesley,

[1] As a matter of fact the system broke down. Any complete valuation of lands or survey of boundaries was impossible; nor could the old Hindoo families ever learn to pay their rents punctually or to manage their land on European 'business principles.'

had much at heart was the substitution for the Company's 'European' troops of King's regiments, to be paid by the Company while on Indian service; the Sepoys were to continue wholly Company's troops.[1] But this was not fully realized until a later date.

In the middle of his schemes of reform Cornwallis had to face a recrudescence of the question of Mysore. Tippoo had got the idea of French help firmly fixed in his rather stupid head, and, from the Treaty of 1784 onwards, was merely biding his time. The Nizam at Hyderabad, the Mahrattas and the Company were the three powers which curbed his ambition, and, of these, the chronic weakness of the Company's government at Madras invited his attention most. In '87 we find him sounding the Court of France, but getting little comfort there; he was to try the same game with similar results in the autumn of '91; Louis XVI. was then in the grip of the Revolution, and had got a firm idea that it had largely been his interference in 1778 in the concerns of England-beyond-seas which had brought him thither. But French adventurers flocked to Mysore *via* Mauritius and stiffened Tippoo's battalions for him, although the real strength of his arms lay in the famous light horse, which Hyder had employed with such effect to ravage the Carnatic. In '89–90 he suddenly made a Southward dash on our ally the Rajah of Travancore; Madras sent General Medows

[1] The Company's Europeans had always been recruited from very low classes at home, and there were included in their ranks deserters from French and other foreign services. Fight they always could, but of their other habits the less said the better. 'I've seen them give a cap full of rupees for a bottle of brandy,' says old Seetaram; 'they will do anything for spirits, which is no doubt the Water of Life in some shape.'

to avenge this insult in Mysore, but Tippoo fell upon Medows' line of communications and ravaged the Carnatic up to Trichinopoly. Cornwallis thereon determined to take in person the command in the South, and to move methodically forward in ample force with an adequately protected line of communications; in his campaign for the first time elephants were employed by a British Army. Treaties were concluded, for aid in horsemen, both with the Mahrattas and the Nizam, and the former did actually take the field for us; while an expedition from Bombay had already begun to take Tippoo's West-coast fortresses.

The entry to Mysore involves a serious climb of the Ghauts, and this Cornwallis successfully accomplished. Bangalore, within eighty miles of Seringapatam, was stormed in March, '91, but all the British efforts to bring the Sultan to an open fight failed. Tippoo hung on our rear with clouds of riders and ate up every blade of grass for miles around; in May sheer starvation compelled Cornwallis to retreat upon Bangalore with the loss of much baggage and artillery. Hurry Punt, with the advanced guard of a Mahratta Army, met him when the retreat had begun, and had to be told he was just too late. In the autumn of the same year ('91), after again collecting large stores from the coast, we advanced again and stormed, with amazing valour, two rock forts hitherto deemed impregnable. This time Cornwallis succeeded, and Tippoo's Army was discovered in battle array in front of Seringapatam, 50,000 men to our 8,700. David Baird, who had spent three years in one of Hyder's prisons, knew the ways into the city, which is really on a river-island; in the course of one February night we had forced the passages of the river,

entered the outworks at three points, and were in a position to besiege the Citadel. Cornwallis was not a man to run risks, and spent more than a month in preparation for the last attack, making offers of peace the while. At last Tippoo accepted the Governor's conditions, which were the surrender of half his dominions and a heavy indemnity in money to meet the expenses of the war. Cornwallis has perhaps never received enough credit for this patient and difficult campaign; but, on the other hand, some people have considered that it was a mistake to conclude any terms which allowed Tippoo to remain in possession of any part of Mysore.

Cornwallis left India at peace when he sailed for home in October, '93, and Sir John Shore, an experienced old civil servant, who, however, had not always run very straight under Hastings, held the office of Governor until the arrival of Lord Wellesley in the spring of '98. Shore was a man of little initiative, and merely watched the clouds gathering; in the West, wild civil war and utter disorganization, after the death of Madaji Scindia, among the Mahratta States (and no one could tell what phenomenon might arise thence at any moment); in the South, Tippoo, humiliated and shorn, yet ever scheming to recover his losses; and, looming larger and larger everywhere, the possibility of fresh designs on India from the aggressive power of a reconstructed France.

In the autumn of '97 General Bonaparte, crowned with bloody laurels from Italy, was coming home, nominally to take command of an Army designed against the British Islands, really with other dreams in his head. These dreams were Eastern if not Indian, and Bonaparte loved at any rate to sow alarm in England

on the subject of India. It suited his book that mad adventurers should whisper tales of revenge in Tippoo's ears, should play, at Seringapatam, with all the familiar nonsense of the Revolution, trees and caps of liberty, Jacobin clubs and oaths of hatred to all kings except 'Citizen Tippoo.' But it did not suit him to risk sending the few thousand veterans which that Citizen would have preferred to receive. Pitt, however, felt that he had better send to India a strong man, and, in the autumn of '97, he sent the strongest man he had got, his own intimate friend Richard Wellesley, Lord Mornington, better known as the Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of Colonel Arthur Wellesley of the 33rd, who had already sailed for Madras with a letter of recommendation from Cornwallis.

The contrasts and likenesses between the two brothers were alike strong. Arthur's character and career you will find described elsewhere in this book; most people think they know all about him, but not every one does. Richard's true greatness belongs to India, and so it is in connection with Indian history that his points must be discussed. Like Arthur he was an Etonian; but, while the latter's school career was both brief and unmarked, Richard, who enjoyed at Eton the unique distinction of having been previously expelled from Harrow, became the typical and model scholar, especially in the elegant art of verse-making. To Eton all his days his best thoughts turned and, at the close of his long life,

'fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,'

his body was borne to our Chapel where it lies to-day. He shared with Arthur fiery ambition and self-confidence, scrupulously clean hands and a lofty standard of honour;

but in the elder brother these qualities found expression in rhetorical speech and in a love of display and pomp from which the younger was wholly free. If Richard's devotion to duty was less than Arthur's, less perhaps also than Pitt's, Cornwallis' or Castlereagh's, it was less only than theirs. Very, very rarely did the personal sense of having been 'wronged' get the better of him; when it did it made him the most intractable of servants, the most impossible of colleagues. One cannot feel sure that he would have endured Hastings' treatment with Hastings' patience; but to say that he was a lesser man than Hastings may still leave him very great. If one seeks for a parallel for him among the statesmen of an earlier day, it is with Lord Carteret that he seems to have the nearest affinity. For intellectual conception of the mission of Great Britain in the World he has perhaps never had an equal; but, in realizing his ideas, he was just a little too proud to be the servant of the British Parliament, and much too proud to be the servant of 'John Company.' As for his opinions, like many another sound Tory, he had begun as a Liberal, had supported Grattan's measures in the Irish Parliament, and imbibed the truer Liberalism from Pitt in the British. To the end of his life he remained a strong free trader, a strong pro-Catholic and a supporter of moderate Parliamentary reform.

His arrival in India coincided with the return, somewhat empty-handed, of one of Tippoo's embassies to the Mauritius, an 'explanation' of which Wellesley at once demanded. Tippoo shuffled for a bit, and finally was rude; "for his part he was going a-hunting," he said. Napoleon's landing in Egypt was known in India in the autumn of '98, and Wellesley declared

war on Tippoo in February, '99. His first task on arriving in India had been to frighten the Nizam, who had evidently meant mischief, into disbanding all his troops which were officered by Frenchmen, and to compel him to substitute for these eight battalions of our own Indian Army. The Mahrattas were still in the throes of civil war, and so were not likely to prove immediately dangerous. There was serious danger from an Afghan Shah called Zemaun, who was in league with Tippoo, but Wellesley turned the flank of this by sending an elaborate mission under John Malcolm to the Court of Persia; Persia was still able to keep Afghanistan in order. The campaign in Mysore, of February to May, 1799, was admirably planned and carried out by General Harris, Arthur Wellesley and David Baird; it was less ably parried by Tippoo, whom Harris deceived as to his road of advance. The Sultan, however, fought two pitched battles, was defeated on each side of India, and fell back for defence of his Capital. The outworks of this, after some difficult and gallant operations, were in our hands by the end of April, and on May 2nd, in seven minutes from the commencement of his attack, David Baird stormed the principal gate, and the Sultan fell fighting in the mêlée. Enormous plunder was obtained, but Baird was able to restrain his men from all outrages. Tippoo's family was dethroned but taken under our protection, and the last of his sons, in whom Queen Victoria manifested a frequent and kindly interest, died a rich, charitable and respected citizen of Calcutta in 1877.

Mysore was partitioned between the Company, the Nizam, the Mahrattas and a Rajah of the old family

dethroned by Hyder nearly forty years before. To him was left, under British protection, Seringapatam, with Arthur Wellesley in command of its garrison. The Nizam was to have the Northern province, but, as he manifested a year later symptoms of intriguing with the Mahrattas, he was compelled to increase his British garrison to ten thousand men, and his possession of any part of Mysore remained merely nominal. The Company took the district of Coimbatore, Canara, etc., a strip reaching right across Southern India, all the coast and all the coast-fortresses, all the fortresses commanding the Ghauts. The Mahrattas suspiciously refused the share of the spoil offered to them, which was accordingly divided between the Company and the Nizam. The ruling Nabob of the Carnatic, who had been intriguing with Tippoo, was soon afterwards deposed and the Madras Presidency took over the direct rule of the Carnatic in 1801. The same course was pursued with Tanjore, and this left the territories of the Southern Presidency constituted much as they are to-day.

The South thus pacified, a harder struggle awaited the Governor-General in the North, a struggle of which his rule was not to see the end. In the first place the reigning Nabob of Oude was a most unsatisfactory character, now holding out a hand towards Poona and now towards Cabul, and Wellesley was compelled to strengthen Bengal by forcing upon Oude a Treaty by which the Company undertook the defence of the Nabob's territority. But we asked and obtained, in return, the cession of the great province of the Doab, lying between Ganges and Jumna, and also that old North-Western corner of Oude which in 1774 we knew as Rohilcund. Thus Bengal appeared to be as

well secured as it could be, both against Mahrattas and Afghans. Before the next storm broke Wellesley had had the splendid foresight to refuse to surrender, as he should have done in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens (1802), the city of Pondicherry to the French Republic. He felt sure that Amiens was merely a truce and did not wish to have to retake, when war should again begin, a city strengthened as it might well have been by orders from Bonaparte.

And so we come to the final and the most disputed act of Wellesley's government. He, deliberately and with foresight, interfered with that which Hastings had always wished to leave alone, the feuds of the Mahratta houses. Not only his masters in Leadenhall Street, not only Dundas, up till now a champion of the 'forward' policy in India, but even Castlereagh, who was President of the Board of Control, even, at first, his own brother Arthur[1] at Seringapatam disapproved of this. On the other hand, Madaji Scindia, the friend of Hastings, had been, until his death in 1794, steadily shaping an Army of a coherence and a lasting power very different from those of any previous Mahratta forces; it had been drilled by an able Savoyard, de Boigne, and its battalions were still officered by Frenchmen. Twice Scindia had demanded—1785 and 1792—in the name of the Mogul, whom he kept as a puppet at Delhi, the tribute which Hastings had withdrawn from that Shadow. On each occasion he had been snubbed by Calcutta, and had taken the snub kindly; his successors might not take

[1] In 1804 Arthur had changed his opinion. In a long memorandum on the subject, probably dating from November of that year, he combats Castlereagh's objections. *See* Owen, 'Select Despatches of Marquis Wellesley' (Oxford, 1877), p. 273 *sqq.*

a snub on a third occasion in the same spirit. Once the same Scindia had offered to Cornwallis his services against Tippoo, and had been justifiably hurt when Cornwallis preferred rather to negotiate for help with the Peishwa at Poona. Scindia had meanwhile been keeping his hand in by attacking the Princes and Rajahs of Rajpootana, the oldest and most warlike aristocracies in India.

And now Scindia[1] the Great had been dead eight years, and his successor was at death-grips with the Holkar of Indore. A Regent, who had long held power for the Peishwa of Poona, died in 1800, and a bad civil war raged among all the Mahratta clans. Holkar deposed one Peishwa and set up another. Wellesley at once espoused the cause of the deposed candidate, and concluded with him the Treaty of Bassein in December, 1802. It was the usual subsidiary alliance; the man ceded to us sufficient coast districts near Bombay to enable us to support a force for his defence, and pledged himself to take no French into his service. Another Treaty of the same kind was concluded with the Gaekwar of Baroda, which secured for us predominant influence in the large province of Goojerat. Geographically these Treaties were leaps across a seething and hostile Central Province; politically they threatened to curb for ever the independent Federation of the Mahrattas. Arthur Wellesley was sent to conduct our candidate back to Poona, and this at once produced an alliance between two of the three remaining Mahratta States, Gwalior

[1] There is always a 'Scindia' at Gwalior and a 'Holkar' at Indore—just as there was always a 'Pharaoh' in Ancient Egypt.

and Nagpore. By August, 1803, General Lake was on his way to crush this combination in the North, and Arthur Wellesley, now a Major-General, marched to attack their Southern strongholds. He took the great fortress of Ahmednugger at once, defeated in September, with 4,500 men and seventeen light field-pieces, the joint Armies of Gwalior and Nagpore (40,000 with a hundred guns) at the fierce battle of Assaye, in which he lost over one-third of his British troops; then he again defeated the Army of Nagpore at Argaum in December. Lake swept all before him up to the walls of Delhi and Agra, got possession of the old Imperial Capital and of the Mogul's person, and won a great victory at Laswaree on November 1st. Scindia ceded the whole district up to and including Delhi to the British, who were also already in occupation of the West coast by the Treaty of Bassein.

But just when all seemed over Holkar (Indore) struck in (1804) with an attack on Jeypore in Rajpootana, and treated a detached force of Lake's under Colonel Monson to a real taste of Mahratta warfare; Monson had to beat a hasty retreat through the August rains, and this at once produced a recrudescence of the whole war. Holkar's war was what Arthur Wellesley dreaded most, the fighting with cloud upon cloud of light horse; he evidently was of opinion that only he himself could effectually deal with the true Mahratta. But in the autumn Lake came on in better force; one of his wings took Indore, another beat back Holkar from an attack on Delhi, while at Furruckabad and Deig, he himself and Fraser won fresh victories over the troops of the same Prince. Only from Bhurtpore were we repulsed early in 1805. And the war would undoubtedly have ended

in our favour and left us undisputed masters of Central and Western, as we were of Eastern and Southern India, but for the recall of Lord Wellesley and the reversal of his policy in the same year.

That this reversal would at any other moment in our history have been a mistake so grave that even the most Whiggish Government would hardly have dared it, is beyond dispute. But we must remember the year; the Invasion Scarce at its height; Trafalgar not yet won; every man and every penny in Britain needed for defence of the heart of the Empire. Was that a time to be scrupulous about prestige in India? To argue thus is without all prejudice to the question whether Wellesley was wise in choosing his date of 1802 to interfere with the Mahrattas at all; my own vote would be given, with Castlereagh's, that he was not wise in choosing such a date. Whether Pitt, sore tried and ill, and during his last brief Ministry most lonely with his back to the wall, should not have supported his favourite Proconsul through everything, is another question; in Indian matters he often trusted, sometimes rightly, sometimes wrongly, to expert advice such as that of Dundas and Castlereagh. The answer will depend on whether we take an Anglo-Indian or a European view of the position of Great Britain in 1805.

As for the Directors of the East India Company, their Chief Servant had at last become to them as great a

[1] At the close of Lord Wellesley's government the 'Peace Establishment' of India was supposed to be 24,000 British and 130,000 Native troops; thus in less than ten years the British troops had nearly doubled, and the Native troops had far more than doubled; it was a figure which may well be contrasted with that of the Indian Establishment of to-day, not at all to the advantage of the latter.

terror as any Bonaparte, Hyder or Scindia had ever been. They had been uncertain about Mysore, horrified about Oude, furious about the Mahrattas. To these crimes, committed in the name of 'Empire'—the mere word was by now a bugbear to them—Wellesley had added the open expression of designs, to be executed with *their* troops, on the Mauritius and on Java, designs which were only frustrated by the rather reasonable unwillingness of the British Admiral on the station to act without direct orders from home; he had added, and actually carried out the design of sending, under David Baird, some of their said troops to land in the Red Sea and to aid the British Campaign of 1801 in Egypt; perhaps worse than all, he had added, in his most elaborate and important despatches, scathing comments on the want of intelligence too often displayed by their servants in India. He had audaciously suggested, after the manner of Hastings, that such persons ought to receive a special and even an intellectual training in the Arts of Government, which he evidently thought were likely to be more important to the future of British India than those of buying rice, tea, cotton, silk, indigo, opium and saltpetre.[1] When he had wanted a strong man to go as Resident to the Nabob of Oude, he had not scrupled to send his own brother Henry, afterwards one of the greatest of diplomats, who was not in the Company's service at all! 'Infamous job!' howled the Directors; if there was one thing they clung to more than dividends, it was patronage. And even their dividends may have

[1] His suggestion bore fruit, at first in an attempt to establish a College at Calcutta, and later in the realization of the idea at Haileybury in England.

suffered a little by the magnificence with which the Marquis had built and maintained 'Government House' at Calcutta, and by his semi-regal state wherever he moved. This was a great contrast to the simplicity of Cornwallis, who had been content to 'drive about in a one-horse shay.'

Wellesley returned to find England in mourning for the death of Nelson and the look of death on Pitt's face. Every interest in India which his lofty purity or his autocratic bearing had offended, yelped to the echo against him at home. Voice was given to these yelps by one Paull, a rich linendraper, whom with other disreputables the Governor-General had cleared out of Lucknow. Paull had bought a seat in the House of Commons, and the Whig Government of 1806 was ready to acquiesce in an 'enquiry' into Wellesley's conduct. But no serious evidence could be obtained against him, and Fox, whom office or the shadow of his own approaching death had somewhat sobered, refused to allow any impeachment to be founded on it; Paull was a little mad, and the whole thing might easily make the Whigs ridiculous. We shall see something of the rest of the Marquis Wellesley's career in the history of the years 1806–15.

With the close of his Governorship I have reached the period which I have set myself in Indian affairs. The events of the next few years seemed strangely to justify his forward policy. It was surely a grave mistake, even if Wellesley had been wrong in that policy, to send out an old and broken man, such as Cornwallis now was, with express instructions to undo all of Wellesley's work that could be undone, to patch up a Peace upon the terms of the almost broken Mahratta Power, to hand over to Mahratta mercies the valiant princes of Rajpootana, who

had just begun to prove themselves serviceable allies, and to restore the fortress of Gwalior to the Scindia of the day.[1] Cornwallis began to do all these things, and, after his death, which followed within three months from his landing, Sir George Barlow finished them. Lord Minto (1807–13) took up again Wellesley's external policy, and captured Mauritius and Java, thus leaving (for Ceylon had fallen to us in 1797) no hostile Colonies at all in the East; but he dared not touch the Mahrattas, and there was no peace at all in Central India during his rule. And so Lord Moira, better known as the Marquis of Hastings, had to face not only a series of outbreaks of enormous gangs of freebooters, called Pindarrees, really the dregs of Mahratta Armies and mainly formidable from their mere numbers, but also the last uprisings of the princely houses of Nagpore, Poona and Indore. When this 'Third Mahratta War' came to an end in 1818, the last Peishwa was deposed, and sent to Cawnpore with a British pension; his adopted son was the leader of the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The last great Native Power, that of the Sikhs of the Punjaub, was defeated, after hard struggles, by 1849. Henceforward the dangers to British rule in India would come either from tribes beyond the Himalayan frontier, from mutiny in our Native Army, or—incomparably the worst of the three—from Radicals in the British Parliament and Press.

The real years of the making of British India were

[1] With regard to Gwalior, its restoration had been promised in a provisional Treaty, and Arthur Wellesley was of opinion that it could not now be honourably withheld: "I would sacrifice," he writes, "every frontier of India ten times over, to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith."

London; John Murray. Albemarle St.

the sixty which elapsed between the rise of Clive and the fall of Wellesley. During them, three great leaders, Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, admirably seconded by soldiers, sailors, and civilians, built up, in spite of indifference, ingratitude and even vehement opposition at home, an Empire which has already lasted nearly as long as that of the Moguls. If it has infinitely exceeded, as it has, the Mogul Empire in power, it has exceeded it infinitely more in justice and in mercy to all natives of the Peninsula.

CHAPTER IV

MEN AND MACHINES, MORALS AND MANNERS

"Whirr! Whirr! all by wheels—Whiz! Whiz! all by steam!"
—The Pasha of Karagholookoldour (EOTHEN, p. 11).

I HAVE now got to describe that which is commonly called the 'Industrial Revolution' of the Eighteenth Century, by which, it is said, England passed from the condition of an agricultural to that of a manufacturing country. The great difficulty that meets one at the outset is that of reconciling the statistics given by various writers. In general I find that very few things are really 'new'; of few do we know the real inventor; in fact most real inventors went, as they still go, bankrupt, and their inventions were lost for a time or exploited by others. I shall therefore be very chary of fixing dates, and will try rather to look for the principles underlying the changes which I have to describe. And I suppose that the first of these principles is that an Age of Invention comes naturally, as soon as the markets are big enough to make it worth while for rich men, vulgarly called Capitalists, to risk their capital in making experiments in new methods of production.

The expansion of the British Empire being one of the great facts of the Eighteenth Century, new markets were continually being opened to British enterprise. The development of Banking and the consequent introduction of 'credit,' while it often led to wild speculation,

as at the time of the 'South Sea Bubble,' led also to the development of trade upon a footing at once sound and capable of enormous expansion. And the complete control obtained by Parliament over the Bank of England had a steadying effect; there would be no more suspensions of the payment of interest, to the prejudice of the creditors of the State, as in 1672; the centre of gravity of the State had in fact passed from the Crown to the 'Old Lady in Threadneedle Street.' The recoinage in William III.'s reign was another enormous boon to commerce. Before that date, if you went to buy a pair of gloves at a shop, you took a bag of bad money in one hand and a bag of good in the other, and you offered the bad first. And another great aid to commerce was the development of the system of Insurance, and especially of Marine Insurance of ships at Lloyd's Coffee House; 'Lloyd's List,' containing all shipping news, dates from 1726. After 1763, when the correct method of reckoning longitude at sea was discovered, voyages were not only much safer but very much quicker also. Lighthouses on the mainland were, of course, known long before; but they now began to be built on outlying rocks—the first Eddystone Light was erected in 1696.

"Human progress," says Mr. Lecky, "rarely means more than a surplus of advantages over evils"; and it must often be very difficult to say whether the advantage of the changes, which occur in any given period of time, outweighs the evils. And, if we turn to records contemporary with the changes, we must always remember to discount the temperament of the writers of such records. A person accepting as literally true Daniel Defoe's accounts of the splendour of English

agriculture, roads and commerce, at the end of George I.'s reign, and then comparing these accounts with the views expressed in Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' written on the eve of the American War, or in Arthur Young's descriptions of his 'Tours through Great Britain,' which began in 1768, would be inclined to say that, in the interval between them, some great cataclysm must have paralysed Britain; whereas the truth is that Defoe was an optimist, Smith and Young, though optimistic for the future, were pessimists when they wrote about many things which they saw around them. Modern writers who compile economic works from contemporary statistics often mislead us as much, without the excuses pleadable for Defoe, Smith and Young. The fact is that statistics can be found to support almost any theory of happiness or misery, wealth or poverty which you please to advocate. The famous Radical Dissenter, Dr. Price, gravely contended, towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, that England was in a rapid state of depopulation, that it had been much richer and more populous in Elizabeth's time or even earlier. I am sure that, if I had any 'theory' in my head, I could make this chapter much more readable and interesting. But I have not, and I must therefore grope in the dark in the attempt to sift and examine the statements and theories of contemporary and of modern writers.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one, in reading Defoe's 'Compleat Tradesman' or his 'Tour through Great Britain,' is the extraordinary modernity of the whole thing. The manufactures are nearly the same as ours, the crops are the same, the destinations and routes of trades, both internal and export, are the same, the tricks of the trades are the same. It is tolerably

certain that you must not trust this writer in matters of figures, for he is too great an artist (or too natural a liar) not to go astray when dealing with them; yet I have sometimes wondered whether after all he were not more right than recent writers have allowed, and whether we have not all been enormously understating the population and wealth of England in the early Eighteenth Century. So, while we decline to believe with Defoe that in 1727 London had a million and a half of people, I think we ought to hesitate very much before accepting a mere 715,000 as its population in 1801, although this is the figure given in the first (very imperfect) Census of that year. The 'received view' is that the population of England and Wales increased in the Eighteenth Century from about five and a half to about nine and a half millions, and to eleven millions by 1815. But London was, in George I.'s reign, far greater in proportion to other cities than it is now; and when Defoe tells us that 'the bulk of London makes the trade of England'; that every county of England is tributary to its food-supply; that it 'consumes all, circulates all, exports all, and at last pays for all'; that, since the Fire, it has been so well rebuilt that, although the houses are better and bigger, there are half a dozen of them on the area that held one before that event; then we may be sure that he is speaking within his own knowledge.

He was a Londoner, and even a cockney, with an unrivalled eye for observation. The markets inside the City which he describes are much as they were in our fathers' days, if not in our own. I can just remember the bi-weekly cattle market at Smithfield. Clare Market was only swept away within the last quarter of

a century. Leadenhall is still the great provision market, Billingsgate still the great fish market. The Docks have grown beyond the three wet and twenty-three dry docks which he mentions; but the shipbuilding yards, of which he counts thirty-three, have actually decreased in number. The watermains are no longer of timber, but they still run down each principal street, and still have fire-plugs of which the key can be found at a certain place. The engines of the Fire Brigade have, it is true, superseded those formerly owned by each parish and by each Insurance Company; but men still living remember the latter. When Drury Lane Theatre was burned in 1812 the engines of

> The 'Hand in Hand' the race begun,
> Then came the 'Phoenix' and the 'Sun,'
> The 'Exchange,' where old insurers run,
> The 'Eagle' where the new.

Defoe mentions all these Companies except the Phoenix. In his days the New River, *i.e.* the Lea, tapped at Ware in the reign of James I., still supplied North London with all its water; but it was recognized that the supply was too little, and 'they are already making a new basin at Islington,' and talking of tapping the Colne at Rickmansworth and St. Albans.

Within the area of the Capital the Post Office in 1725 delivered letters up to a pound weight for a penny, from four to eight times a day according to the distance. Defoe also notices a 'cross-post' from Plymouth up Severn valley, into the West Riding and eventually to Hull; the charge for the conveyance of letters, outside London, was actually higher at the end of the Eighteenth than in the Seventeenth Century. The greatest of the London

hospitals were already built; Guy's was just being founded, Bethlehem, St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's were in full working; the London Hospital originated a little later (1740), and the Foundling dates from 1739. Defoe had not detected the abuse which well-to-do-people so often make of medical charities, but he was fully alive to the fact that 'Alms are not Charity,' and wrote a pamphlet to prove it. So far from living over their warehouses, as many modern writers would lead us to believe the London merchants did, it is quite clear that many well-to-do tradesmen 'went to the City' daily from a circle of villas extending far into Surrey, Essex and Middlesex. Is it not striking to be told that in 1725 Hampstead had grown from a country village to a city, 'largely inhabited [as to-day] by Jews and some of them very wealthy'? So there were Jews in England on a big scale before the Act of 1753,[1] which first allowed them to be naturalized.

The number of alehouses and gin-shops had vexed the minds of thinkers before the Licensing Bill of 1908. Their keepers, says our author, 'live without morals and trade without method.' We need not believe with him that there were 200,000 alehouses in England, or nine millions of barrels of strong beer brewed in 1725, for Mr. Porter in his 'Progress of the Nation' gives us for 1811 only six million barrels, and even that makes twenty-four gallons per head of the population. But as for the 'new-fashioned compound-waters called Geneva (or Gin) which hits the palate of the poor,' the consumption of it was appalling. Twelve thousand persons were convicted in two years, 1738–40, of the unlicensed sale of gin, and two years later the annual consumption

[1] Even this Act was repealed in the following year.

of this vile stuff was three and a half gallons per head of the London population. Yet I should like to know if any one ever saw an original text of the oft-quoted publican's notice:—"Here you can get drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, and have fresh straw [to lie on] for nothing." Frankly, I don't believe in it, for I think that the schoolboy who translated *Delicta majorum immeritus lues* by 'The delights of our ancestors were unmitigated filth,' was wrong in more ways than one. No doubt the 'populace' of London was drunken, brutal, cruel; bull and bear baiting were still popular sports; the prize-ring and the gambling thereon actually got worse, and prize-fighting took rank as a manly sport. The procession of the condemned criminal from Newgate to Tyburn was not abolished till 1783, and was one of the monthly joys of London mobs. The Criminal Law of England, was and remained till 1808 scandalously draconian, and the first amelioration of it in that year merely removed the death penalty from the crime of picking pockets to the value of five shillings. As late as 1815 over five hundred persons were sentenced to death in a year, although just one-tenth of these were hanged; juries deliberately perjured themselves rather than run the risk of hanging a poor wretch who stole a pair of boots. The prisons were in a dreadful condition until the reforms inaugurated by John Howard's self-imposed mission to prisoners, 1773–90. The disorders of the fairs at Greenwich, in Moorfields and at Mayfair were very great. But we must discount something from the description of the Methodist preachers, on whose accounts of these things uncritical reliance is too often placed; it was their interest to represent as infinitely

wicked a society which they did so much to leaven for the better.

The real need of London, thought Defoe, was a second bridge; Blackfriars Bridge was not built until 1760. The activity on the River was still enormous, but it is a foreshadow of modernity that in 1726 the number of hackney coaches was to that of the old wherries as eight is to five. No other city in the kingdom had any cabs then, though there had been, before the Union, a dozen of them in Edinburgh. But was the Thames still 'silver'? I begin to have my doubts of this too: London was already 'a city of smoke and dirt, sin and sea-coal'; 'sea-coal' is coal borne by sea from Newcastle, which cost 4*s.* a chaldron at pit-mouth and 30*s.* delivered in London; it was landed in prodigious quantities at Billingsgate and at the Docks. Defoe does not mention the street-lamps, but, forty years later, a German Prince, coming for the first time, was so astonished at them that he was convinced that the illumination was in his honour. Pall Mall was first lighted by gas in 1812.

Another intensely modern symptom in George I.'s reign is the short life of many shops, especially of ladies' shops such as silk-mercers. These have quadrupled or sextupled in number since the Restoration, and, owing to the constantly changing feminine fashions, their owners are always going bankrupt. Formerly each trade had its particular street; but now trades shift continually from end to end of the town. The gentlemen, too, are extravagant; their passion for clean linen is so grown that they must be having two clean shirts a day, and so 'one must suppose their bodies to be more unclean than their ancestors'.' Every county in England supplies

something towards the clothing of a man, and towards the furnishing of his house, and all is to be bought in London. Again, it is not only in the Twentieth Century that shops are fitted up with 'plate glass windows, chandeliers, silver services, glass-lanthorns, paint and gilding' out of all proportion to the stock displayed in them; it is all done in 1724 in order to dazzle customers. Dickens might have taken his description of Bob Sawyer's method of making people believe that he had a large practice from Defoe's apothecary, who 'kept an assistant in his window pounding and beating all day in the great mortar, though it had nothing in it.' Other tricks of trade, besides deliberate lies to customers, are 'artificial glosses' produced on cloth goods, false lights to create a sheen, English silk passed off as French, with an 'I assure you, Madam, on my word of honour,' etc. 'Thus the tradesmen get the money and the Devil gets the tradesmen.' Shoddy, excessive underselling, sweating of workmen, rings of masters and strikes of men were all going full blast in early Georgian London.

Yet Defoe says, and probably with truth, that we are more honest to each other than men of other nations are. As for trade being 'inconsistent with a gentleman, it is trade in England that makes gentlemen, and has peopled this nation with gentlemen' . . .; the daughters of tradesmen are adorned with ducal coronets . . .; estates are continually coming into possession of new, self-made families, and 'in their posterity you see all the gallantry of soul and all the generous principles that can be found in any of the ancient families' . . .; these new men come every day to the Heralds' Office to search for coats-of-arms Marlborough's Army was full of ex-

cellent officers taken from the shop and the counter. But 'so great is the luxury of the present age' that he fears that 'nearly all our trades have already passed their meridian; other nations are beginning to imitate us and to manufacture for themselves; they already prohibit our woollen goods in most European countries, and we are such fools that at this very time we are beginning to run after foreign wares!' Isn't that just what people are saying to-day while they are crying out for 'Protection'? But when Defoe said it we were already protected to the teeth. Here I seem to smell a potent argument in favour of Free Trade.

It is from the Restoration that Adam Smith dates the full-blown 'Mercantile System,' and the doctrine that, as money alone is wealth, only those trades should be encouraged of which the balance is paid to England in gold and silver; 'from that time,' says he, 'the Home Trade had been despised'; 'England,' it was said, 'would never become richer by it.' But every line of Defoe contradicts him; Defoe falls down and worships the enormous bulk of our Home Trade. 'We are (indeed) the greatest trading country in the World, because we have the greatest export of the growth and product of our land and of the manufactures and labour of our people, and the greatest import and consumption of the growth, product and manufactures of other countries'; but also, and even more, because 'our inland trade and commerce infinitely outdoes that of any nation in Europe.'

You think the roads were too bad to admit of this? He allows them to be bad over a broad belt of the soft Midland clay, and also where the chalk predominates; in the Sussex Weald they have always been proverbially

bad. Arthur Young, right at the end of the century, will have no words too strong to describe the ruts in many places in every district of England, but even he is forced to admit the prodigious activity which he finds upon the roads. In the North, says Defoe, the roads are excellent and the bridges all of stone, whereas in the better-timbered South these are mostly of wood. Turnpikes are coming in everywhere; Acts for them are incessant, though the two greatest Acts are those of 1741 and 1773, after his day. Wherever they are introduced, they lower the cost of carriage of heavy goods something like sixpence per hundredweight. But even on the worst roads, *e.g.* in Kent and Sussex, we have in 1724 heavy timber-wains called 'Tugs,' which will load $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and which, on the better roads, will go night and day (*e.g.* between Exeter and London) without a stop. Passengers, it is true, before the improved mail coaches of Mr. Palmer, 1784, travel most easily on horseback; forty years before that, a single stage coach is said to have taken two days between London and Oxford, fifty-four miles. Even in 1798 Mr. Porter cites the 'Telegraph' as taking nineteen hours to do the 'eighty miles' between London and Portsmouth; but when I discover that that distance is, by the two roads marked in Cary's Atlas of 1793, respectively 73 and $73\frac{3}{4}$ miles, I begin to think that Mr. Porter may be 'out' in his hours also. The journey from London to Edinburgh by stage is also 'said' in 1760 to have been one of sixteen days, and Sir Richard Steele tells a story of how he hired a Frenchman to teach him French while performing it in a post-chaise. Canning, who, like Steele, was a professional humorist, once stuck in the mud (1795) for five hours between Wisbech and

Peterborough, on 'a road only fit for Noah's Ark,' and was obliged to send the postboy on to Peterborough for more horses to pull him out. But by 1792 there were sixteen fast 'Palmers' starting every day from the G.P.O., and Bristol was within fourteen hours of London. Not indeed till towards the close of our period, when Macadam had discovered the true principle of making roads, and Telford the best means of engineering their gradients, was it possible for coaches to keep up a regular nine miles an hour. But, in this rate-burdened age, we may look back not altogether with complacency on the fact that, between 1806 and 1815, the total County Rate for other than Poor-law purposes, that is to say for roads, bridges, gaols, asylums, inquests, Militia-ballot and elections, averaged all over England less than threepence in the pound.

As for Inland Navigation, the great age of that was between 1780 and 1830, when the face of the country was covered with a network of beautiful Canals, of which we are accustomed to say that the first was that of 1759 from the Mersey to St. Helens, and that the first great one was the 'Bridgwater,' built by Brindley from Manchester to Worsley in 1762. But Defoe notices the Foss Dike, an artificial cut founded on the river Witham, from Lincoln to the Trent; and in his day the Thames was navigable to Lechlade; the Trent barges carried beer from Burton, stockings from Nottingham; the Derwent carried the produce of the lead mines of the Peak from Derby; and Aire and Calder, navigable to Leeds and Wakefield respectively, took the produce of the five great clothing towns of the West Riding (Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Wakefield and Huddersfield) down to the Ouse and so to the great port of Hull on the Humber,

and Hull distributed them thence either to London or to Northern Europe. The steel of Barnsley and the cutlery of Sheffield were still carried by land. In the Midlands, the Avon was navigable up to Stratford, which is more (*experto credite*) than can be said for it now, and bore down to the Severn the fruit grown in the rich vale of Evesham, although the navigation, below and even above Gloucester was, owing to the shifting sandbanks and the 'bore' or tidal wave of the Severn, always dangerous.[1]

The great Fair of Stourbridge was still in full swing; it was held in early September on a meadow outside Cambridge on the Chesterton Road, and covered half a mile square of ground with whole streets of booths. So busy was it that the London 'cabbies' made a good thing by taking fifty hackney coaches down there, to carry the buyers and sellers to and fro between the Fair and their lodgings in Cambridge; we have seen them doing a similar thing at Henley in Regatta week. All the heavy goods came to the Fair in barges, up the Great Ouse and Cam; wool and hops were the main objects of trade, though practically everything was to be bought in the Fair. The whole of the Eastern Midlands was, in fact, tapped by the arteries of the three great fen rivers, and Lynn was their chief port. In the same district the Yare had long been navigable up to Norwich, and at the Great Yarmouth 'Fishing Fair' herrings were sold 'red' all the month of October. Scottish cattle or 'runts' were already driven to the rich marshes round Yarmouth to be fattened—was Rob Roy, in pursuit of his more lawful branch of trade, ever

[1] The Berkeley Canal has now partially, but not wholly provided a means of evading this.

as far south as that? As for grazing, cattle were still universally called 'black cattle,' though Defoe is careful to notice that red-and-white was not an unusual colour. The weight of cattle is said by Young to have more than doubled during the century, owing to improved breeding and feeding,[1] though we have no means of testing the size of the 'huge Sussex breed' which Defoe mentions, nor of knowing what sort of beasts were fed in the Vale of Aylesbury, then, as now, perhaps the richest grazing land of England. But, though Lord Townshend is supposed to be the first man who ever grew turnips on a large scale, and that only after his retirement in 1730, people were already in 1724 *ceasing* to complain that turnip-feeding made the mutton and beef taste nasty. The enormous Cheddar cheeses were even then made upon the communistic principle which obtains to-day, all the small landowners or farmers combining the milk of their cows to make one cheese, and being paid only after the sale thereof. Cheshire cheese and Stilton, 'which is brought to table with the mites so thick in it that they give you a spoon to eat them with,' were also famous; another *delictum majorum* which is our own to-day.

The famous Salt-springs or 'Wiches' of Worcestershire were already, since the discovery of mines of rocksalt in Lancashire and Cheshire, beginning to be undersold. In the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire chair-making was a very large industry, and the centre of it was at Marlow. The famous Swannery at Abbotsbury, which is one of the glories of Dorset, with what Defoe calls the 'duckcoy,' or decoy, attached to it, was already

[1] Not only on turnips but on all sorts of artificial grasses; the ordinary pasture lands had also been greatly improved by drainage.

owned by Lord Ilchester's ancestor. 'Railways' were, of course, well known—in the shape of timber lines, on which trucks were drawn in the Newcastle collieries; only in 1767 did iron rails begin to be substituted. The new wet dock at Liverpool would, the writer thought, soon enable that port to cut out Bristol for the American trade. Horse breeding was, as it still is, the main business of the North Riding of Yorkshire. The best Wiltshire bacon was already fed on skim-milk. Dorking was already giving its name to a breed of fowls, and, except timber, these were almost the only thing that the 'sandy desert of Surrey, as wild as the Highlands,' exported, in spite of the fact that the Wey was navigable up to Guildford. Colchester sent its oysters to London in barges, and 'barrelled' them for the whole World. Droves of Norfolk turkeys waddled up to London every autumn, driven by their owners. Devon cyder and Devon and Cornish pilchards were as famous then as now. Fifty thousand firkins of butter, each weighing 56 lb., reached London every year from Cambridgeshire and Suffolk. Portland had sent its stone and Purbeck its marble to build St. Paul's. Was it such a very different England, after all, from our own?

Hitherto I have spoken only of the minor trades and products of this rich country, and have tried to show how comparatively small is the change in them at the present day. Now we have to turn our attention to the far greater and more important branches of industry connected with Agriculture proper, with Iron-works, with Mining, and with the Woollen trade, the oldest, and the Cotton trade, the newest of British sources of wealth. Many difficult problems will meet us there. And we shall be shortly introduced to that

wicked person, the Capitalist, whether as Farmer or Manufacturer. That he was and is often wicked, that he occasionally ground his workpeople and fleeced the poor and the ingenious inventor, is demonstrably true. But the inventor often fleeced him too; "When we first set up business together," says one of his kind, "my partner had the experience and I had the capital, now he's got the capital and I've got the experience." The ordinary belief is that in the Eighteenth Century he was not only wicked but new, and no one will question that towards the end of the century he developed upon an enormous scale. Still I suspect that there were always, and especially since the Sixteenth Century, Capitalists, always masters, middlemen and hand-workers. In industries like mining, gun-making, paper and glass making, it must have been so. The great question is how far it was new in agriculture and the textile manufactures. Against whom did the Devon weavers strike in 1718, the Norwich weavers in 1754, if not against Capitalists? A stiff Act against such strikes had been passed in 1726. The demand of strikers was always for a return to the old Tudor system, which fixed wages by law and limited the number of persons engaged in a trade; and this Parliament was seldom willing to grant, though there are instances in which it empowered the Justices to fix wages, one as late as 1801.

Defoe in 1724 shows us the history of a fleece on its way to clothe the back of a Londoner, and at every stage of its career we see it passing through the hands of sundry Capitalists. The lamb is born in the flock of a large grazier, say on Salisbury Plain;[1] it will

[1] The Cotswolds, Romney Marsh, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire were the other great feeding grounds.

be sold as a yearling at Weyhill fair near Andover; shorn by its buyer, who will then sell the wool at Stourbridge fair to a 'stapler,' or wool merchant; he sets to work first the carder and then the comber, and mixes the wool with finer Spanish stuff, which some other Capitalist has imported from Bilbao. Another middleman sells it to the spinner who spins it in his own home, and then sells it direct to the hand-loom weaver, from whom again it passes in breadths of cloth to a cloth-merchant; and the tailor will buy these breadths either at Blackwell Hall in London, or at some other emporium in one of the two great districts of which the centres were respectively at Bradford-on-Avon in Wilts and Bradford in the West Riding. In these districts were congregated the greater part of the weavers and spinners of England; in the former there were over a hundred and twenty little towns, each engaged in its own special branch of the manufacture of cloth; in the latter district the centres were fewer and larger. But though Norwich, the old mediæval home of the woollen workers, was decaying, it was by no means deserted; and perhaps we should not be wrong in supposing that there were few towns in England which had not in early Georgian days some special branch of the woollen industry carried on in them. Arthur Young saw Norwich in its deepest decline; he makes the incredible statement that three-fourths of its population were in receipt of poor-relief.

But the spinning was done on the wheel at home, and the weaving on the hand-loom at home. Industry was in the 'Domestic,' as opposed to the 'Factory' stage, of which we shall soon have to speak. Men and women were men and women, not 'hands.' This is quite true;

and it is also true that cottagers, with only an acre or two of land, only one or two strips in the Common Fields and the right to graze a cow or two on the waste, could really supplement their earnings by these 'bye-industries' of spinning and weaving. So, too, could the families of small freeholders and copyholders, whose daughters probably married later than those of the ordinary peasant. So, perhaps, could married peasant-women with no children; 'wage-earning wives' are, however, a most dangerous luxury for the poor, although we have had to wait till the Twentieth Century to have this truth expounded to us by Miss Loane.[1] But, if we take the country all over, I think we may fairly guess that a successful weaver was always a weaver only, and a successful ploughboy always a ploughboy only. Each had his 'main industry,' and if to him the 'bye-industry' were not harmful, it was just in proportion as it was not particularly gainful. To all 'half-timers' I admit it as a real source of gain; and in their case, but in their case alone,[2] I admit that the coming change, from the Domestic to the Factory system of labour, contributed to diminish the earnings of the Agricultural Classes.

So by a side issue we find that we have now got face to face with the Agricultural Question, the Manufacturing Question and the Problem of Poverty. These three

[1] See her extraordinarily illuminating books, 'The Queen's Poor,' 1905, 'The Next Street but One,' 1907, 'From Their Point of View,' 1908.

[2] My view will, I suppose, be called a frightful heresy; and I admit that 'minor domestic industries,' baking, brewing, candle-making and the like, for home consumption, by the women, and tool-making and harness-making by the men, may have been profitably carried on in cottage homes.

combined form the text of a discussion of the ' Industrial Revolution.'

We have certain data to go upon, which I had better give you in a horrid ' table.'

(1) England began the period before us (1700–1815) as a country whose main source of wealth was Agriculture ; she ended it as one whose main source of wealth was Manufacture.

(2) By 1815, owing to the discovery of Steam and to other discoveries applicable to all branches of industry, most of the great manufactures of the country were being carried on by machinery and in large factories.

(3) Prices began to rise in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and Wages did not rise sufficiently to keep pace with them.

(4) In the last fifty years of the period Population increased at an alarming rate, and, in spite of vastly increased cultivation, bread rose to famine prices.

(5) And so more and more poor people ' came upon the Rates,' and the poor rate increased faster than anything else, *viresque acquirebat eundo*.

(6) But the total capitalized wealth of the country also increased prodigiously, and this wealth enabled us to beat Napoleon.

I have purposely not included in this table a heading which some readers may expect, namely the total disappearance of the small freeholder and the concentration of landed property in far too few hands, because until Surveys and Land-Tax Rolls, which have practically never been explored at all, are laid under contribution, economists are still very much in the dark, both as to the dates of disappearance and as to the classes which

disappeared. A wholesale disappearance there certainly was at some period before 1840; but it seems to have received a temporary check between 1785 and 1804; again, in some places it seems that those who farmed their own land disappeared later than the small landowners who lived on the rent of it.[1]

Now I should be much happier and my readers would be much less bored if I could keep all these six heads separate and argue them out one by one; but that I cannot promise to do to any satisfactory extent. When the period opens we were on a considerable scale a Corn-exporting country. Even France occasionally bought the staff of life from us; Holland, Germany and the Mediterranean countries took more. The 'corn-factor' was one of the richest of middlemen; he often bought the farmers' crop standing or even unripe; Defoe tells of flour-mills near great towns which would let for four hundred a year; he tells also of the great corn market, second only to that of London, at Farnham, on the edge of Surrey and Hampshire, from which the whole of the Export trade of the West found its way to the ports. The Corn Law of William III. worked admirably; it gave a bounty[2] on export when crops were good, and prohibited export when they were bad. For the first half of the Eighteenth Century the average price was about 35*s.* a quarter; in very bad years import was allowed, but before 1750 was seldom

[1] This at least is the evidence as yet discovered by my friend the Rev. A. H. Johnson of All Souls College, who is now making a careful study of this particular subject, and who has given me invaluable help with the present chapter.

[2] A bounty is defined by Dr. Murray as 'a sum of money paid to merchants or manufacturers for the encouragement of some particular branch of industry.'

needed. In 1773, when the 'pressure of population upon subsistence' was beginning to be felt, the bounty was dropped when corn was over 44*s*., and import was allowed at a duty of sixpence per quarter when it was over 48*s*. This again was amended in 1791, when the scales both for lawful export and import were somewhat raised. But, in the eighteen intervening years, we had almost ceased to export, and were beginning to import on a steady if small scale; the last excess of export over import was in '92.[1]

Undoubtedly the object of these laws was to keep the price of corn steady and also to keep the home market for the home producer. Undoubtedly, too, this was then a prudent policy. But, as population began to outrun the food that, by any possible extension or improvement of cultivation, England could raise, it was a policy that could not be pursued for ever; and it was, perhaps, pursued too long (till 1846). In the last five years of the old century wheat averaged 80*s*. a quarter, and the highest price of all, 122*s*., was reached in 1812. All along, the import was insignificant—an annual average, from 1801–15, of little over half a million quarters of corn. Finally the law of 1815 actually fixed 80*s*. as the lowest price at which import should be allowed. This was wicked and absurd; it was a deliberate attempt to keep up, in the interest of landlords and farmers, the prices which had been current during the war. But it was equally wicked and absurd to abolish the duty on import altogether, as was done, to the utter ruin of British agriculture, in the Nineteenth Century.

[1] 1808 is an apparent exception, accounted for by the necessity of forming magazines of corn for our Army in Portugal and Spain.

It must never be forgotten that import was very difficult; before 1815 very few countries had any corn to spare.[1] In bad years, during the war, the Government actually offered bounties to any one who would import grain and even rice. Meanwhile after 1760 every effort was bent to the improvement of the existing soil of Great Britain and Ireland, and with such effect that in England and Wales alone, whose total acreage is thirty-seven millions, over five million fresh acres were brought into cultivation before the close of the Great War. From the beginning of the Eighteenth Century improvements in Agriculture had been steady; and enclosures of the 'open fields,' in which, perhaps, half England still lay, went on apace.[2] Between 1760 and 1840 it has been stated that over seven millions of acres were enclosed, and a great General Enclosure Act of 1801 marked the high tide of the policy. Remember that enclosures involved, as in the Sixteenth Century, not merely the throwing into large connected parcels the land that had lain, since the days of the earliest Saxon ploughboys, in innumerable little narrow strips, cultivated by villagers, but also the abolition of all the old grazing rights over these open fields, which the said villagers had enjoyed after harvest from time immemorial. For the loss of these rights compensation had, of course,

[1] It was only after the development of America and Canada, and the contemporary development of Steam-transit, that any European country could import corn upon a serious scale.

[2] Not all enclosures were made for the purpose of corn-growing; until the middle of the century, and even after, much newly enclosed land was devoted to pasture. A Report on Enclosures states that in 1802 even less land was under arable cultivation than in 1760; all other statistics, however, point in the other direction.

to be paid, but was extraordinarily difficult to assess. Enclosure involved also the setting up of fences and hedges, and so was a very costly process. Only rich men could afford to undertake it, and only enlightened men would do so.

But landowning was the foundation of political power, and was becoming more so every day. 'New' men were on the watch to snap up old acres, and so enclosures and large farms became the rule because, under the new conditions, only large farms would pay. In my two earlier volumes I have repeatedly pointed out how uneconomical was the old system of cultivation, how backward and blind to all improvements was the old race of peasant cultivators, whether copyholders or freeholders. Arthur Young, the prophet of the coming era, is never weary of saying how hard the small freeholder had to work, how wretchedly he lived; he had better 'go' and make room for a race of men who would produce enough to feed the growing population of Britain. Young became Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, a new creation of Pitt's, in 1793, and lived to see the complete triumph of his principles in an England of enterprising landlords and large capitalist farmers, but also of increasingly discontented agricultural labourers.

But the processes of improvement and enclosure had been going on long before Young was born. Defoe tells us of the fields in the Eastern Counties, which were fertilized by lime and marl dug from the Kentish shore of the Thames and shipped across to Essex. Not only the ever-memorable turnip, to which other root crops were soon added, but also clover and artificial grasses had been introduced, on all soundly worked farms, long before 1750, and we must always remember

that all these not only fed cattle and sheep, but also formed the best substitute for fallow. Under the pressure of competition new methods and new instruments for sowing, ploughing, winnowing and thrashing were continually coming in. Finally the returns reached, by this improved agricultural system *plus* the improved means of communication in better roads and in the great network of canals (which before 1815 covered the whole face of the country), were out of all proportion to the capital employed in the job.

Yet, great as was this increase, it was still not enough to keep pace with the increase of the mouths crying out for food. This brings us to consider the development of Manufactures, a development wholly due to the application of new machinery to old trades. The real start in the Industrial Revolution on this side comes when it is discovered that you can use raw pit-coal on a serious scale for the smelting of iron. No actual date or place for this discovery is fixable; not more places have claimed to have given birth to Homer than to the new iron trade. Some will sing of the ingenious Dud Dudley in the reign of James I., some of Abraham Darby and Anthony Bacon in that of George II.; South Wales, Coalbrookdale in Shropshire and Carron in Scotland have all fair claims. The earliest experimentalists seem to have set to work owing to the increasing denudation of the oak woods for the iron-foundries; and their first experiments went in the direction of making coke from coal, in place of making charcoal from wood. This was a fearfully extravagant process; raw coal is the real weapon, although, even now, it takes about four tons of raw coal to smelt one ton of iron. But it is clear that the 'Revolution' was not in full swing till

you could apply to your foundry a really powerful blast by means of Steam.

And who invented Steam? Here again the claimants are legion. Mr. Newcomen, an ironmonger of Dartmouth, was building 'steam engines'—stationary ones, of course—which would raise water out of mines more quickly than horse pumps, before the death of George I. One of these engines came for repair into the hands of James Watt, an ingenious Scottish mechanic, about 1763. He, ten years later, entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton of Birmingham, and by 1784–5 these men were building steam engines which would work iron furnaces with a blast a hundred-fold more powerful than any previously known; a blast with which you could 'puddle and roll pigs' (of iron; I do not profess to understand the process) at an amazing rate, and which soon enabled you to do with the most useful of all metals almost anything which you pleased. An iron bridge had been built over Severn in '79; in '90 the first hideous iron ship was launched. The output of iron, which in 1740 had been a mere 17,000 tons a year, was 250,000 by the end of the century. And every one was crying out for more coals and more steam.

See how discovery in one trade reacts on every other trade. Improved coal-mining at once came in. As late as 1795 over forty per cent. of the coal in a mine used to be left in the shape of pillars to prop up the roof; fifteen years after, superior construction enabled you to take eighty to ninety per cent. upstairs, and in 1815 Sir Humphry Davy invented the miner's 'safety lamp' to prevent explosions of gas; at that date Newcastle was shipping almost two million tons a year, and other coalfields, especially those of South Wales, Durham and

Cumberland (all of them well known to Defoe) had increased their output in proportion. Not only coal-mining but all other mining benefited by these discoveries. Even of the rare metal, copper, the British production doubled in the forty years before 1815; the sheathing of vessels with copper, to prevent fouling, began about 1760 and was universal in the Navy before the Great War. In every trade it was the same story. The Potteries of Staffordshire, thanks to the ingenious Mr. Wedgwood, even managed to preserve and increase beauty of form and design as well as to increase their output a good fifty-fold. Lady Shelburne saw in 1785, at Birmingham, 'gun making to a prodigious extent for exportation; they send above 150,000 guns every year to the coast of Africa' (in exchange for slaves?), 'some of which are there sold for 5*s.* 6*d.* apiece; but, what is shocking to humanity, above half of them, from the manner they are finished, are sure to burst in the first hand that fires them.' Alas! these Brummagem wares!

But, above all, it was the two great textile trades, woollen and cotton, that felt the change most. We have glanced at the processes of spinning and weaving in Defoe's time, and we have seen how that writer considered that the woollen trade was still the mainstay of English manufacture. For almost fifty years after his time its supremacy, often challenged by its younger rival, remained unshaken, although the output was seriously handicapped by the fact that weavers could weave ten times as fast as spinners could spin. Mr. Bakewell, towards the end of the century, introduced such improvements in the breeding of sheep that the weight of both carcase and fleece was, in 1800, nearly double what it had been a hundred years before. The estimated

number of these peaceable creatures was then just double that of the species *homo sapiens*, as recorded by the first Census of England, namely nineteen millions, and the average weight of a fleece was 5 lb. Meanwhile, by a series of inventions such as a 'flying shuttle,' 1733, a 'spinning-jenny,' 1764, a 'mule,' 1779, a 'power loom,' 1785, machinery began to be applied both to the spinning and weaving processes, and was at first worked by water power. From about 1789 it was by steam, and the results were immediate and enormous.

If, however, the old and native Woollen manufacture developed at a great rate, the much newer Cotton manufacture soon utterly outdid it. We hear of 'cotton goods' produced at Bolton, Lancashire, as early as Henry VIII.'s reign, although some people think this to have been only a wrong name for a particular kind of woollen cloth. Cotton is a vegetable product growing on bushes in hot countries, and the Levant Company certainly imported small quantities from Turkey to Manchester before the Civil War. Ready-woven cotton goods were also brought, all through the Seventeenth Century, by the East India Company from India. In 1719 the London woollen-weavers rioted and pulled the new 'Calico' (or Calicut) gowns off the ladies' backs in the streets. Parliament yielded to the outcry of these 'unemployed' in a fashion more suggestive of the Twentieth than of the sober Eighteenth Century, and passed Acts prohibiting the wearing of cottons and calicoes, but, sixteen years later, allowed such goods to be made or imported, provided that in the weaving process they were mixed with linen. Not till 1774 were pure cotton goods lawful product or import. This was just in time for the application of the new processes to

the manufacture. Then Manchester stepped forth, and in twenty years was all a-clang with roaring looms. Raw cotton to feed these greedy monsters was brought from India, from the Levant, above all from the Southern States of North America. Like all trades dependent for their raw material on foreign countries, that of cotton was subject to great fluctuations, and liable to 'famines' in time of war; hence the operatives or 'hands' have always been a turbulent race, given to strikes and riots. But, cotton being a cheaper form of clothing than woollen, the demand for 'Manchester goods' soon exceeded that for any other British produce; as for the figures of yards of cotton, 'printed' or unprinted, produced in 1815, I am quite afraid to put them down; the mere export had reached the annual value of seventeen million pounds sterling, while that of our woollen goods was estimated as worth nine millions.

The output of both was, in fact, limited by but three things: (*a*) the quantity of raw material obtainable, (*b*) the extent of the market, and (*c*) the number of hands available. At the date of the Peace, the markets of the whole World were reopened to us and we had as yet no serious competitors, while, as for 'hands,' those employed in the cotton manufacture had doubled since 1800, and their wages had risen ten per cent. But their condition was by no means ideal. In the first place they were now collected in factories, huge gaunt sheds, noisy, draughty, cold or stuffy (often both), full of dust from the looms; they worked for cruelly long, if regular hours; men, women and alas! children of the tenderest years worked; overseers were often brutal, though there is no reason to suppose them more brutal than farm bailiffs or any other supervisors of hand labour.

The concentration in towns and the factory system were necessities, for of course a steam-machine able to move a hundred spindles can't get inside a country cottage, and before we condemn it wholesale we must remember that the pallid cottage-weaver would often have to sit at his loom, in a far stuffier place, for fourteen or fifteen hours to earn half what the 'hand' earned in a factory in twelve. The greatest of the cotton manufacturers, the first Sir Robert Peel, was also the author of the first 'Factory Act' of 1802, which provided at least that these workshops should be 'inspected' by Government agents, and that the children employed should have some modicum of schooling; it also forbade night work and regulated the lawful hours of labour. But much still remained to be done, and there was no other Act to protect the operatives until 1833. However much we may deplore and detest, as we should, *all* governmental interference with free contract, no one could refuse assent to the general policy of Acts designed, in the interests of the future of the race, to restrict and ultimately abolish the labour of children, and to prohibit women from working at trades unsuited to them. Men of course ought to be able to look out for themselves.

It cannot be denied that the new conditions of life have carried forward to the account of the future a rather gloomy debit. The number of persons in 1700 engaged in sedentary and indoor industries, whether in villages or towns, had been small compared to the number employed out of doors; in 1815 the proportions were almost reversed; town had beaten country. Defoe could say in 1724, "Our men are the stoutest and best; if you strip a given number of Englishmen, give them

no weapons and lock them in a room with the like number of men from other countries, they shall beat the best men you shall find in the world." In 1815 he would have had to except the stunted, narrow-chested factory operatives from this generalization. And with the physique of these men, their intelligence also inevitably diminished. The intelligence required from the average rustic labourer is, in comparison with that required from a factory hand, very great; a comparison of their respective moral qualities will be found equally unfavourable to the town-dweller. Crime, disease, discontent and Radicalism, though far from rare in villages, are the natural children of great cities.

The country, however, had, in the Eighteenth Century, its own grievances, among which not the least was the extreme difficulty of finding cottages to live in; an old law of the Sixteenth, originally enacted in the interest of the villagers, to the effect that no cottage should be built with less than four acres of ground attached to it, remained unrepealed till 1775, and often operated against the proper housing of the poor. The Laws of Settlement annexed to the Poor Law tended in the same direction. Adam Smith points out how the Act of 1662 and subsequent amending Acts had enabled the Overseers of the Poor to eject from a parish all persons not legally 'settled' or born in it, lest at any time they should 'come upon the rates'; and of the worst of these Acts, not repealed till 1795, he says it put it in the power of the Overseers to imprison a man, as it were, for life in the place of his birth. Hence, though wages may be 16*s.* a week in Lancashire, where every one is squealing for more hands, they are apt to remain 7*s.* in Dorset. And, whether it were gin-drinking, as Defoe thought, or

tea-drinking, as Arthur Young thought, or the growth of Enclosures, as Mr. Eden in his 'State of the Poor' thought, wages kept lagging, lagging behind prices.

On the whole, till 1750 there had been no serious increase of poverty or rise in Poor Rate; a wise Act of George I. had allowed parishes to combine and build workhouses, and to refuse relief to persons who refused to enter them. But Gilbert's Act of 1782, passed during the mistaken wave of 'humanity,' which at that date affected other countries besides France, allowed this Act to be relaxed, and 'work' to be provided at their own houses even for able-bodied unemployed; thereupon tender-hearted Justices of the Peace resolved in many cases to grant 'relief in aid of wages,' where wages were too low, to men who were in actual work, and to grant it in proportion to the size of their families. An 'eighteen-penny child' was a common phrase, and was actually regarded as a good investment of capital. Pitt's own ideas upon the subject were most extraordinary and most 'uneconomic'; fixing his eyes only on the demand for soldiers and sailors for his wars, and being himself a bachelor, he thought that a labourer and his wife who had produced twelve children ought to be kept by a grateful country (not by their grateful children) for the rest of their natural lives.

Now the British farmer knows his own business, and, if gentlemen are ready to pay a proportion of his labourers' wages out of the Rates, he will naturally not raise those wages, and he did not. In this state of things free contract and fair wages both went to the winds, and the Poor Rate increased by leaps and bounds till, at the end of our period, it had reached seven millions per annum. In the country districts this rate

fell wholly on landowners, and if their rents had not been increasing, owing to the increase in the price of corn, they could not have borne it at all. Probably nothing contributed so much to the depression and ultimate disappearance of the small yeomen landowners as the rise in the Poor Rate. The whole thing, in fact, became a vicious circle; the high price of corn starves the labourer who reaps it; he asks the farmer for more wages; but the landlord has just asked the farmer for more rent; so the farmer refuses the labourer; the labourer at once comes on the rates; and the rates would crush the landowner were it not for the extra rent just paid by the farmer. So when wages in every other trade were steadily increasing, those in the noblest of all trades did not increase proportionally.

In other industries we may take it that, by 1815, wages were equal to meeting all prices except that of corn; in all manufactures the demand for operative hands had become so great, that, if corn had been steady, even at the highest conceivable price, they would have quickly met even that price; but of course no one knew when a year of splendid harvest might not suddenly halve that price. And so wages remained a perpetual source of friction between masters and men. As for trade unions, combinations, strikes and the like, there was nothing new in them; certain mediæval Acts are supposed to have prohibited them, but when we read that one trade union, that of the frame-knitters, actually petitioned Parliament in 1778, these Acts cannot have been very operative. The really operative Acts directed against various trade unions date mainly from George III.'s reign, and do equally prohibit 'rings' of masters; the strongest are those of 1799 and 1800.

A far more dangerous symptom, however, than strikes was the series of riots against the introduction of the new machinery; these were going on practically in every town in which such machinery was introduced. Nearly all the first inventors had to weep bitter tears over broken looms. It was very natural; the hand-loom weaver heard, saw and smelt the great oil-fed, steam-driven, whirring, hissing monster that was going to take the bread from his mouth, and he broke it whenever he could. So did the Highland boatmen, God bless them, to the first steamer that ever defiled Loch Katrine, in whose unplumbed depths she lieth unto this day. So would Mr. Weller, senior, have done to a railway engine if he had been strong enough to hurt it. In 1811–12, so dangerous were the 'frame-breakers' in Nottingham, under the banner of a perhaps wholly imaginary person called Ludd, that seven Militia regiments were required to maintain the peace. 'French principles' were appealed to by these rioters, and, during the struggle for bread, patriotism went to the wall:—

> As the Liberty lads over sea
> Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
> So we, boys, we
> Will die fighting or live free
> And down with all Kings but King Ludd!

(No, this was not written by Mr. Ludd, whoever he was, or by the ghost of Tom Paine, but by Lord Byron—from the luxurious safety of his self-exile on the Lake of Geneva—and after the riots were over.)

Of minor textile trades, that of linen, mainly centred in the North of Ireland and the South of Scotland, also accepted and profited by machine-processes, but nothing like to the same extent as cotton and woollen; while

the silk trade, though carefully and even extravagantly nursed by parliamentary protection, was never more than an exotic with us, although the finest silk dresses in the World were still woven on the hand-looms of East London, dresses which our great-grandmothers bequeathed to our grandmothers, and which were so stiff that they would stand up without a grandmother inside them. Rope-making, equally with linen dependent on the cultivation of flax, or on the importation of hemp from Russia and elsewhere, made comparatively little progress, and it is certainly strange that no attempt was made to cultivate hemp for ship-cables, although during the war its price went up six-fold.

Finally, the total value of the exports of Great Britain, which in 1791 had been only sixteen millions, may at the close of the war be reckoned at fifty millions sterling; and for these the customers may be placed in the following order: the United States, Northern European countries, Canada and West Indies, Southern European countries, Asiatic countries, South America. In the last ten years the tonnage of our merchant shipping had trebled, the revenue of our Post Office had doubled, and all this in spite of the fact that since 1792 the interest on our Debt had more than trebled, and our expenditure had increased five-and-a-half-fold; in spite also of the fact that the medium of exchange was, since 1797, mainly in the form of £1, £2 and £5 notes, which were not convertible into gold, and which were therefore seriously, though never dangerously, depreciated.[1] And so we

[1] Hardly any silver was coined at the Mint during the last fifteen years of the period, and only twice did the annual coinage of gold reach half a million sterling. 'Bank tokens,' as they were called, *i.e.* old or foreign coins with a bank-stamp on them, as

say that it was this wonderful increase of riches that enabled us to beat Napoleon. Indeed it is supposed to be a truism that our victory was owing more to Watt and Arkwright (the inventor of I forget which wonderful machine) than to Nelson and Wellington. Was it indeed so, or was it rather due to Defoe's 'stoutest and best men in the world,' trained and led by those consummate captains? Even to-day I think much is to be said for Sir Francis Doyle's view:—

> Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
> Vain those all-shattering guns,
> Unless proud England keep untamed
> The strong heart of her sons!

The activity of Britons in the Eighteenth Century was by no means wholly confined to the making haste to be rich. Alike in exploration, in literature, both poetry and prose, in painting, in religious reform, the reign of George III. has fair claim to be called a Golden Age. All these things properly belong to 'History,' but it would be, I think, a mistake for me to dwell long upon any of them.

Explorers, as a rule, are, like inventors and like St. Paul, 'poor yet making many rich,' although Lord Anson, who took a galleon worth half a million, is an exception to this rule. His name, with those of Byron, Carteret and Wallis, are all worthy of record among English navigators, and their voyages to the 'South Seas' form a link between those of Dampier and those

low as 1*s.* 6*d.*, did most of the small work. 'Tradesmen's tokens' of leather or base metal, or scores kept on 'tally sticks,' were the good wife's principal 'housekeeping money.' Remember that anything is money which does money's work.

of the greatest of all explorers,[1] Captain Cook. Anson's main object, in his great four years' voyage round the World, 1740–4, was not so much discovery as the crippling of the Spaniard in the Pacific, and in this he displayed an energy and skill worthy of Drake himself. Byron, 1764, sailed the same voyage in the 'record' time of twenty-two months, but strangely enough missed making any serious additions to geographical knowledge. Carteret started two years later than Byron, and added to the map a great many islands in the Southern Pacific. Wallis discovered Otaheite in '69.

James Cook we have met before as the pilot of Saunders' ships past the French guns at Quebec. He was already famous as a marine surveyor when he was chosen by the Admiralty in 1768 to take some distinguished men of science out to Otaheite for the purpose of an astronomical observation. On his return voyage Cook's *Endeavour* was the first ship to sail round New Zealand (to which the name had been given in 1642 by the Dutchman, Tasman), the first to discover the Eastern coast of Australia and to separate that island-continent from New Guinea. After barely a year in England, Cook started again with the *Resolution* and the *Adventure* on a voyage of discovery pure and simple; they sailed to the Cape and from the Cape Southwards, with the intention of verifying the legend of a great Antarctic Continent. During a three years' voyage, the *Resolution*, early separated from her consort, skirted the Southern ice almost round the World and back again, and, finding only a few detached islands, succeeded in destroying the legend she had gone to verify. Again came a year ashore, and in '76 Cook,

[1] Perhaps one ought to except Magellan.

in the same good ship, together with the *Discovery*, Captain Clarke, was off to the other Pole to attempt to solve the problem of the 'North-West Passage,' for the opening of which, in the reign of George II., Parliament had offered a reward of £20,000. Cook decided to make his venture from the Pacific side, and therefore started *via* the Cape, and explored once more the latitudes, which he had already made famous, of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. On his Northward journey he discovered the Sandwich Islands, with whose natives he so ingratiated himself as to be almost worshipped. Thence he struck across to California, visited Nootka Sound (now Vancouver), and found the Northern ice in Behring's Sea. There he met Russian sailors, but the 'White Gate' remained obstinately closed. The *Resolution* returned to winter at the Sandwich Isles, and there Cook fell a victim to an accidental outburst of native rage, provoked by some severity exercised by his men against the islanders, who could not be restrained from stealing iron tools (February, 1779).

The addition, in the brief space of eleven years, of a quarter of the globe to the Map of the World, the addition of a new Continent and of numerous Islands to the British Empire, which we owe to this modest and lovable sailor, were perhaps lesser gifts than his victory over the scurvy, the disease which, until his time, had habitually reduced crews on long voyages below two-thirds of their original strength. Cook discovered the use of limejuice, a powerful alkali, which alone is capable of combating the effects of a long-continued diet of salt meat; henceforth a ship might often sail round the World and return with all hands in good health. An immediate result of his voyages

was that the Government of Britain established at Botany Bay, in 'New South Wales,' a penal settlement for persons who had, in spite of our not very mild criminal laws, escaped the gallows. Sydney, the future Capital of the Colony, was at first called 'Port Jackson,' and the first shipload of convicts was despatched thither in '87 and landed in '88 :—

> True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good.

Since we had lost our American Colonies, whither we used to send criminals as 'indentured servants'—a euphemism for temporary slavery—it had been a problem what to do with such persons; in '76 the experiment of building 'galleys' for convicts had been tried, but was not successful; henceforward they were shipped off to Australia. Whether or not it was a wise experiment, it was certainly a merciful one; after a greater or lesser period the convicts of both sexes out there regained their freedom, and in twenty years were sufficiently advanced to need a schoolmistress for their children, who was surprised to find on her arrival that tea in Australia cost 30*s.* a pound, brown sugar 6*s.* and butter 7*s.*

Another Colony of a somewhat different origin, Sierra Leone on the West coast of Africa, was founded as a refuge for freed slaves. Ever since Lord Mansfield in 1772 had declared, in the case of James Somerset, that no man can be a slave on British soil, the 'Negro Question' had been agitating men's minds, and we have seen in another chapter what strenuous efforts had been put forward by Wilberforce, Pitt and others for the abolition of the Slave Trade, with a view to the ultimate

abolition of Slavery. The occupation of the Falkland Islands in 1764, and of Nootka Sound in 1789, though of less commercial effect than the above discoveries, were daring strokes of seamanship and policy, inasmuch as they were both overt challenges to the effete claims of Spain in South Atlantic and Pacific waters; each of these challenges would have led to war if France at the moment would have supported Spain. As regards exploration on the African Continent, we must not forget James Bruce, the discoverer in 1770 of the Blue Nile, and Mungo Park, who was killed during his second journey in the region of the Niger in 1806. *Sic vos non vobis;* in all this roll of heroes, Anson was almost the only one who made his fortune.

When one turns to the literary side of Eighteenth Century history, such a book as mine can give little more than a catalogue of names, which, like the 'fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus' of the Æneid, is apt to become wearisome. Until about the middle of the period the tradition of 'classicism' in poetry is unbroken, or broken only by the exquisite, if slightly unreal Elegiacs and Odes of Gray. The giants of the so-called 'Augustan' Age of Anne are still alive; Pope, until his death in 1744, wears the laurel of Dryden, and thinks that he wields his mighty sceptre. Perfect mastery of form, fancy exquisite within limits deliberately chosen, fail to atone for the narrowness of these limits, for the lack of spiritual fire and the unreality of the whole thing; in weaker hands than Pope's 'the heroic couplet' becomes infinitely tiresome. Yet, say what you will and laugh as you will at Pope's ignorance of Greek, his 'Iliad' is a grand poem and ought to be in the hands of every boy of ten as an admirable pre-

paration for the magic of the original. His heroes are not quite Homer's heroes and they wear too much evening dress, but they are heroes all the same. Of prose writers, Swift lived, increasing in *sæva indignatio*, till 1745. Addison handed on the torch of classicism to Johnson. Defoe indeed, *sui generis* as a writer on Economics, is also *sui generis*, with his 'Robinson Crusoe,' published in 1719, as the pioneer of realistic fiction. Among the mighty gods of learning, Bentley, a scholar almost as great in sacred as in classical research, lived till 1742 and was the scholastic father of Porson, who died in 1808. Of Butler and Berkeley, the champions of learned Christianity against Deism, we have already heard something in a former chapter. On the other side you have Bolingbroke, who took up with false philosophy when he was tired of playing with false politics—"a scoundrel and a coward, sir," as good old Johnson said, "a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality, and a coward because he had no resolution to fire it off in his lifetime, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scot [Mallet] to draw the trigger after his death."

The supremacy of Dr. Johnson as the Dictator of literary taste dates not from his earlier work—he had been writing since 1738, at first in Mr. Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was started in 1731—but from the publication of his 'Dictionary' in 1755. His most perfect production is the little story of 'Rasselas,' which was published in the last year of George II.; his 'Lives of the Poets' were begun, in his old age, 1775. Before his death in '84, the great work of Fielding and Smollett, the earliest of true English novelists, had been done; Sterne had puzzled and delighted the world with 'Tris-

tram Shandy,' 1760; Percy, in his 'Reliques of English Poetry,' had begun to rescue our old ballads from oblivion, 1765; Goldsmith had written the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 1766, and the greatest comedy since Shakespeare, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 1773; Hume had challenged the Whig Legend in his 'History of England'; Lord Hervey had depicted the life of the Court in his Memoirs, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her immortal Letters; Horace Walpole went on writing his Letters till the close of his long life in 1797, but he too is essentially of the Johnsonian period.

It was good for that period to have a Dictator, and thrice fortunate that such a person was found in gallant old Samuel. Nothing that was unlovely or of evil report, nothing that was pinchbeck or sham in the literary world, ever found favour with his pure, intrepid and clear-sighted judgment. He was a stalwart champion of what he liked, and a good hater of what he hated; he loved to knock down the idols of market-places—what a drubbing he would be for giving some of ours to-day! how he would have flagellated 'Headmasters in Conference,' who wish to substitute chewed pap for Greek as the basis of education! That his own diction was, especially in his earlier work, both turgid and classical to a somewhat absurd degree is a small point; it was as a critic, not as a writer that he was super-excellent. The earlier period of his life has sometimes been called the 'Grub Street Age,' and authors have been represented as the contemptible panegyrists of vulgar noblemen and the starved hirelings of tyrannous publishers. One of the few really sound modern critics, Mr. Saintsbury, has effectually disposed of this legend, by proving that nearly all the great writers were very

reasonably paid by the booksellers who produced their works, better paid indeed than any writers except the idols of the market-place are to-day. The first Copyright Act, dating from Queen Anne, had already made 'literary property' a reality for a definite number of years after the publication of a book.

The year after Johnson died the germ of a new literary movement began with the publication of Cowper's 'Task,' 1785. If we seek to analyse the origin and essence of the so-called 'Romantic Movement' in poetry and prose, it is necessary first to realize that the decade preceding the French Revolution saw a vague yearning for a return to a more natural mode of life than the Age of Wigs had allowed. Dress was becoming simpler, hair-powder was being discarded, the humble umbrella was replacing the sword as the companion of a gentleman. A reaction towards country pursuits and country life began; the beautiful 'formal' garden of the Seventeenth Century gave way to the taste for wildernesses and romantic scenery; people even built sham ruins in their grounds to give a mediæval air to them. Ladies nursed their own babies and played at living in cottages; men believed that the World was going to get better all round; it had become fashionable to weep over real sorrows as well as over fictitious ones. Much of this was only an affectation in a direction opposite to the affectations of early Georgian days; but there was in it also a desire to see the realities of life. Burns was indeed little read South of the Border, but if ever a man showed in poetry the naked realities of life it was Burns, whose first volume was published at Kilmarnock in 1786. Blake's 'Songs of Innocence,' 1789, carried the movement a step farther, both in pathos and bathos; but the

truest heralds of the new era were Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose 'Lyrical Ballads' were published in 1798. There was indeed bathos in the new movement; the author of the 'Intimations of Immortality' was also the author of 'Peter Bell':—

> Two voices are there—one is of the Deep;
> . . . . . .
> The other is an old half-witted sheep,
> . . . . . .
> And, Wordsworth, both are thine.

Scott struck another note on the same instrument with his 'Lay,' 1805, 'Marmion,' 1808, 'Lady of the Lake,' 1810. Byron's true fame dates from after the Peace, but most of Shelley's best work had been done before it.

In prose Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' finished in 1788, marks the close of the Classical and stately period, while Burke to a certain extent inaugurates the new age. Burke could play upon the English language like a consummate musician on a perfect organ; he tells us himself that he had based his style no less on the great writers and pulpit orators of the Seventeenth Century than on Greek and Roman models. But he can also be exquisitely familiar, and, while in his speeches he was a constant offender against good taste, he is never so in his writings. The period closes with the inauguration in 1802 of the 'Edinburgh Review,' soon to be followed by the 'Quarterly'; and a reviewer, being a person who before all things must be lucid, studies to present to his readers plain facts in plain language. As poetry, then, becomes more romantic, prose becomes more practical, and both suit themselves to the temper of the times.

In painting, also, the reign of George III. is the zenith

of English Art. Before that date there had been only one great English painter, Hogarth, who sacrificed the beauty, which he could so well have delineated, to his immense power of satire and tragedy. As a composer on canvas probably no one was ever so great as Hogarth, who was perhaps at his best in the year 1745. Reynolds, after a visit to Italy, settled finally in London in 1753, and became the first President of the Royal Academy of Arts, founded in 1768; Gainsborough, his junior by four years, did not finally settle in London till '74, and died in '88; Sir Joshua lived till '92. Romney outlived them both, dying in 1802. The two former alone are enough to have made the British school of portrait-painting famous for all time, and Gainsborough was also the first great painter of English landscape. Constable had already begun to study what his biographer calls the 'natural history of the skies,' and had learned that 'light and shadow never stand still'; but he had to wait for success till 1814. Turner, though elected an Academician in 1802 and already recognized as a great landscape painter, only developed his 'own style' after 1820.

It is impossible to conclude any general review of Eighteenth Century history without particular mention of the work of John and Charles Wesley, and yet theirs is work upon which it is all but impossible for us to pass a fair judgment. The fairest is, in fact, that of Robert Southey, whose 'Life of John Wesley,' 1820, is one of the most perfect biographies in the English language. John and Charles, two sons of the Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, and of old Puritan descent, were ordained respectively in 1725 and 1735. At Oxford their great personal piety, to which in John's case was added deep classical and theological learning, gathered round them a little

knot of followers devoted to private prayer and good works, such as visiting the prisoners in the gaol. The nickname of 'Methodists,' speedily applied to them by the baser sort of undergraduate, was not a new one; it had been used for a Puritan sect in 1657. Soon they gloried in the name. Their best-known follower was George Whitefield, who came to Oxford in '28. An overwhelming sense of the sin in which the World was sunk was their common characteristic, and John's first remedy for this was an excessive devotion to the ceremonial, Sacraments and fasts of the Church; indeed there remained in him to the end, both for good and evil, much of the temper of the mystics and also of the later High Churchmen.

But soon all this seemed to him to be hopeless as a groundwork of appeal to the ignorant and the very sinful, and it is the true merit of himself and his followers that it was to the ignorant and the very sinful that their warnings were addressed. Pure 'Bible Christianity,' as they understood it, seemed to them the only way to save souls. But what they understood by pure Bible Christianity was not so much the Sermon on the Mount as the doctrine of instantaneous conversion:—"Believe and thou shalt be saved!' The Wesleyan preachers held that all that was necessary was, first an overwhelming sense of sin, and then, and this too often hysterically, a sudden assurance of pardon and of reunion of the sinner with Christ. No man can probe the heart of another, and Wesley, who was intensely credulous,[1]

[1] He was probably the last educated believer in Witchcraft, and 'possession' by Devils; he constantly used 'Sortes Biblicæ,' opening the Bible and putting his finger on a text at random, in order to decide his course on some particular emergency.

too often accepted as signs of conversion among his hearers horrible outbursts of hysterical passion and actual or simulated physical convulsions. If he, a gentleman and a scholar, could tolerate and even rejoice in such manifestations, how infinitely more dangerous these must have been when they were evoked by the ranting of some lay preacher, the height of whose enthusiasm was only equalled by the depth of his ignorance. We have seen similar 'evangelistic' movements in our own days, productive of little but temporary and unhealthy spiritual excitement. When the 'evangelist' hurries round the heated room at the conclusion of his sermon, asking each individual, "Are you saved?" it is not every one who has the wit and prudence to reply, as a friend of mine once did, "I belong to the Church of England."

No doubt there were many parts of the country in which the Church was neglecting its duties, and Wesley had at first only intended to supplement its ministrations, for he always professed and no doubt felt the greatest horror of Schism. But one step led on to another—open-air preaching, in cases where the clergy would not lend their pulpits, led to itinerary preaching, itinerary preaching to lay preaching, and lay preaching to lay ordination. Organization in 'bands' and 'classes,' and a yearly 'Conference' followed as a matter of course; and 'class-leaders,' who were to hold weekly visitations and enquiries into the spiritual condition of their classes, readily developed into an inquisitorial Confessional, often an exceedingly base and immoral one. The Conferences were occasionally stormy proceedings, but Wesley's immense social and intellectual superiority, and his perfect sincerity and disinterestedness, always enabled

him to triumph over those who opposed him. He had the autocratic temper and will of a mediæval Pope, and did not hesitate to excommunicate those who dissented, although he was quite ready to forgive and to receive back into the fold any one who bowed to that will. As he rejected with horror the extreme Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, he was obliged to see the secession of at least one-third of his original followers with George Whitefield as their Apostle; these form to-day the Calvinistic Methodists or 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion.'

When, in 1791, Wesley died at the age of eighty-eight, there were in his own 'Connexion' seventy-two 'circuits' in England, three in Wales and seven in Scotland, and the principle of all, since abandoned, was a frequent interchange of preachers. It was natural that Methodism should flourish most in cities. Wesley himself despised the country people, and preached to them much less often than to town congregations. The good man had travelled on horseback nearly a hundred thousand miles over the whole face of the country, and had in early days visited the new American colony of Georgia; America was indeed a splendid field for evangelization, as the Church of England before the rebellion was but poorly represented there, and after the rebellion was, of course, disestablished. Methodism and Methodistic principles of religion are to this day stronger in America than in Britain; in the United Kingdom they are stronger in Wales than elsewhere, but they are strongest of all among the negroes of the United States and the West Indies.

It was for the American congregations that, in 1784, John Wesley first took the weighty step of or-

daining ministers, and thereby definitely became a Schismatic. Charles was bitterly grieved at this step, which he would fain have prevented; less credulous, less buoyant-spirited than his brother, he had always till now exercised a restraining influence over him. We cannot fail to see that it was the many-sidedness of John's character that continually led him farther along than he had originally intended to go; he was seldom for long in agreement with any one, and least of all with his own recent positions. Ambition in the vulgar sense he had none, but power came to him unsought and he was brave enough not to shun the responsibility of exercising it. In one respect we must condemn him utterly. No judgment can be too harsh on a man who wrote that parents ought 'to break their children's wills betimes, to begin this work before they can run alone, before they can speak plain, perhaps before they can speak at all. . . . Let a child from a year old be taught to fear the rod and to cry softly; from that age make him do as he is bid if you whip him ten times running to effect it.' He founded a school once, and allowed no play of any kind and no play hours in it!

Although the older Dissenting Communities, such as the fast-dwindling English Presbyterians, the Independents, and the still powerful sect of Quakers, would have nothing to say to Wesley, there were many links between the Methodists and the later 'Evangelical School' within the Church of England, of which Wilberforce is the best representative. Between them, however, lay the gulf of Calvinism; Cowper's poetry is largely tinged with this religion, and his Letters, otherwise so charming, most painfully so; but his poetry got listeners for the Evangelical school of thought which no

sermons could have obtained. The simple and stern, if rather frigid and narrow piety of George III. was in itself not without points of contact with that of the Evangelicals; at least he had prohibited the public gambling at Court which had been such a scandal since the Restoration. The Church Missionary Society, founded in 1799, the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1802, the growth of Sunday Schools from 1791, were all manifestations of the same excellent spirit; and all to some extent were leavened by the 'enthusiasm' of the Methodists.

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CHAPTER V

ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ ΝΙΚΩΜΕΝ

You sometimes see it stated that Trafalgar rather than Waterloo was the decisive battle of the Great War, and that the French dominion of the Continent was bound to give way sooner or later to the British dominion of the Sea. There is, no doubt, some truth in such a view; but, apart from the fact that defence alone will not lead to victory, unless backed up by offensive strokes, it remains for us to ask whether France could ever have regained the control of the sea. And the answer is that Napoleon always thought he would one day try to regain it, but that his Continental enterprises always took up too much of his time, money and men. We may take the height of his power to have been between the conclusion of his first war with Alexander of Russia (July, 1807) and the beginning of his serious reverses in the Spanish Peninsula a year later. Now if, instead of his wanton aggression on Spain, and instead of trying to steal the Fleets of lesser Powers, he had put his whole soul and his whole purse into the rebuilding of a French Fleet, he might have effected much.

After Trafalgar he seems to have decided upon removing his main naval bases from Brest and Toulon to Antwerp, where he began to attempt shipbuilding, so far as his utter lack of naval stores would allow him. Antwerp lies on the deep river Scheldt, wherein ships of

any draught can easily ride; but it had great disadvantages for Napoleon's purpose in that the navigation at the mouth of the river is intricate, and that the port is at the mercy of a blockading Fleet. The British Fleet undoubtedly reigned supreme at sea, though it cannot be said that successive Lords of the Admiralty —Lord Howick and Mr. Thomas Grenville (1806), Lord Mulgrave (1807), Mr. Charles Yorke (1810), or the second Lord Melville (1812) made really wise use of it. The want of a good naval base nearer to Toulon than Malta was seriously felt; we ought to have retaken Minorca directly Spain joined Napoleon in 1804. Nor did any really great British Admiral appear; Duckworth, Strachan, Gambier, Popham, Berkeley, Alexander Cochrane, Keith, are not names to conjure with. Pellew's best work was done in the Far East. Collingwood rather mismanaged his Mediterranean command, and died in 1810. Troubridge was lost with all hands in the East Indies, 1807, and never heard of again. Cornwallis retired in 1806 and St. Vincent at the end of the same year. The astounding genius and daring of Thomas Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald, were wasted, partly because of his insubordinate habits and partly from a series of unmerited misfortunes.[1] Although from 1803 to 1815 no British ship of the line was captured or lost in action, while France and her allies lost in the same period fifty-three (if you count the Danish Fleet, seventy-one), yet there must have been error somewhere if, as late as December, 1813, Lord Keith at Plymouth

[1] In his eightieth year Dundonald was anxious to be appointed to command our Baltic Fleet at the opening of the Crimean War. Sir James Graham writes to Queen Victoria in 1854, giving reasons why he could not appoint him ('Letters of Queen Victoria,' iii. 9).

could tell Sir Henry Bunbury (who was going in a brig-of-war on a special message to Wellington in Spain), that there were 'four French frigates cruising in the Bay, and he had no disposable force to go in search of them.'

Excellent work, however, was done all over the World by Admirals and Captains, and the remaining French and Dutch Colonies were gradually gathered in, Guadeloupe in 1810 and the Mauritius and Java in 1811 being the last to fall. The Spanish Colonies would no doubt have followed suit had not Spain been from 1808 our warmest ally. We occasionally let some Frenchmen out for a run, from one of the Atlantic or Mediterranean ports, but generally managed to account for them. The most conspicuous failure was when Admiral Duckworth, who a year before had taken a whole French Squadron in the West Indies, failed in 1807 to seize the Turkish Fleet, and allowed himself to be amused by diplomacy though he had the city of Constantinople under his guns. Collingwood also once allowed the French to get out of Toulon unharmed and to revictual Corfu, where France had for a time a garrison. It is obvious that the transformation of Spain from an enemy to an ally was of enormous advantage to us, for it liberated nearly half our Fleet for services in non-European waters. Much credit is due to the various commanders who between 1808 and 1813 convoyed troops and munitions to the Spanish theatre of war, although Wellington was too ready to grumble at their lack of co-operation, and to 'expect a ship of war to be able to move about anywhere just like a battalion.' We shall have to speak in this chapter of certain naval events, but on the whole our main interest will lie with the British Army, which was now to gather

up the fruits of the work already done by the British Navy.

As for the British politicians—if only we could forget them! But, alas, they fill a big space on the canvas; if you listened to their tongue-war you would realize that they believed themselves to fill it all. And they were mainly occupied in preventing the one statesman who rose above their pitiful intrigues from coming to the front and securing the peace of Europe. Lord Castlereagh never had unfettered power; but from the autumn of 1812 till 1815 he was less fettered than any leader had been since the war began. When he finally came to the front the end was not far off. And he was rewarded by the mob throwing stones at his hearse when he went to lie in the Abbey beside Pitt!

It is not at first easy to understand why the King and country on the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, accepted a Whig Ministry: but we must remember that during the Invasion Scare the Whigs had shown some real patriotism, and also that it was not wholly a Whig Ministry, but rather a Ministry, so called, 'of all the Talents.' Lord Grenville was permitted by his brother to be First Lord of the Treasury; he showed his good old Whig principles by sticking also to his lucrative post called the 'Auditorship of the Exchequer,' perhaps because he knew he had but a short time; Fox, the Radical reformer, had to bring in a special Bill to make this possible. Erskine became Chancellor, and a singularly bad Chancellor he made; Fox, Foreign Secretary; Grey,[1] First Lord of the Admiralty; Windham, Secretary for War and Colonies; Sheridan, Romilly, Auckland, Spencer,

[1] Known as Lord Howick from April 1806, but, as he became second Earl Grey in November 1807, I keep the name.

Addington (then Lord Sidmouth) were all 'provided for' (as the phrase went—what a light that phrase sheds on party government!). Castlereagh went out and kept quiet, Canning went out and did not keep quiet. Fox was thus, after an interval of twenty-two years, again in office. His second tenure was even briefer than his first; indeed, though he worked with the utmost pluck at his job, he was a dying man from the beginning of April, and he died on September 17th.

When he came to power Napoleon was busy dealing the last blows at that effete body called the 'Holy Roman Empire,' *alias* the loose confederacy of German States which under the nominal headship of Austria went by that name. It was abolished in the summer, and its Western States were made into the 'Confederation of the Rhine,' under French influence and in perpetual military alliance with the French Empire. Austria had made peace in the last days of 1805 and had been shoved still farther Eastwards. Prussia didn't like any of this, but King Frederick William III. shivered at the idea of breaking with Napoleon; besides, Napoleon had just offered him Hanover, or what the French had left of that fertile, sleepy land after their twenty-six months' occupation. Napoleon had also just made the statement that the House of Bourbon 'had ceased to reign' in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and in 'Sicily of the mainland' (*i.e.* Naples) it had obediently ceased, and Joseph Bonaparte had become King of Naples. But, though it is little over two miles across the Straits of Messina, the House of Bourbon continued to reign in the Island of Sicily till the end of the war; and it gave a small British force under Sir John Stuart plenty of fun to keep it reigning there. In short, the fortunes of the

Continent now seemed to depend upon (*a*) what Russia would do, (*b*) whether Prussia would do anything.

The Czar had, it is true, been well beaten, by the side of Austria, at Austerlitz in Moravia ; but between Moravia and the Russian frontier lay all Poland—a vast, empty, incredibly poor country, in which Napoleon afterwards said he had discovered 'a fifth element—mud.' To chase a Russian Army over such a plain might be hardly worth while. But on the other hand, was it worth while for the Czar to bother himself with what Napoleon chose to do in Western Europe? Had he not better go on swallowing Asia, with an occasional bite off Sweden and Turkey? Do not think that I am wantonly digressing into European history ; the view that Alexander, now and in 1813, took of these questions was of the first importance to Great Britain, and much therefore depended on the character of that sovereign, who oscillated considerably between the two policies.

Now the Whigs, patriotic or non-patriotic, were hoping for an immediate peace with France, and they began to take their usual steps for stripping the country of its soldiers. Windham repealed the Additional Force Bill, suspended the ballot for the Militia, and abolished all pay and allowances to the Volunteers ; but, on the other hand, he passed a 'General Training Act' by which all men between eighteen and forty were to be drilled twenty-four days in each year, although not embodied in 'corps' ; two hundred thousand persons in each year were to be selected by ballot for this operation. This was a most excellent operation for purely defensive warfare, but for offensive perfectly useless, and with the immediate prospect of invasion over, what we now needed was a weapon of offence. The Cabinet wouldn't even support

Sheridan when he moved a vote of thanks to the Volunteers for their recent services in the Invasion scare. A 'military spirit' in a Nation was the one thing no Whig could stand; and the Volunteers had no doubt shown a most reprehensibly military spirit. At the Admiralty, Grey and his successor Thomas Grenville left the Fleets pretty much to themselves; they sent against Buenos Ayres an expedition which was a complete failure, but that was the fault of General Whitelocke[1] and the War Office rather than of the Admiralty. The one success of 1806–7, the capture of the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, had been projected by Castlereagh before he left office. On the whole then, until June, 1806, the attitude of the Government in foreign affairs was 'wait and see.'

But in that month direct overtures came from Napoleon. Since 1803 all British subjects, upon whom French hands could be laid, as they were travelling on the Continent at the date of the declaration of war, had been detained in French prisons or under strict surveillance—many were actually detained till 1814, for Napoleon never cared a straw about international law or the customs of warfare between civilized nations. Now one of the persons detained was the young Lord Yarmouth. He was suddenly released and sent to Fox with the secret offer of Hanover as the price of peace.

[1] The idea of encouraging Spanish America to revolt against its Mother Country (then at war with us) was a good idea, but badly executed; it did not originate with the Whig Government, but with our Admiral at the Cape, Sir Home Popham, or perhaps with the French exile General Dumouriez. When in 1808 Spain became our ally we had, of course, to drop it, but we got plenty of trade with the Spanish Colonies, which never really settled down again and which became independent after 1820.

Fox knew that Hanover had just been offered to Prussia as the price of war (against England), and Prussia had already closed her ports against us. He therefore gasped a good deal at this instance of French duplicity, for he had hitherto lived by upholding in his speeches the perfect sincerity of the character of Napoleon. But he was prepared to treat if it were to be a general peace, and if Russia were also to be a party to the Treaty. He gasped a good deal more over a further demand that the Bourbons should be made to evacuate Sicily, though, with reservations, he was ready to swallow this also. But when in July he learned that Napoleon had tricked an envoy of Alexander's into signing a separate Treaty, that was too much for him. Fox may not have 'lived (and did not live) a Briton'; but, as Sir Walter Scott says, he at least died one :—

> When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
> And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
> And the firm Russian's purpose brave
> Was bartered by a timorous slave,
> Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
> The sullied olive branch returned,
> Stood for his country's glory fast,
> And nailed her colours to the mast.

Sir Walter's chronology is hardly accurate. Fox didn't live to see Prussia 'break,' but his last act was to draw Great Britain closer to the firm Russian, who disavowed his timorous slave and his Treaty at the end of August. Had Fox lived he would probably have managed the sequel better than did Grey, who succeeded him at the Foreign Office. Fox, with all his iniquities, was a man of flesh and blood; Grey was the Spirit of Whiggery walking about in the clothes of a man. At Fox's last appearance in the House of Commons, on June 19th,

he took tea in the Speaker's private room, and seems to have delighted himself more than his host by talking at great length in praise of the Greek historians, and by railing at Adam Smith and all other writers on Political Economy.

Meanwhile we come to question number two on which the fate of the Continent depended—Would Prussia do anything?

Since 1795 she had maintained an utterly selfish neutrality. But when the news of Napoleon's treachery about Hanover leaked out, the whole Prussian people burst into righteous fury; was it for that that the sons of Frederick the Great's soldiers had sold the honour of their country to France, and blotted the name of Prussia from the councils of Europe for eleven dreary years? The officers of the Guards even had the bad taste to go and sharpen their swords on the steps of the French Embassy at Berlin. Instant appeals were made to Russia and to England; and Russia at once put her slow and distant Armies in motion across the Polish plains. Grey, on the other hand, totally failed to grasp the situation; he should have sent a Squadron to the Baltic at once, laden with every soldier he could command, but he dawdled and protocolled till it was all over. It didn't take long to be all over. Napoleon's Army had been 'lying convenient' in Central Germany all the summer; it was at the height of its efficiency, and was never again to be quite so good. The Prussian Army was that of Frederick grown fifty years older; as brave, as ignorant, as ill-treated a set of men as you would find West of Russia; though no doubt it was only by the irony of language that one of its King's most trusted advisers was named General Phull. Its Commander-in-

Chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was no fool, and he knew how rotten his forces were. In two battles of the same day, October 14th, the Prussian Army was annihilated, and Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph. Frederick William fled Eastwards to join the Russians, who came as quickly as they could.

Down to the spring of 1807 two Baltic ports, Dantzic and Colberg, held out, and there would have been ample time for Grey to send any number of Squadrons and soldiers to their relief. But he did just nothing; and when the Tories came in in March they found that Mr. Thomas Grenville had sold all the transport ships out of the Service, so they could do nothing in time. Yet in 1807, for the first time since 1800, there was for France a critical moment. In the terrible battle of Eylau, in a February snowstorm, *on mourait sur les tombes*; the Man of Destiny had all but met his match; Russian valour was of that unintelligent but priceless kind which sees no reason for quitting a battle-field because it is defeated. And for the first time France and even French soldiers began to murmur against the arch-butcher. Germany and Italy had been jolly places to campaign in; you were not too far from home, the people you beat had a decent idea of when they were beaten, and had no overpowering sense of patriotism; while as for plunder! *sacrebleu*, there was something worth plundering. But here it was very different, and in Spain it was to be more different still.

But for the moment the relentless Man pushed on, won the battle of Friedland in June, and brought Alexander to make peace at Tilsit in July. In the meantime he had begun to forge a new weapon against Great Britain. It is well known that in this and in all previous

wars France had with great effect devoted her energies to striking, by means of privateers, at the vast commerce of Great Britain; she had even subordinated to this species of effort the main duty of a Sea Power, namely to beat her enemy's main fleet. The proportion of British merchant ships taken during this war has been variously estimated at from two and a half to five per cent. of those afloat; and the rates of insurance had grown very high, especially for ships engaged in the East India trade, though never so high as in 1781–2. Our Government had fought against this danger partly by compelling, under an Act of 1798, all merchant vessels to go in fleets or 'convoys' escorted by ships of war, and partly by the employment of patrolling frigates as 'sea-policemen.' Napoleon now improved upon a scheme which, as early as '98, had been foreshadowed by the French Republic by issuing from Berlin a Decree (November 21st, 1806) forbidding to France and her Allies any commerce with Great Britain or her Allies, declaring any ship which engaged in such commerce to be lawful prize, and ordering all goods of British origin, even if carried on Neutral ships, to be destroyed wherever taken. He recognized, in fact, that it was by her practical monopoly of the European market for Colonial goods that Britain was sustaining her wealth; and he believed that by this prohibitory system he could break down that monopoly and that wealth. Great Britain answered by a series of 'Orders-in-Council,' the first in January, 1807, declaring lawful prize not only all French and Allied ships but all ships, even if Neutrals, which traded to any port from which British commerce was excluded; another Order in November put in blockade all countries from which British trade was excluded, and declared lawful prize all

Neutral ships that had visited such countries, unless they had first touched at a British port. And Napoleon riposted by saying (from Milan in December, 1807) that all ships which had submitted to British search were lawful prize.

It sounds like a paper war of two enemies, snarling at each other because they cannot meet to bite; but in reality it had great and far-reaching effects. For in the first place Napoleon's Generals had orders to burn, and did burn, in the presence of starving multitudes who were crying out for the goods burned, vast quantities of British and Colonial wares, which found their way from time to time into the Continental ports. In the second place this destruction, and the consequent starvation from all goods not producible in Europe, led to a sullen and a growing hostility of all the Continental peoples against French tyranny; a fat, sleepy North German cared little at this time about patriotism, but he cared a great deal about coffee and sugar, and now he could get none. In the third place it undoubtedly hit Great Britain very hard; the full results of the blow were seen in the worst of the coming years, 1811, a year almost as fertile in our Islands of bankruptcies, riots and misery as 1797 had been. In the fourth place it led to our Two Years' War with America, 1812–14; for, of all Neutrals, the Americans suffered most by the action of both belligerents; they passed a Non-Intercourse Act in 1808 which deprived us of an enormous market. Castlereagh did indeed, in 1812, revoke, as regards America, the whole of our Orders-in-Council, but it was then too late; and on the French side the 'Berlin and Milan Decrees' remained in force till 1814. In the fifth place it led immediately to Napoleon's

attempts to annex Portugal and Spain, in 1810 to his annexation of the whole of the North Sea shore up to the frontier of Denmark, and in 1812 to his war with Russia, which was the beginning of the end. He was obliged to do these things; for, if British goods could penetrate to the Continent by ever so roundabout a route, by way of Spain, Hamburg or of Russia, his "Continental System," as he called it, must inevitably break down. And in the last place, however disastrous its effects were to us, they were infinitely more so to France herself, for the whole question was, Which of the two enemies needs the Neutral trade the more? And the answer obviously was, 'Not Great Britain.'

In the first two years of the 'System' the French Customs duties fell from sixty millions of francs to eleven millions; and they went on falling towards zero. France ceased to be able to obtain the raw material for her manufactures. A shrewd American traveller, Mr. Walsh, visited the two countries, and left on record a startling picture of the contrast between the misery of France and the comparative prosperity of Great Britain, and that in the very year (1810) when there were fierce riots both in Lancashire and London. A shrewd German, Gentz, compared France to a machine wound up so tightly that you could hear the springs of it cracking. No doubt if you traversed England with your ears open and your eyes shut, said Mr. Bowdler, you would hear of nothing but utter ruin, grievances and oppression; but if with your ears shut and your eyes open, you would see nothing but every sign of increasing prosperity. The French machine would probably have broken earlier had not the Emperor found himself compelled to sell to particular French

firms licences to trade with Britain in defiance of the 'System'; he was thus able to clothe and shoe his soldiers when they marched to their deaths in Russia; he couldn't have got clothing for them on the Continent. But this did not add to his 'Allies'' love for him, for it was only to Frenchmen that such licences were sold. And, after all, the persons who reaped the richest harvest were the British and French smugglers; it was the golden age of the lugger and the 'Chase Mary' (*chasse-marée*), which used to meet in mid-Channel, and exchange their goods under the noses of the warships of both Nations. Beyond the French borders Holland, Hamburg and Bremen were the great vents for the smuggling trade, especially after we had seized Heligoland in 1807.

It was the Whigs, then, who rightly began the policy of the Orders-in-Council, but it fell to the Tories to carry it out. The Whigs were busy, as Sheridan said, 'building a wall for themselves to run their heads against.' They had encouraged the impeachment of Lord Melville, who was acquitted by enormous majorities in June, 1806; they had begun to allow a far more infamous attack on Lord Wellesley, just returned from his glorious Proconsulate in India. There was not a shred of justification for this, but it was the proper 'Whig thing to do'; Warren Hastings had been impeached for beginning to build our Indian Empire; certainly Wellesley should be thrown to the wolves for continuing Hastings' work, but, unluckily for Whiggery, no evidence could be found even to colour an impeachment. They had passed (in January, 1807) one really excellent measure, for the prohibition of the Slave Trade to British subjects, a measure which it had been Pitt's dearest wish

to carry before the war. Lastly they had, to their great honour, steadily pursued their determination to secure equality for the Catholics.

The Bill they now introduced was only for the admission of Catholics to offices in the Army and Navy (March, 1807). It must be admitted that the average opinion of the officers in both Services was against it; "Why, we shall have to carry a Priest in each ship," writes one old Admiral, "and then it's good-bye to the wooden walls of old England." Still, the Bill would possibly have passed but for the King, who was adamant. Grey and Grenville not only made no attempt to conciliate him, but went out of their way to irritate him, by stating in a 'Cabinet Minute' that under no circumstances would they give any pledge not to reintroduce this or any other Bill they pleased. This was what Sheridan called building the wall to run their own heads against, and so it was. In itself the Cabinet Minute enunciates a most valuable doctrine, namely, that the King's Ministers are bound to give him the best advice they can under all circumstances; but at that time, and to that King, it seemed a deliberate reassertion of the old principle of the Whigs, of keeping the Crown in utter tutelage, and from this George believed he had freed himself since Pitt had taken office in 1783. He now dismissed the Ministry at once. The probable truth of the matter is that Grey and Grenville had no wish to continue in office; the so-called 'cold shade of Opposition' was yet the shade of their magnificent ancestral trees and libraries, from which they could issue aristocratic snarls at their opponents with much less trouble to themselves than from the Treasury Bench.

The Government that succeeded was, in its individual

members, nearly as pro-Catholic as that which had gone out; and, until 1827, Catholic 'Emancipation' remained an open question in every Cabinet, favoured by most of the great leaders, who yet did not think the pressing of it at any one moment worth the risk of a possible Civil War, and of a certain breach with the Crown.[1] The old Duke of Portland now became First Lord of the Treasury. He had done good work as Home Secretary for Pitt in 1794–1801, and had stood by Pitt again in 1804, when all the other Whigs forsook him; but he was now far too old for responsible office, and had only come forward very unwillingly. The soul of the Administration was George Canning at the Foreign Office; he too, while at Eton and Christ Church, had been steeped in Whiggery, and his conversion had not been complete till 1792. But then it had been very complete, and he believed himself to be the true political heir of Pitt.

Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, who now again took the War and Colonial Office, was, like Canning, an Irishman, and, like Canning, had begun life with Whiggish enthusiasm. He was born, like Wellington and Napoleon, in the '*annus mirabilis*' of births, 1769, was already known as the man who had forced through the Irish Union, and, after the fall of Melville, as the recognized authority on Indian affairs; he had been Pitt's right hand at the War Office in his last Ministry. In an age which attached far too much weight to oratory, Castlereagh was utterly outshone by

[1] It is interesting to find a widely expressed opinion that the result of Emancipation would be to make the Catholic Church even more free than the Protestant, unless the Crown could get the power of nominating the Catholic bishops, to which the Pope was not likely to consent.

his contemporaries. John Courtenay characterized his elocution as monotonous, feeble, querulous, diffusive, involved; 'he accumulates a mass of information and material which he can neither arrange nor animate.' He was in fact wholly a working bee, of enormous and always practical industry. Although in private life the most devoted and affectionate friend, he had in public no 'friends with a big F' to provide for, no party to carry on his ideas; for he was above all parties, and thought of nothing but the honour and profit of his country. One day, if ever the Whig legend is dispelled, he will stand out on the canvas of history as the last great statesman who governed Britain. No man's hands were ever cleaner of intrigue; no man ever more perfectly subordinated all his personal feelings to his duty; and no man ever concealed, under a placid and conciliatory exterior, a more stubborn deterimination to pursue, at whatever cost, the course he considered to be right. But he was pursued during his lifetime and after his death with a rancour almost unexampled in our annals; the two things which the Radicals could never forgive him were his success and his indifference to their hostility. So to Byron he is 'the intellectual eunuch,' 'cold blooded, smooth faced, placid miscreant,' 'the most despotic in intention and the weakest in intellect that ever tyrannized over a country.' The honour and the decency of literature forbid one to quote the epigram which this 'noble poet' made over the statesman's end.

These three men, Portland, Canning, Castlereagh, were strong pro-Catholics; anti-Catholics in the same Ministry were the Home Secretary, Robert Jenkinson, who in 1808 succeeded to his father's Earldom of Liverpool, Spencer

Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Eldon, the Lord Chancellor. Lord Sidmouth would have been upon the same side, could he have been persuaded to sit in a Cabinet with Canning, but he had suffered too much from Canning's wit for that. A General Election in the summer entirely confirmed the King's dismissal of the Whigs, and the Tories started with a good majority of two hundred in the Lower House.

Canning had to face a terrible situation. Three days after the defeat of the Russians at Friedland, he ordered 20,000 men to be sent to Stralsund, in the vain hope of bringing aid to Prussia in her dying convulsions. When General Cathcart reached the mouth of the Oder with the first detachment of this force (July) he was already a week too late. In that month the victorious French Army had reached the river Niemen, the frontier of the Russian Empire, and the Despot of the East thought it best to come to terms, over the prostrate body of Prussia, with the Despot of the West. The main terms of the Treaty of Tilsit do not concern us; they were in effect a partition of Europe between France and Russia, on a common basis of hostility to England. But some one, it is not yet clear who, betrayed to Canning certain secret articles of the Treaty, according to which France was to utilize the Fleets of Denmark and Portugal against Great Britain. Orders to these countries to close their ports against us reached them before the end of July; and so, at the beginning of September, there appeared before Copenhagen, Admiral Gambier with twenty-five sail of the line and a powerful land force, which between them bombarded Copenhagen for three days and then simply towed away the Danish Navy, eighteen of the line and a great number of smaller warships, into British

harbours. It was a most swift and daring stroke, and roused great resentment in Europe, for of course Canning was unable to betray the source of his knowledge.

On the other wing an almost greater stroke of business was performed in November, when British diplomacy persuaded the Prince Regent of Portugal to sail away, with all his Fleet, his Court and his treasure, to his own Colony of Brazil. It was indeed high time, for his sails were scarcely below the horizon when a large French Army under Junot entered his capital of Lisbon. Of these two daring acts the one saved us the Baltic trade, the other saved us the South American trade; while both secured our coasts against a possible renewal of the scare of invasion. And, little as men foresaw it at the time, the French invasion of Portugal was to give Britain the one opportunity which she was perfectly qualified to utilize.

Meanwhile Castlereagh was steadily forging the instrument of our success. For the time being short service, of from seven to twelve years, with the option of re-enlistment, was introduced, but all previous 'Army reforms' were nothing compared to his 'Local Militia Bill' of 1808. By this Bill there was annexed to every regiment in the regular Army a battalion of Militia, raised by ballot for home defence, and each year this Militia was to supply 25,000 men to fill up the line battalions. Service was to be for four years, and no substitutes were allowed; the ultimate figure of the Militia was to be 300,000 men; before the end of the first year 250 local regiments had been raised. This enabled us for the first time to send, not 'expeditions' of ten or fifteen thousand men here, there and everywhere, but Armies of forty thousand apiece to one or two vital points.

And the most vital of all points soon showed itself to be the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula. My readers will remember how often I have referred to that oldest of British alliances, the Portuguese; it was an alliance closely cemented during the century previous to 1807 by the English preference for the nastiest of all conceivable drinks called Oporto or Port wine. In defence of this drink alone, and even if Spain had not been involved, it seems probable that we should have made a great effort to rescue our ancient Ally from French clutches. But before anything could be done Spain, too, was involved; Napoleon's attack upon Portugal had been a mere prelude, to blind Spanish eyes to his far more serious attack upon Spain. In the spring of 1808, by unparalleled treachery, he got hold of old King Charles IV., of his wife and of his son Ferdinand, entrapped them into France, set them there by the ears against each other, persuaded Charles to abdicate, and sent his great cavalry leader Murat with a considerable force to occupy Madrid. The Spaniards knew that their old King had abdicated, and believed that Murat had come to support their young King Ferdinand VII.; but suddenly they found that their King was to be a man called Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph, who was not at all a bad fellow, was to give up his Neapolitan Kingdom, which he regretted, to Murat.

The shadow of a throne, as Dante says, is broad enough to cover crimes; but it could hardly cover this last one of Napoleon's, and Europe stood aghast when it became known. On May 2nd Madrid rose in fierce insurrection at the news, and was shot down by Murat in heaps. Within a few weeks every Province in Spain had risen for King Ferdinand; and so backward and

unreformed was this glorious old country that each Province at first believed itself to be the only one in insurrection. It was the wild mountain Province of Asturias in the North which first sent to ask help, where all enemies of France knew they might now rely on finding it, at London. The Asturian envoys were received with wild enthusiasm there, June 9th, and money and munitions of war were at once sent to Spain. Even the British Radicals, both in and out of Parliament, had to keep silence or applaud, for now it was the Peoples that were rising against Napoleon, and rising with an enormous P. Portugal was not long in following suit; Junot was one of the least cruel of the French Generals, but he was obliged to try to squeeze money out of the impoverished country, and in the process he very soon found that the Spanish insurrections were cutting him off from all news from France. Oporto was the first Portuguese town to establish a Provisional Government or 'Junta,' which was the usual mode in these parts of organizing an insurrection.

Now, geographically speaking, the Peninsula is both an extraordinarily good place for this sort of game and extraordinarily well situated to receive assistance from a great Sea Power. Even the rugged Northern coast has numerous little ports like Gihon, Santander and Bilbao, while the great harbours of Ferrol, Corunna, Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, Carthagena, Barcelona afforded splendid openings for our Navy. Inside it is a land of unnavigable, unbridged rivers flowing in deep gorges; a land of high, dry plateaus, torrid or icy according to season; a land of huge mountain-chains, with few passes, crossing and recrossing each other without any

symmetrical plan. The only really fertile soil is round the coast. Food is very scarce, roads are few and atrocious. A population of shepherds and goatherds, animated by fierce mediæval Catholicism, by fiercer pride and ignorance and by fiercest patriotism, readily becomes a population of *guerrilleros*, and the Spanish language has indeed given the name to that trade. From France Spain is cut off by the roughest mountain-chain of Europe, penetrable for an army only at the Western and Eastern extremities; French Armies could and did march pretty nearly everywhere in the Peninsula, but the nearer they got to victory the farther they got from their bread-baskets, and the more certain were their lines of communication to be cut behind them.

Napoleon's previous experience told him that, when he had occupied a Capital City, set up a new King and shot a few 'rebels,' he had the game in his hands. In Spain he found out his error. Madrid is not the indispensable Capital of a United Spain, for each Province has its own Capital. If the French thought they had stamped out insurrection in one Province, they found that it had broken out in half a dozen more on the same day. Spanish Armies, indeed, were at first things to laugh at; though brave, their Generals, even the gallant Irish exiles Lacy and Blake, were extremely incompetent, conceited and obstinate, and led their men to slaughter after slaughter readily enough to please the most exacting French taste; but then, when it seemed as if the beaten Army had ceased to exist, its remnants were apt, after a few days' flight, to rejoin their colours in the most unaccountable fashion, while, as for sieges, the merest handful of men would hold the rottenest of stone walls against impossible odds, and would go on holding

them till the entire town was in ruins. Over and above the Armies there were *guerrilla* leaders organizing, from the very first, huge bands of roving brigands, who acted as faithful spies for the Spanish and British Generals, and who murdered, with the most atrocious tortures, every stray Frenchman they caught; and before very long Napoleon could not safely send a letter from France with an escort of anything less than two hundred men.[1] Not unnaturally French soldiers, who were obliged to commit dreadful cruelties in return, got to hate and dread this service beyond measure. Finally Napoleon committed in the Peninsula two capital mistakes: he tried to direct the campaigns from Paris, and he never trusted any one of his Marshals enough to make him Commander-in-Chief in Spain.

Canning and Castlereagh instantly determined to utilize upon a really large scale the magnificent outburst of irregular energy in Spain; but the great bulk of the available British force was watching in the Baltic, and, before it could get to work, one French Army of 20,000 men had been compelled to lay down its arms at Baylen in the South, another had been repelled from Valencia on the East, and a third from Saragossa in the North, and so 'King' Joseph, who had entered sulky and silent Madrid on July 20th, had to cut and run from it ten days later. On that day Sir Arthur Wellesley began to land his troops at Mondego Bay in Portugal. He had only 13,000 with him, but he expected the instant reinforcements which he soon

[1] *e.g.*, an English officer writes, July 14th, 1812, "Longa has just sent us an intercepted letter; he killed the 400 men who escorted it, all but about a dozen; it tells of Russia's preparations to fight Napoleon."

received, and so began his march Southwards in touch with the coast.

The Generals whom Castlereagh had selected were Sir John Moore, a Scot, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, an Irishman; but the Duke of York insisted on putting over their heads Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had never yet seen service on a big scale. Wellesley and Moore were both in the Baltic when the Spanish trouble began, and the former only started first because his Division happened to be ready first. Moore was eight years older than Wellesley, and so had just been old enough to serve in the American War. Since 1793 he had been wherever hard knocks were going; had been wounded with Nelson at Calvi, with Abercromby in Holland, and in Egypt; indeed he seldom came out of action unhurt. He had been the soul of the defence in the Invasion Scare, and had held the command in Sicily in 1806–7. He was adored by his soldiers, and was yet the firmest of disciplinarians. Perhaps, if he had a fault, it was that he was inclined occasionally to be too captious and hypercritical as well as too desponding; and, in the coming campaign, he seems to have underrated both the chances of defending Portugal and the hope of ultimately making some good material out of the Portuguese and Spanish Armies. But he was admitted to be our greatest living General.

Wellesley, on the other hand, was totally misunderstood at this time. His greatest work had been done far away in India. He was hated in the Army, where his stern, unlovable private character, and his want of confidence in his subordinates, whom he so rarely praised or encouraged, told seriously against him. He was regarded at home as a cold, ambitious aristocrat,

who had risen by family favour; the Radical press yelped at him. "Never," says Colonel Henderson, "was a successful general vilified, mistrusted and disliked like the greatest of English soldiers." The hatred was not without justification: to the last the Duke was the 'Iron Duke,' without much 'bowels of compassion'; he would take care that his men were well fed and not overworked, that the sick and wounded were well cared for, but it was only because he needed them as instruments; *qua* men he cared for them very little, and was thus in marked contrast to our other great soldier Duke, 'Corporal John' of Marlborough. But Wellesley was the man for the hour, and for any hour of peril. Intellectually he was a giant; and he had devoted all his life to the hardest study of his profession both in theory and in practice. Even more remarkable than his unbroken success were his foresight of success and his amazing confidence in himself. In the first year of this war he sketched out, in a letter to Castlereagh, exactly what would happen in the next four or five years; and he proved to be utterly right, even in the details of his forecast. In many small points he resembled Moore, especially in his Spartan habits of life and his contempt for show;[1] he was perhaps

[1] Not the least of the Duke's services to the British Army was his contempt for 'dress-regulations.' We all remember how Rawdon Crawley carefully put on his oldest and shabbiest uniform to fight in at Waterloo. The common 'top hat' in which Picton was killed at that battle may still be seen in the United Service Museum. The pedantries of buttons and gold lace, so dear to the German Sovereigns of England, were wholly discarded in these, the greatest, days of the Service; but, alas! they soon came back, to throttle and stifle us, when the Duke's career was over. One even wonders that pigtails, abolished in 1808, have not returned too.

inferior to him in one point, for he never showed to such advantage as Moore in his handling of cavalry. Perhaps he never had till 1815 such a cavalry leader as Moore had in Henry Paget (the Lord Uxbridge of Waterloo). But he was immeasurably superior in the great points of administration, commissariat and transport, and it was just these things in which the British Army of 1808 was fatally weak, until he took them in hand. Few Ministers would have stood as patiently as Castlereagh the scoldings which Wellesley administered on these heads; and it is not the least of Castlereagh's glories that he stood so firmly by the man of his choice against all opposition in the Cabinet and elsewhere.

The main accusation that was hurled against Wellesley was that he was a Fabius, and a Fabius for nothing; that he threw away his victories by unnecessary retreats; that he was totally wanting in aggressive power; and this kind of grumble went on well into 1812. The truth is that, while Wellesley knew when to stand on the defensive and used the defensive always with perfect success, his own natural bent was for the offensive, for swift and daring strokes where his enemy least expected him; 'he was not an Irishman for nothing.' His perennial study was how to deceive, how to paralyse and frighten that enemy; to strike at a flank or a line of retreat rather than in front; to conceal his troops behind little rises of ground; to fight on his own ground at his own time; never to throw away troops except for a very great object. The French never knew where he was nor how strong he was. His greatest limitation was, that he made too little attempt either to train or to utilize his Cavalry. Though devoted

to hunting he was an exceedingly bad rider,[1] and he seems to have acquiesced in the fact that his Cavalry were, in comparison with the French, not only ill disciplined on the field, but bad horse-masters as well. His light, or field Artillery was excellent; but he was always deficient in heavy guns, and was more than once obliged to prefer the most daring and costly escalade of a town to a siege in form. Thus his main reliance was upon what Napier calls 'that astonishing Infantry,' which 'nothing could stop'; he started with the firm conviction that British Line, when well fed and well led, always had beaten and always could beat French Column, and he proved to be right.

In three weeks from his landing Sir Arthur had driven back Junot's advanced guard at Roliça, and beaten Junot himself to pieces at Vimeiro, August 21st; had we then pushed on, as he wished at once to do, the whole French Army must have surrendered, but Burrard and Dalrymple, who landed on the two succeeding days, forbade all pursuit; like Hotham in the Mediterranean in '95, they 'thought we had done very well,' and they obliged Wellesley to sign with them the pitiful Convention of Cintra, allowing the French Army to evacuate Portugal unharmed and be carried on British ships back to France. Junot confessed to Captain Perry, who took him home, that his men would have surrendered if we had pursued them but two miles, and that the Lisbon populace would have butchered them if we had not protected them. In England the outcry against the Convention was great; all three Generals demanded

[1] At least this was the case in his later life. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his 'Life of Wellington,' quotes an eye-witness writing in the *New Sporting Magazine* to this effect.

and obtained a Court-Martial; and even Castlereagh's influence might not have sufficed to protect Wellesley, but for the support given to the latter by his brother, the Marquis. The Whigs, on the other hand, merely to worry the Government, proposed to thank Burrard and Dalrymple for their 'judicious conduct,' and Mr. Whitbread the brewer, type of many a Whig and prig of the future, in whom burned the spirit of Political Nonconformity of the coming century, actually proposed to impeach Wellesley for wishing to follow up the victory. All were acquitted, but Wellesley, who had spoken his mind freely and bitterly before the Court, was instantly employed again, the others never:—

> Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hew,
> Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!
> Sir Arthur was a gallant knight, but for the other two,
> Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!

Meanwhile Moore had arrived in Lisbon to find everything in a state of confusion; Admiral Berkeley thought he would have to evacuate the station; our Portuguese Allies were furious. Joseph on his flight from Madrid had been met by a new French Army of 100,000 men, under Ney and Jourdan, while the Spanish Provisional Government[1] in Madrid did nothing but issue bombastic proclamations. Napoleon was coming in person, and early in November he came. Even before he came the two best Spanish Armies had been badly beaten. He had an easy procession to Madrid, and, preparatory to driving the 'infamous leopards' into the sea at Lisbon, he began conferring, in his brother's name, 'liberal

[1] Called the 'Junta'—perhaps because its members were *not* joined together but always squabbling.

institutions' upon a people that did not want them, and confiscating Church property everywhere. The Junta fled to Seville, and ultimately took refuge at Cadiz, which became, so far as insurrectionary Spain needed a Capital, the Capital for the next four years.

But the Sea-Leopard had an awkward spring left in him. Moore, in command of the victors of Vimeiro, had already advanced to Salamanca when the news of the fall of Madrid reached him; at first he thought of, and even ordered a retreat; for, hampered as he was by want of transport animals, he was still more hampered by his own idea that Lisbon alone, and not the Portuguese frontier, was capable of defence. Then on December 11th he changed his mind, and made his famous stroke at Napoleon's line of communications. Great strategist that he was, he knew that this must instantly draw the whole of the French forces after him, and that so he could give Spain breathing space to recover from the disasters of the autumn. No attack on Seville and Cadiz, still less any attack on Lisbon, could be contemplated by the enemy until the English (who, as Napoleon said, 'alone mattered') had been beaten into the sea. Where they would reach the sea was of little consequence; and the true glory of Moore is that he knew that he was courting retreat, defeat and even disaster, but courting them for a great object. So it proved to be; Napoleon, with 80,000 men, hurried out after Moore's 30,000, and Moore, the instant he knew he was out, began his retreat in the direction of Corunna. After reaching Astorga, too late to catch the British, the Emperor left the pursuit to Marshal Soult, and went back to France. Soult did his best, but was always a day and a half behind Moore, who in fact re-

treated too fast for his men and used them up fearfully on the march. Thomas Atkins is the worst of retreaters; on this journey he was furious, miserable and insubordinate; but it was from rage, not from panic. And, if he starved a good deal, the pursuing French starved far more, for we burned whatever food we could not consume. Outside Corunna Moore allowed his men to turn and fight, January 16th; he defeated Soult, but was himself killed in the action. His object had been thoroughly attained; the French Army was in no condition to begin the conquest of Portugal for two months to come; for, except from the Eastern provinces of Aragon and Catalonia, all available French troops had been hurried after Moore, and so not till March, 1809, could Joseph advance against Seville and Cadiz.

And meanwhile Portugal was arming itself. Militia, 'Ordinance-men' and *levée-en-masse* of the peasantry were called out and even partially armed. That true sportsman Sir Robert Wilson came to Oporto and organized a band of adventurers which he called the 'Loyal Lusitanian Legion.' In February arrived a wild Irishman called Beresford (who had been with Baird in his wonderful Desert march in Egypt in 1801), to become Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese regular Army. He gradually made this into a very fair body of fighting men, and had a good many British officers under him. In Lisbon at this time were about 10,000 British troops under the rather unenterprising Sir John Cradock.

The year 1809 was to be one of great importance in history. In Central Europe it was the year of the ἀριστεῖα of Austria, who, once more and alone, flung down the gauntlet to Napoleon, actually beat him in

May, and held him for six critical weeks chained to a little Island in the Danube, but was then beaten at Wagram and obliged to make with him the last Peace which he signed as a conqueror. It was the year of the first rising of the people of Germany, of which rising, Prussia, though stealthily setting her Government and Army in a new order, was yet not ready to take the lead, and which consequently collapsed.[1] It was the year of the excellently planned but hopelessly mismanaged attempt of the English Army to strike at Antwerp, which we know as the Expedition to Walcheren. And it was the year in which it first dawned upon the French Emperor that in Spain he had got a tougher job than he cared for.

In Spain, the French idea was for Soult to advance from the North upon Lisbon, for Marshal Victor to join hands with him from Madrid, and for Marshal Ney to be left behind to subdue the North; Joseph meanwhile should, if possible, penetrate to Seville or even to Cadiz. With the Eastern Provinces we shall have no concern, except to remember that Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia generally kept busy down to 1813 at least two large French Armies, and that British ships helped to keep things alive on the Eastern coast. In the West, then, Soult, considering what his men had suffered on the advance to Corunna, did wonderfully well to get into action as early as March. Harassed by Portuguese

[1] Since Tilsit, at which Treaty Prussia had been shorn both of her Polish and her West German provinces, Napoleon had been systematically inflicting fresh and fresh humiliations upon the unhappy country. Her main fortresses were occupied by French troops, her Army had been reduced to 42,000 men, vast sums had been squeezed, and vaster demanded from her, and the reforms mentioned above had to be carried out in secrecy.

'Ordinance-men'[1] at every step, he pushed on and stormed Oporto at the end of the month. But, once there, he met the fate that awaited every successful French General for the next four years: the peasantry closed in behind him and cut off all his communications with Ney; they closed in in front of him and cut off all his communications with Victor. So he dallied in Oporto, waiting in vain for news, and tried to conciliate the few inhabitants whom he hadn't killed in the storm. And, on April 22nd, Wellesley landed at Lisbon, left a small force to check any advance of Victor, sent Beresford off North-East to harass the retreat of Soult in case the latter could be made to retreat, and then with 19,000 men marched straight upon Oporto.

Soult fell back to the North bank of the Douro, which washes the city of Oporto, broke the bridges and destroyed or towed over all the boats. Up came Wellesley and looked at the deep and rocky gorge. Soult kept bad watch; a Portuguese barber and an English Colonel found a concealed skiff, slipped across, and towed back certain barges a mile above the town. An hour passed before the French got the alarm, and by that time a whole regiment of ours was over on Soult's side of the river and was busy barricading itself in a large school-house; Wellesley's guns were in position to cover the passage of the rest. The instant Soult marched out to the attack every citizen of Oporto swarmed over in boats to our side and the town broke into wild insurrection against the French. First the Guards poured across and then the Twenty-ninth, and Soult, caught between two fires, had to run for it. In the fighting the

[1] The Portuguese 'Ordenanza' is something half-way between a Militia service and a *levée en masse* of the male population.

casualties on either side were few, but in his disastrous retreat Soult lost 5,000 men and all his guns and baggage, for Beresford had cut off the one decent road and the French had to take to goat-paths. This wonderful 'Passage of the Douro' was one of the greatest feats in the life of the great English General. Soult would now, thought Wellesley, be 'out of it' for a long time to come, and so now he could turn his attention to Victor. As a matter of fact Soult rallied much earlier than Wellesley expected and began to threaten our flank just after we had beaten Victor, thereby forcing us to retreat on Portugal instead of sweeping on to Madrid.

Victor, until he learned of Soult's retreat, had been in full march for the Portuguese frontier, but was then obliged to fall back to cover Madrid, and took post opposite the town of Talavera; there he was reinforced till he reached 46,000 men. Watching him sat the old Spaniard, General Cuesta, with 32,000. To them, in July, enter Wellesley with 20,000 British; his long delay had been caused by the difficulty of getting transport and provisions out of the troublesome Spanish authorities, of whom he now formed an opinion even worse than their laziness justified. Our own 'authorities' were none too quick—Admiral Berkeley says he saw supplies of oats, flour and medicines rotting on board ship in the Tagus, 'while the Medical Staff was enjoying itself at Lisbon and the Commissary-General at Cintra.' There was another Spanish Army on Wellesley's right flank, which ought to have been threatening Madrid and so delaying Joseph, but which did simply nothing. And Cuesta was a most impracticable old gentleman who would do nothing that Wellesley told him to do.

However, Wellesley was the best 'chooser of ground'

in history; and he took post on the hills to the left of Talavera, in a position which enabled him to repel for three days double his own numbers. The Spaniards did simply nothing except hold the town of Talavera, which was not attacked, on our right; the only Division of them in the fighting line ran away before the battle began. On July 27–28th, Victor made the fiercest efforts to carry the hill, and lost over 7,000 men in the process. But our own losses were over 5,000, and it was one of the bloodiest battles in the whole war. The day after the battle, weary with forced marches, arrived Robert Craufurd with the famous 'Light Division,' which was hereafter to be Wellesley's great mainstay in the war. But on the same day came the news that Soult had rallied and was threatening our left flank, and Wellesley, who never could afford to risk 'the only British Army' too much, was obliged to fall hastily back to the Portuguese frontier. He fixed his head-quarters at the great fortress of Badajoz, and for the remainder of the year steadily prepared for the defence of Portugal. The great impression left upon his mind at this time seems to have been the impossibility of trusting to operations in combination with Spanish Armies. Therefore with iron coldness he looked on while Joseph overran Andalusia up to the gates of Cadiz, and he turned a deaf ear to the piteous squeals of the Junta. Luckily Cadiz is impregnable unless it can be attacked at once from sea and land, as it had been by Essex in 1596.

There we must leave Viscount Wellington, as Wellesley was now called, maturing his grim plan for the defence of Portugal; and we must carry our eyes from the brown sands and mountains of Spain to the green Islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and our ears to the noisy

warfare of tongues in London. For several years old General Dumouriez, the clever French exile, had been consulted by our Government on military matters; he had given much good advice during the Invasion Scare, for had he not himself been entrusted, as far back as 1779, with schemes for invading Great Britain? He had further projected the defence of Portugal much in the way in which Wellington afterwards carried it out, and it is quite possible that Castlereagh and Wellington had seen his plans. And for several years he had been pointing out the possibilities of a stroke at one of the Islands lying in the mouth of the Scheldt or the Meuse, preferably the Island of Walcheren, which covers the entrance of the former river. Antwerp would be the objective of such a stroke, with the chance not merely of destroying the French Fleet which was being built there, but of dealing an effective blow at the heart of an Empire whose practical frontiers were already on the Vistula and the Danube. Moreover, Antwerp was believed to be, and in fact at this time was very ill fortified and defended. Castlereagh had now in 1809 an Army at his disposal; for it was not more men but more transport and more food that Wellington was wanting in Spain. The time was favourable, for Austria was still (in June) holding out, and North Germany was rising in Napoleon's rear. To occupy Antwerp and Flushing, even if they had to be subsequently evacuated, would surely be a great stroke at Napoleon's flank, and would call him back as inevitably as Moore the year before had called him back in Spain.

But the expedition started too late (July 28th); Napoleon had already defeated the Austrians at Wagram. And the choice of a commander, no less a person than

Pitt's sleepy elder brother John, second Earl of Chatham —not Castlereagh's choice but the King's—was an even worse blunder. Thirty-eight sail of the line under Sir Richard Strachan were to accompany the 40,000 men of the Army; and Castlereagh gave instructions to attack both Flushing and Antwerp at once. Flushing was in fact taken, but a fortnight was wasted in the task, and this gave time for a hasty refortification of Antwerp. Then came irresolution and mismanagement; Sir Richard's ships could not, for some unexplained reason, get up the Scheldt, and fell back to Walcheren, where, as an officer on Chatham's staff said, "We should not have known there was a Commander-in-Chief had we not seen in his garden, twelve miles away from our front, two turtles sprawling on their backs for his dinner. He never came down until two o'clock in the day!" Castlereagh must bear the blame of one thing: he ought to have known that these Islands were notoriously unhealthy, and that at Walcheren every drop of drinking water had to be brought from England. And, as we know,

> Great Chatham with his sabre drawn
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Chatham returned home in September, and the relics of his Army, wasted with fever, at the end of December. It was a thorough *fiasco* from beginning to end; but the mistake was wholly in the execution, not in the conception, for the Ministry had demanded a swift advance and had provided enough force to carry it out.

The brunt of it all, and of more besides, was borne by Castlereagh, who was used to bearing brunts. Whigs,

Radicals, populace yelped as high as his knee, and to this daily torment was now added the treachery of his colleagues.

Here we come to one of the saddest episodes in the life of George Canning—an episode which no one as yet has been quite able to explain. It seems that, as early as March, Canning had been complaining to Portland that he 'couldn't get on with' Castlereagh, that there 'must be a change.' Canning adduced no specific ground of complaint; perhaps his swift glance, directed at once to Spain, to the Baltic and to Central Europe, made too little allowance for the War Minister's difficulties in forwarding supplies to the Peninsula. Certainly Canning afterwards accused his colleague of having 'starved' the Peninsula in favour of the Walcheren Expedition; but, as certainly, Canning had raised no opposition to that Expedition until it had failed. Certainly, also, Canning seems to have been too eager to attribute the successes in the Peninsula, such as they were, to his own foresight, and to look upon Wellesley as 'his' rather than Castlereagh's General, which was not true. Perhaps he, the fine orator, merely felt what a shocking figure his colleague made when he had to explain anything in the Commons; in which there was some truth. Perhaps, and this one fears was also true, it was just the jealousy of a high-strung impetuous man towards a placid and serene one, whom he felt to be too much his equal. Anyhow, the shame of the thing lies in the fact that this talk of Canning's went the round of the Cabinet, and went also to the King, and that no one told Castlereagh of it until after the failure of the Walcheren Expedition. Canning seems to have believed that Castlereagh had been told; and historians generally agree to divide the

blame of concealment between the King and the poor old Duke of Portland; these were both quite ready to sacrifice Castlereagh, whose abilities were as yet imperfectly realized. But a plain thinker will readily see that it was Canning's duty to ascertain that Castlereagh was told, and told at once, that his colleagues meant to get rid of him. No one has ever held Castlereagh in the least to blame; but to all contemporary thinkers Canning's conduct appeared in very doubtful light. A squib on Walcheren represents him as listening to the plans of his colleagues for the Expedition, and then saying:

> Most of this plan is gibberish to me,
> But I shall quietly lie by and see
> How it goes on; and then if it succeeds
> I share the praise; but, if it ill proceeds
> I'll try what, leaving this ungoverned crew,
> Setting up Statesman for myself will do.

When Castlereagh learned of this treachery of—some one—he at once challenged Canning to a duel; the latter was slightly wounded, and both resigned their offices. Thus the two best men in the Government were lost to the country at the most critical time. The shock of it killed the Duke of Portland at the end of October.

And the War Office had suffered in the spring a real loss from the enforced retirement of the Duke of York. This industrious administrator seems to have allowed an improper female, Mrs. Clarke, to suggest to him names for promotion in the Army; and the female seems to have sold her influence with him to certain disreputable suitors. Such an opportunity was too good to be let slip either by the Whigs or the Radicals; and Whitbread felt that for once he had, and rightly had, the country at his back. The Duke, against whom it

was found impossible to prove any pecuniary corruption, was nevertheless severely damaged in his private character, resigned his office in March and was succeeded by old Sir David Dundas. In the autumn the Ministry had to be reconstructed. Perceval became First Lord of the Treasury, the Marquis Wellesley Foreign Secretary, Liverpool took the War Office; the change was a serious one for our Generals in the field, for Perceval was weak and 'nervous' about the Peninsula. Wellesley, however, though a difficult colleague, was an ardent champion of his brother, and this compensated for much. Castlereagh most honourably gave his whole support to the very men who had sacrificed him; but Canning, it is to be regretted, showed from time to time too much readiness to combine with the Whigs, of whom Grey at least always continued to denounce the war. Perceval had indeed warmly pressed Canning to resume office, but the latter refused to serve except as Chief.

So things hung at home through the year 1810; a gloomy year, with little to relieve it save a frolic with that extremely Radical aristocrat, Sir Francis Burdett, who, being 'wanted' by the Speaker of the House of Commons for some breach of privilege, refused to obey the warrant, and barricaded his house, to the enormous joy of the London mob, which pelted and hooted the Life Guards when these had to be called out. Burdett yielded in the end, and enjoyed the distinction of being the last person in history to be sent to the Tower. In July another famous Radical, Cobbett, was sentenced to imprisonment for a libel on the Army. The same year saw the commencement of the 'frame-breaking riots' in Lancashire and elsewhere, against the introduction of machinery in the cotton trade; these continued

throughout 1811–12. And trade was undoubtedly getting worse and worse, and the Americans more and more inclined to war because of our treatment of Neutral ships.

Finally in October poor old George III. showed symptoms of becoming permanently insane. In itself one might be tempted to say that this would be no great evil; but just consider what was the alternative. The alternative to King George was the Regency of George, Prince of Wales, the worst man—and it is saying a good deal—of his whole Royal family; the man who complained that the officers of his glorious Navy 'never looked and never could look like gentlemen,' and yet had the impertinence to call himself the First Gentleman in Europe; the man who lived by and for clothes, hair oil, scent-bottles and brandy; whose old clothes at his death were sold to the Jews for fifteen thousand pounds; the man who, when he once sprained a tendon in his ankle, lay for ten days on his stomach on his bed moaning and roaring and soaking himself with laudanum; the Prince of senseless and tasteless extravagance, who built the Pavilion at Brighton, who cast off mistress after mistress, friend after friend, and who couldn't tell the truth even for his own interest. He was married to a wife called Caroline of Brunswick, from whom he had long separated; if she became really as wicked as himself, as many people believed, it was probably his vile habits that had goaded her to it.[1] Such was the man under

[1] The Princess of Wales was, it must be admitted, as great a 'horror' as her husband, though in a different kind of way. When she was married in 1794 she had to be continually lectured on the advantages of clean linen and soap and water; she could neither write nor spell properly; she sinned against all the laws of propriety, insulted her own mother in company, and was vul-

whose Regency the most glorious war ever waged by Great Britain was to be brought to a conclusion.

But at the end of 1810 the question in every one's mouth was not 'What is Prince George's character?' but 'What will he do with the Ministry if he becomes Regent?' And to every patriot it was a most serious question. The Whigs were on the alert at once:—'Of course, he will bring us in';—and Lord Grenville now bitterly regretted that in 1788 he had supported Pitt's 'Bill of Restrictions.' For Lord Liverpool at once brought in, at the beginning of 1811, what was practically the old Bill of 1788, with the difference that the restrictions on the Regent's power were only to last for one year; if at the end of that time King George had not recovered his senses, these restrictions should be removed. Always remember that they did not prevent the Prince changing the Ministry; and it was generally supposed that he would do so, either at once or on the removal of the restrictions, when he would be able to change other things as well. It is humorous to notice that the Prince and all his six brothers at once signed a protest against the restrictions; they had seldom agreed so well! However, the Bill passed, and in the middle of the worst frost in living memory (Thames choked solid with ice at London Bridge), the Regent on February 6th kept waiting for an hour and a half the first Privy Council over which he presided; Gren-

garly familiar with strangers. As to actual adultery, of which she was freely accused, the case is not clear either way, but looks bad; she certainly deceived the old King, who always tried to be kind to her and to believe her innocent, but she couldn't deceive Queen Charlotte. But we must remember that what her apologist, Mr. Huish, calls 'the band-dogs of detraction' were always after her.

ville was wondering 'whether any one could persuade him to behave like a gentleman'; no one could. But Sheridan at least persuaded him not to behave like an ass, and not to change the Ministry at once. Perceval was of course freely accused of toadyism with a view to keeping his place. Tom Moore, the poet, thought that the new Regent's Park and Regent's Canal, with a fine new street (Regent Street) leading to them from Carlton House, were 'a profligate Tory job.' The Regent was 'to have a villa on Primrose Hill.' One good thing the Regent did in 1811, when he restored, now that the scandal above mentioned had somewhat blown over, his brother of York to the Command-in-Chief.

All the spring of that year there seemed occasional chances that the King would, as on several previous occasions, recover his senses. But in July the curtain dropped finally; the old man was still able to solace himself with music, and it was said that, while Carlton House was revelling its loudest, George III. was choosing, for anthems in his chapel, all passages from the score of Handel connected with blindness and madness. When at the opening of 1812 the period of restrictions on the Regency came to an end, Whig hearts again beat their highest. In January the Marquis Wellesley, disgusted with Perceval's mediocrity, resigned the Foreign Office, and Perceval vainly offered it to Canning. Canning would have all or none; how bitterly he afterwards regretted this decision his letters show. But Castlereagh was ready to serve in any position which would enable him to bring strength to his country; and he now entered finally upon his great career.

In May the assassination of Perceval by a lunatic, though received with shouts of joy by the rioting mobs

in Lancashire, very nearly led to the break up of the Ministry. Perceval, with all his mediocrity, had been a very able debater and a good 'Leader of the House.' The Regent negotiated with Grey and Grenville, with his old Whig friend Lord Moira, with Marquis Wellesley, with Canning. But 'each had associates to provide for or questions to bring forward to which the others would not be reconciled'; it was the old story of 'F-riends.' So on June 10th Lord Liverpool took the Premiership, which he held for fifteen years. Castlereagh, who had no friends except in the true sense of the word, remained at the Foreign Office till his death ten years later; he made in the autumn of 1812 one despairing effort to conciliate Canning, and even offered to resign his own important post in favour of the latter, but in vain. Lord Bathurst, an industrious mediocrity, took the War Office, and, except Lord Harrowby, President of the Council, the other Ministers don't really matter.

For the rest of the period before us, home politics will trouble us little. The successes in the Peninsula in 1812, the beginning, in 1813, of the collapse of Napoleon and its accomplishment in the spring of 1814, would have shed lustre on a worse set of Ministers than these. No Foreign Secretary was ever better served than Castlereagh by his Ambassadors; by his own brother Charles Stewart at Berlin, by Lord Aberdeen at Vienna, by Cathcart at St. Petersburg, and by Thornton at Stockholm. Besides, the Opposition was scattered and discredited by its failure to form a government in 1812. Grenville and Grey; Wellesley and Canning; Cochrane, Whitbread, Burdett, Horner and Brougham[1] criticized the

[1] Brougham had begun his long and variegated career as an advanced Radical in 1810; he was out of Parliament from '12

Government from several very different standpoints; and, while the old Whigs almost rallied to the support of the war, the extreme Radicals found their game practically hopeless, and confined themselves to espousing the cause of the 'injured' Princess of Wales, who was giving a lot of trouble at this time. One of the most interesting scenes in Parliament in 1813 must have been when Warren Hastings, *ætat.* 81, and tottering with gout, gave for three hours some very clear and interesting evidence to a Committee of the House on Indian affairs, and was heard with great reverence. 1813 was a far more prosperous year for trade than we had for long enjoyed, because, as the Continent was liberated bit by bit, successive markets were reopened for our goods. The Russian market had been reopened in 1810.

Before we resume the main thread of the war in Spain we ought to look for a moment at what had been happening for some years past in Sicily. My readers will remember that the Bourbon King of Naples and his Queen—a lady 'whose nerves were stronger than her principles'—had since 1806 been living in Sicily, while first Joseph Bonaparte and then, after 1808, Joachim Murat reigned in Naples. In 1805 the British garrison at Malta, strongly reinforced, was, as it were, 'looking round for something to do'; there were designs on Minorca, on Alexandria; or why should we not succour the Bourbons, who were then still holding Naples? The Russians were in Corfu, and might co-operate. A

to '15, but his pen continued active. Cochrane, the most gallant of sailors and a genuine champion of the British tar, was yet utterly reckless in the way in which he embarrassed the Government at critical moments.

considerable Anglo-Russian force did in fact land in Southern Italy in November, but then came the news of Austerlitz, and we had to run back. We ran to Sicily, and in 1806 the King and Queen of Naples followed us there.

We at once began, under a series of commanders, Sir John Stuart the first, to organize that large Island for its own defence, and for offence also; we built a little flotilla, and in July sent to the Mainland 5,000 men, who won the excellent little battle of Maida over 6,300 Frenchmen. It was on that occasion that, an alarm being suddenly given, the Grenadiers and the Inniskillings, who were bathing from the beach, rushed from the water, seized their muskets, and fell in stark naked. Henry Fox and Moore successively took over Stuart's command, and garrisoned several little ports in the 'toe' of Italy, but these were retaken when Murat became King of Naples. Moore had gone off to the Baltic, and thence to Spain. Stuart again took command, and was sluggish. Murat even gave us several awkward frights in Sicily; but then came the Austrian War of 1809, and his troops were wanted for that, and the Spanish War got worse, and his troops were wanted for that; so we resumed the offensive and destroyed his gunboats. If Stuart had been more adventurous we might have landed, say at Leghorn, in July, 1809; this might have raised all Italy against the French, and Austria would not have made peace after Wagram.

At the end of 1810 Lord William Bentinck arrived in Sicily. He remained for three years, virtually as Governor, and used the Island, not without effect, as a basis for attack on the French Armies in the Eastern provinces of Spain. He seems to have got on exceedingly

well with the Sicilians, though not with their Queen, for he 'went a-crusading with the British Constitution,' which is (as is well known) a remedy for *all* evils of government. He introduced two regular Houses of Parliament, honourable members of which shook their fists at each other in true parliamentary style, while perhaps feeling in their bosoms for their more native knives. Be this as it may have been, our hold on Sicily enabled us to establish a steady 'raw' on the French in two most important places, Eastern Spain and Southern Italy.

And so we may turn with relief to Lord Wellington. And we must remember, in considering the sequence of his fortunes, that these fortunes always had a powerful effect upon the resistance of other Powers to Napoleon, heartening or disheartening them according to their measure of success; *e.g.*, his retreat after Talavera in 1809 had inclined Austria to make peace; his great success at Vittoria in 1813 finally brought that Power into line with the Allies.

The pleasant little country of Portugal is, inside, by no means what Northern imagination paints it, all vineyards and black-eyed maidens; for its Eastern frontier and much of its centre is an arid mountainous desert, defended by two fortresses, Elvas and Almeida, which respectively face the great Spanish strongholds of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo; these command the only two roads at that time practicable for a French Army coming from Spain (there is a road from the North, but in 1809–10 the French had evacuated North-Western Spain, which was in full insurrection behind them). The Badajoz-Elvas road was also comparatively useless for an attack on Lisbon, for its line is South of the great estuary

of the Tagus, and that estuary defends the city for twenty miles inland; Wellington always had to watch this Southern road, but his watch needed not to be in great force. The main attack was certain to come from Rodrigo, and it was to resist this that our General now bent all his efforts. He had visited Lisbon in the autumn after Talavera, and had thought out what he would do there a whole year before he needed to utilize his conception. For the rest his plan simply was to devastate Portugal from the frontier to the sea; to remove the population *en masse* to the coast towns; to fortify, with the exception of Lisbon, only three places, Almeida, Elvas and the lowest bridge over the Tagus, that of Abrantes; finally, outside Lisbon, to entrench himself to the teeth. Let the French come; he would fall back before them and entice them on, and they must then simply starve. Had the devastation really been carried out as Wellington ordered it, the French would have starved in a week instead of in three months. All the winter of 1809–10 Wellington expected Napoleon, now free from the Austrian War, to come in person; but, in April 1810, there appeared instead of him the ablest of his lieutenants, Marshal Masséna, 138,000 strong. If Masséna had had command of all the French Armies in Spain, say another 200,000 men, he might have given Wellington much more trouble than he actually did.

The greatest number of regulars whom Wellington could command during 1810 hardly exceeded 70,000, of whom about 30,000 were Portuguese, now in process of training by Beresford. Our Army included two gallant bands of North German exiles, the first known as the King's German Legion ('K.G.L.'), representing the Hanoverian Army, which was disbanded after the French

had occupied Hanover in 1803; these fought under our flag at almost every battle down to Waterloo; and the second, known as the 'Black Brunswickers,' who had risen in Central Germany in 1809, cut their way through to the coast and entered the English service in that year; these were not present as a Corps at Waterloo, but in the Duke of Brunswick's contingent on that day there were probably many veterans of the Peninsula. The Portuguese Ordinance-men were forty thousand strong, and swarmed all over the country.

In the spring Craufurd, with his Light Division, lay by Rodrigo, as our advanced guard, and rendered inestimable service in the matter of scouting; he could have his whole Division under arms within a quarter of an hour of any alarm; he never let the French scouts through, and he always sent Wellington the earliest intelligence of their movements. Masséna of course had to begin by taking Rodrigo, and what he prayed for was that Wellington would advance to relieve it and so give himself away. He little knew his man, whereas half Wellington's success arose from the uncanny insight which his genius gave him into the minds and tempers of his successive adversaries. Rodrigo made for ten weeks a most valiant defence, and only fell on July 9th. Almeida would have probably done equally well had not an early shell exploded the powder magazine; it fell after twelve days (August 27th). Wellington grimly fell back and back until he found a really good position, from which to give his enemy a taste of British powder, at Busaco near Coimbra. There on September 27th he stood at bay with a force thoroughly inferior both in numbers and quality to the French veterans. But that force was so carefully concealed that

Masséna thought that storming this hill would be an easy job; and when, as his men reached the summit, first the 88th, then the 45th, 43rd, 52nd and Pack's Portuguese successively sprang from the earth, no one was more astonished than Masséna. Our losses, over a thousand, were just about a quarter of theirs.

But the brave Marshal pushed on, and, as the British kept on retreating towards Lisbon, he concluded that they meant to take to the sea and give up the game. Nothing in Wellington's campaign was finer than this strategy, while the fighting honours of the retreat rested with Anson, who commanded our rear-guard. Some twenty miles North of Lisbon a surprise awaited the Frenchmen, for they suddenly found themselves face to face with a great double line of earthworks and redoubts carved on the mountain-side. They had heard nothing of this before. But these were the famous 'Lines of Torres Vedras.' Their construction had been going on for many months under the direction of a skilled engineer, Colonel Fletcher, and, though as yet by no means perfect, they were becoming more 'horrid,' in the Latin sense of the word, every day. The first or exterior line was twenty-nine miles long from the sea to the estuary of the Tagus; the second was twenty-two miles, and there was, as well, a very small third line about two miles long, right on the coast—enough, in case of accident, to cover an embarkation. The principle of the Lines was in each case a series of redoubts, differing in size and shape according to the nature of the ground, but always so placed as to bring the slope in front under a cross or 'enfilading' fire. All were fully furnished with guns, and to each was allotted its special detachment of men. Every scrap of roadway or cover outside

had been ruthlessly destroyed. The garrison of the first line of redoubts would amount to something under 20,000 men, which would leave another 60,000—for reinforcements were daily arriving from England—inside the Lines, ready to move on excellent roads to any threatened point.

This pleasing surprise was revealed to the Marshal on October 14th; to storm such a position, after his experience at Busaco, was too great a risk, and so he sat down to wait for reinforcements. He might as well have waited for the Tagus to flow backwards; every garrison he had left behind had long ago been besieged by the Portuguese Ordinance-men, every road broken up, every convoy cut off. And meanwhile he was starving. Bravely he starved in front of the Lines for one month; fell back to Santarem and starved for two more, Wellington cautiously following him; and finally he retreated on Rodrigo on March 1st, 1811, having lost 10,000 men since he saw the Lines, and 25,000 in the whole campaign. Quite apart from the difficulty of getting through, no one in Spain had any reinforcements to spare. Soult, with 80,000, was trying to hold down Andalusia, and had indeed managed to take Badajoz, but that was all he could do. Victor was besieging Cadiz, and, in February, General Graham, who had been sent with a few thousand British to aid that city, made a splendid sortie and defeated Victor with heavy loss at Barossa. Our main Army, creeping after Masséna, began to besiege the ruins of Almeida, and the old Marshal most gallantly turned to relieve it. He found Wellington lying across his path at Fuentes d'Onoro, but failed, in two bloody attacks, May 3rd and 5th, to shake our position. He then gave up the job and

retired to France; his command was taken over by Marshal Marmont. The retreat of Masséna from before the Lines of Torres Vedras was the turning point in the History of Europe. We still have to follow, perhaps to the tedium of our readers, the outlines of the campaigns in the Peninsula; but the proverb 'what's well begun is half done' was never truer than of the case before us:—

ἐκ τοῦδ' ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερές, εἰσόκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἕλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.[1]

After the retreat of Masséna's Army Lord Wellington, having taken Almeida and left outside Rodrigo a sufficient force to check Marmont, marched southwards to join Beresford, whom he had sent to try to recapture Badajoz from Soult. Beresford, meanwhile, had only 8,000 British and some 20,000 Spaniards and Portuguese. Though an excellent administrator and a bonny fighter, he was neither a strategist nor a tactician and he allowed Soult to manœuvre him into a fight in the very worst possible situation. On May 16th was fought the terrible battle of Albuera. By all the laws of war Beresford was utterly beaten, one of his wings being entirely cut to pieces, and he was indeed preparing to draw off his remnants when Colonel Hardinge begged to be allowed one more try. Whereupon those remnants turned and drove Soult from the field. In no other action of which one has read did an Army win a battle after losing over half its strength—our casualties were 4,100 out of 8,000 men. Then Wellington arrived, and the two of them might have pressed the siege of Badajoz had not Marmont with

[1] Il. xv. 69–71.

surprising activity appeared in great force to its relief. Wellington at once doubled back towards Rodrigo with Marmont after him. Soult fell back to Andalusia. All the rest of 1811 the struggle between Marmont and Wellington was a drawn one; the latter dared not yet invade Spain, and the former dared not risk being starved in Portugal.

Suddenly, on January 19th, Wellington drove forward and pounced on Rodrigo by a storm, which lasted only twenty minutes; the leaders of it were Picton's and Craufurd's Divisions and Sir Denis Pack's Portuguese; it cost us the noble life of Craufurd, and two other heroes, Vandeleur and Colborne, were wounded in the assault. In March came another swift rush at the much greater fortress of Badajoz; this cost more time and great entrenching work, neither of which Wellington could really afford, and he finally decided on another storm, much to the joy of the Connaught Regiment (88th), who said, 'Sure, if we can get but a cavity in the wall, we'll be in, every bit of us.' On the night of April 6th, two Divisions were beaten back from the walls, but finally Picton's men escaladed the old Moorish castle, and by daybreak the town was won. After both these sieges, but especially after the latter, our men got completely out of hand and sacked the conquered cities in the most cruel manner; it was what the French were accustomed to do, but not the British, and it made a very bad impression in the Army. Wellington, who most unaccountably thought all common soldiers 'natural blackguards,' punished them severely but did not seem surprised. Then came a month's apparent hesitation on the frontier while Wellington was in deep secrecy preparing for a dash upon Sala-

manca, the great French depot of stores in Western Spain.

The advance, when it came, was through a desert which Marmont had swept bare, but the entry of the British into the city, which the French evacuated the day before, was received with transports of joy by the inhabitants; "one old woman," says a British officer present, "hugged and kissed Lord Wellington to his great annoyance; they kissed my horse's nose as I rode in." For a fortnight we were held up in Salamanca, occupied with reducing its fortresses; Marmont fell back, and we followed him early in July. We are told how British and French soldiers met constantly at horse-watering, on opposite sides of the river, and were vastly polite to each other with dumb show, "although," says the officer above quoted, "we are forbid to speak to them for fear of spoiling our French." During that time letters reached our camp speaking of the preparation of the Russians for fighting Napoleon, which put us in good fettle. Marmont resumed the offensive on July 16th and by masterly manœuvres compelled us in turn to fall back; but, when the Armies finally met on the field of battle (July 22nd), he left, at a critical moment, a gap in his line. "Now, by G—, I shall hit him," said Wellington, and he hit him to the extent of a loss of 15,000 men, half of them prisoners, out of 42,000. The Armies had been just about equal. Marmont himself was badly wounded, and Wellington, for almost the only time in his life,[1] actually hit; he had been charging in the front rank of his cavalry, which he had no business to do. Marshal Beresford also was badly wounded. No victory

[1] He was hit on the hip by a spent bullet at Orthez in 1814, and he had once been slightly wounded in India.

had yet been so complete as Salamanca, and it confirmed our men's belief in their General's good leadership and good luck. It shook the French, too, as nothing had yet shaken them. Joseph again fled Northwards from Madrid, which the English entered in triumph, and Soult, whom Sir Rowland Hill had skilfully prevented from coming to help Marmont, fell back from Andalusia towards the Eastern Provinces. The siege of Cadiz collapsed.

All 1811 Napoleon had been preparing for the last and greatest of his enterprises; he was going to hurl over half a million of men upon Russia, and he started to do so in June. His alliance with Alexander had never been a really close one, and the latter felt that he had been duped all along the line, for he had not got hold of Sweden or of Turkey, and yet had been obliged to watch his ally getting hold apparently of all Western Europe. Sweden, nominally at war with Great Britain, was really on the best of terms with that Power, for our clever Admiral, Sir James Saumarez, sat outside the Swedish ports and entered into a secret understanding with the Swedish commanders (1810–12); soon Castlereagh's admirable diplomacy reconciled both Sweden and Turkey to their old enemy Russia. Napoleon had in 1810 added to his Empire the whole of Holland and the whole North Sea coast, and had thereby expropriated Alexander's cousin, the Duke of Oldenburg. Finally Alexander knew that the Continental System was ruining the Russian people, and hints were not wanting among his courtiers that Czars had been murdered before and might be murdered again. If Old France had been a 'despotism tempered by epigrams,' Russian despotism is always tempered by possible assassination. So in 1810 the Czar threw off the 'System' and threw open his ports to British trade.

He knew the cost—war with France; but he also knew, which Napoleon did not, Russia and her two excellent generals, January and February. All 1811 we hear of the Czar (who was an irresolute man) pacing his palace with haggard eyes and muttering to himself, "*L'année prochaine*"—"What will next year bring?" Next year brought Napoleon and six hundred thousand men, nominally with an Austria and a Prussia at his back, really with these two Powers waiting for the chance of a slip to reassert their independence.

To meet the needs of this Army Spain had to be much drained of the best French troops; but even so, Wellington's success in the summer of 1812 produced the natural result of a concentration of his opponents' forces to meet him in North-Eastern Spain. So when, after occupying Madrid, he advanced by the great highroad to Burgos, 60,000 strong, he found that he might in a very few weeks have to face at least 150,000. He stayed too long at a fruitless siege of Burgos (his one failure in the Peninsula), and in October was compelled to retreat again to Portugal with considerable loss from sickness and straggling. Hardly was he back on the Portuguese frontier when news began to filter through of some terrible disaster to French arms in Russia. General January had not been called upon; Major November, although not in that year a precocious month, had begun, and Colonel December had, with the aid of the brave Russian soldiers, finished the task. Of the 400,000 men who had crossed the Niemen in June not a tenth returned alive at the end of the year,[1] and those that returned were in a terrible

[1] Probably far less than a tenth; for, of the 40,000 who recrossed, probably many were from the reinforcements taken to Russia in later months by Loison and Augereau.

plight. Again, as in Egypt, the Emperor abandoned his beaten troops to their fate and hurried to Paris. The end could not now be very far off.

Still, at the dawn of 1813, there were 200,000 Frenchmen in Spain ; but to our 75,000 Anglo-Portuguese were now added 60,000 Spaniards, for Wellington had at last in 1812 been made Commander-in-Chief of all Spanish Armies. Soult was gone to Germany and Joseph had got Marshal Jourdan, a poor substitute, instead of him. The French lay on the Ebro, but, though they had managed to reoccupy Madrid, they knew that their cue was now the defensive. Accordingly they expected Wellington to advance by the main road from Ciudad Rodrigo, and were prepared to fight it out like gentlemen on that road. By that road in fact their dreaded enemy came, but, every time that the French began a concentration in order to oppose him, they became aware of an uneasy sensation on their extreme right and almost behind their extreme right. The cunning Englishman had sent his transports round to the little Biscayan ports of Santander and Bilbao, and had sent Graham with a large force to threaten Jourdan's right flank from the rugged mountains of the Asturias ; Graham might even get to the Pyrenees before Jourdan if the latter were not careful. So back and back fell the French, from Madrid, from Burgos, from the line of the Ebro ; and finally made their last great stand on June 21st at Vittoria, some 65,000 strong to Wellington's 80,000. There they were swept from the field ; their mere loss in men, 7,000 to our 5,000, was not so great a blow as that of their entire baggage train, laden with the spoils of six years' plunder, and their whole artillery. In a week they were over the Pyrenees—in their shirts,

Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
And England bursting on her foes;

and not even on the main seaside road, for Wellington had cut them off from that, and the retreat was by the far worse pass of Roncesvalles. They ran till they got to Bayonne, and Wellington, leaving troops to take the frontier fortresses, was after them. At the same time Marshal Suchet, whose career in subduing Eastern Spain had been hitherto fairly successful, was obliged to evacuate Valencia in the face of a considerable Army from Sicily which Bentinck was just throwing on the coast.

Meanwhile in 1813 Napoleon had managed to scrape together another great Army, and to make head in Germany against a fourth and last Coalition of European Powers. This coalition was all Castlereagh's work. When at the end of 1812 the shattered remains of the French recrossed the Niemen, Alexander, who had sent his Fleet to England for safety, hesitated a moment whether he would rest satisfied with the deliverance of 'Holy Mother Russia' or pursue the Man of Blood to the finish. The joyful yet alarmed Prussian Government hesitated still more. But the Prussian Army and Nation uprose and carried their stiff and anxious King off his legs. Prussia had to avenge since 1806 more frightful insults and humiliations than any other European nation; hence the coming war was called the War of Liberation, hence the fury with which Prussian soldiers fought against Frenchmen in 1813–15, and hence the position of Prussia to-day at the head of Modern Germany. Austria hesitated much longer; she had perhaps as much to gain by offering to France her alliance as her hostility, and she

could put into the field a bigger Army than Russia and Prussia united. But, one by one, by Castlereagh's adroit diplomacy, backed as it was with plenty of solid English subsidies, these Powers were induced to fall into line, Austria the last; and, though one more great victory was granted him by the Fates at the battle of Dresden, Napoleon's overthrow was completed in October in the awful slaughter of Leipsic, and he had to fall back on to his own side of the Rhine.

On the Pyrenees it is all really one campaign from July 1813, when Soult arrived to rescue the soil of France, till April, 1814, when he fought his last battle, for honour's sake alone, under the walls of Toulouse. During that time Soult indeed did wondrous well. He rallied the fugitives from Bayonne and advanced to the Pyrenees again. First he fell upon Picton, who, on the Spanish side of the mountains, was still blockading Pampeluna, and, though Picton beat him off, he was able all the late summer to make the siege difficult for us, and the place only fell in October. San Sebastian, the other great frontier fortress, had been taken by storm at the end of August. Then Soult fought us again at the passage of the Bidassoa (October), at the passage of the Nivelle (November), at that of the Nive (December), and on the last occasion caused us heavy losses. Wellington was, so to speak, 'unloosed,' and hurled his men hither and thither somewhat more expensively than was his wont, but always with success. By December we were outside Bayonne, and Soult thereon skilfully drew us away Eastwards towards Toulouse. At the end of February we beat him severely at Orthez, and on April 10th, eleven days after Napoleon had abdicated, he stood up to us again under the walls of Toulouse, and

though beaten again, actually hit us harder than he was hit himself. Nearly a month before that battle Marshal Beresford had pushed on to Bordeaux, the greatest city of Southern France—was there any memory of the Black Prince there when he arrived?—and there Louis XVIII. had been proclaimed King on March 12th.

A leaf from the Journal of the Speaker of the House of Commons in November, 1813, reminds one of the saying of Horace Walpole, that in 1759 'one had to wake up early each morning and ask what new victories there were.' Thus:—"21st November comes News of the deliverance of Holland; deputies arrive with News of the retreat of the French, of the establishment of a Provisional Government and of an invitation to the Prince of Orange" (who, like most other exiled sovereigns, was in England). "24th: News of the liberation of Hanover and advance of the Allies to the Rhine; the Guards embarked for Holland to-day. 25th: News of Lord Wellington having forced the French lines between the Pyrenees and Bayonne" (viz. at the Nivelle); "the Tower guns fired. Later in the day, News of the surrender of Dresden; the guns fired again," and so on. On the last day of the year Castlereagh went in person to the Camp of the Allies, in order to keep them firm and to compose their only too probable quarrels. Three great questions presented themselves in that Camp: (i) Shall we pursue Napoleon to the death and put some one else upon the throne of France? (ii) Shall France, under whatever form of government, be left with the limits of 1792 or with what she calls her 'natural' frontier of the Rhine? (iii) How shall the rest of the Map of Europe be rearranged? Castlereagh from the first was against dictating any form

of government to France; he would leave that question to Frenchmen. But it must be the France of 1792 and not a rood beyond.

To enter into the various schemes of the other Allies is beside our purpose. Austria, who, in 1810, had given a daughter to Napoleon as wife, was inclined to recognize his dynasty if not himself. Prussia merely longed for French blood and revenge. Alexander of Russia wished to pose as the benevolent gentleman who wanted to make Frenchmen happy by choosing a nice new Sovereign for them. There might have been very pretty squabbles over these various plans had not Napoleon happily united the Allies once more by sticking out for the whole line of the Rhine and a good slice of Italy. These no one would grant, so, by the Treaty of Chaumont of the 1st of March, the Allies resolved to pursue him to his fall. Castlereagh promised a British[1] Army of 150,000 men and five millions of subsidies. He was already making up his mind that a restoration of the Bourbons, who alone in France represented a principle, was the best way out of the scrape. The Bourbons had not during their exile endeared themselves to Frenchmen; but Frenchmen were rising sporadically for them in various parts of the country. When they did come back they proved only too well that 'they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.'

One very unpleasant shadow hung over Great Britain in these last years of victory—no less than a war with America. We need not go into the long story of protocols, negotiations and ultimata which passed between the countries between 1807 and 1812; suffice it to say that

[1] We must still, by 'British,' understand British-Hanoverian with the addition of auxiliaries like the Brunswickers.

there were two main causes of trouble. One we have already partially understood, namely the pressure which we were obliged, for our own safety, to bring to bear against Neutrals trading to France, of whom America was the chief; this was at first fought out in a paper war of 'Non-Importation Acts,' 'Embargoes,' and 'Orders-in-Council.' The other, of which we have not yet heard, was the search which our King's ships used to make for British seamen who had taken service on American vessels, being attracted thereto by the high wages paid by American owners.[1] The pressgang had to be kept going in Britain throughout the war, and we thought, rightly or wrongly, that we could not afford to lose several thousands of possible 'hands' in this way. But it was often difficult to distinguish between a British sailor and a citizen of the United States, and in more than one instance British captains actually kidnapped Americans and refused to restore them; the first proved instance of this was in 1807. It is obvious that the British Government did all in its power to avoid a war, and to soothe the very natural susceptibilities of the young Republic. It is also obvious that the real sympathies of our so-called 'kindred beyond the Atlantic' were really with France rather than with ourselves. And thirdly it is obvious that our whole energies were so

[1] The writer's grandfather gives an interesting account of his voyage to America in 1799 on an English-built ship in the American merchant service, commanded by a Scot, with a mixed American and English crew. They were well armed, and beat off in a sharp action, and with great loss to the Frenchman, the French privateer *Bellone*. "Captain Williamson seemed to consider one Englishman as a match for four Frenchmen, and with Englishmen he, no doubt, classed Americans as well as Scotchmen."—'Autobiographical Recollections,' by C. R. Leslie, R.A., i. 3 *sqq*.

much absorbed in the greater conflict with France that we paid too little heed to the possibilities of the lesser one with America. Anyhow, war was declared on us by the United States in June, 1812, and neither we nor they were in the least ready for the conflict. The American Navy consisted of six or seven very powerful frigates, excellently manned and gunned, with a few small craft; their Army of some 6,000 men. They called out their Militia; but, as this force was at the disposal of the several States and not of the Federal Government, the answer to the call differed according to the predilections of each State. And, curiously enough, the very States which had been most red-hot against us in the war of 1776, namely those of New England, were now almost ready to break the Union rather than fight in support of their Central Government. It was the South which was really keen against Great Britain, and which had the greatest means of injuring her, for from the South were derived those supplies of raw cotton which fed the looms of Lancashire; and it was the famine of American cotton which in 1810–12 was causing such frightful distress and riots in that county.

The war would naturally have to be fought on two main theatres, the Sea and the Canadian border. On the latter stage the British called in the Red Indians, who certainly, on one proved occasion, massacred American prisoners; but then it must be remembered that Americans killed *all* Indians wherever found. We had at one time over 10,000 men in Canada, who, on the whole, did little more than hold their own against distinctly superior numbers; the respective frontiers were raided and re-raided several times, and the most interesting aspect of the war was seen when each side actually

built flotillas of gunboats both on the Great Lakes and on the Little Lakes. The Americans had rather the best of this; they mastered Lake Erie, and on Lake Ontario they took Toronto (then called York), but they failed to capture Montreal, and before the end of the war British superiority was gradually asserting itself in the North.

At sea the main business was a series of frigate actions between single ships—we had only three sail of the line on the American coast when the war began—and at first the enemy won in nearly every case, mainly owing to superior gunnery and greater weight of broadside, for since Trafalgar our gunnery had been decidedly on the decline. And in privateering they were immeasurably ahead of us; even our home waters were infested by their cruisers, who could now of course find refuge and sell their prizes in French harbours. In 1814 the Peace with France at once altered these conditions, although the British Navy, even before the Peace, was reasserting its superiority. One expedition of ours swept over Eastern Maine; another took and burned Washington—or rather the public buildings of that city; but a third was beaten off with great slaughter from an attempt on the city of New Orleans in the mouth of the Mississippi. This last was the bloodiest set of actions in the war, and, sad to say, it was fought when terms of Peace had already been signed at Ghent. Negotiations had been opened there in August, but dragged on till December 24th, when the *status quo ante bellum* was re-established and the questions in dispute were referred to a joint Commission. If the Americans had inflicted great losses on our Navy and our commerce their own commerce had suffered to a far greater extent, indeed to such an extent

as very nearly led to a secession of several States from the Union; and, as we have seen, they had practically no Navy to suffer.

Meanwhile time was given to Napoleon to fight that which was, in the opinion of many soldiers, his most brilliant campaign of February–March, 1814. With never above 90,000 men—nay, boys—he kept at bay the Allies, who had five times his force, for nine long weeks. More than once it needed all Castlereagh's firmness to keep the Allies from falling back, or at least from treating with him again. Here our great Minister was backed by most of the public opinion in England, where there was 'an almost universal dread of any pretended peace with Bonaparte.' At last, when the Allies were already under the walls of Paris, the Emperor abdicated at Fontainebleau, March 30th. There were a few days of provisional government, and then old Louis XVIII., brother of the murdered Louis XVI., was proclaimed King. On April 20th he made his entry into London[1] on his way to Paris. Strongly against Castlereagh's advice the Allies allowed Napoleon to retain the title of Emperor, and gave him the little island of Elba to rule. It was not to be supposed that he, who had reigned over a Continent, and was, after all, but forty-five years old, would be content to reign over a molehill.

Then came the fêtes and the fireworks. The Allied Sovereigns visited Paris, where they might be seen

[1] Madame d'Arblay (Miss Frances Burney) was taken to Grillon's Hotel in Albemarle Street to be presented to him; he could only move very slowly 'dragging his large and weak limbs,' but he spoke to her kindly 'in very pretty English' and said he had 'long known her books.' He was a shrewd old creature who had made himself very comfortable for the last seven years at Hartwell in Buckinghamshire.

walking arm-in-arm in the Bois de Boulogne. One day Alexander and Frederick William lost their way there, and asked an English officer to direct them, and when he, who did not know them by sight, asked 'whom he had been able to oblige,' and was told 'the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia,' he thought those military-looking gentlemen were making fun of him, and answered pleasantly, 'Oh, if you come to that, I'm the Great Mogul.' Then they visited the Prince Regent in England, and were taken to Ascot Races, and to get honorary degrees at Oxford. And the King of Prussia was good enough to say to the Speaker, "You Englishmen have made a brave struggle." In that year the Speaker 'read a novel called Waverley; people ascribe it to Walter Scott.'

But for Castlereagh the harder task of rearranging the Map of Europe was now to come. In September a Congress met at Vienna for this purpose, and the jealousies of the various Powers for long baffled all his conciliatory proposals. England, however great the part she had borne in the victories, was yet not able to speak as a first-class military Power, for, the instant peace with France had been signed, every one was clamouring against the load of debt and demanding instant reductions in Army and Navy. In January, 1815, it looked for a moment as if Europe were to be divided into two hostile camps of England, France and Austria against Russia and Prussia; what might have happened we cannot tell, but that Napoleon saved Europe by bursting from Elba and landing, on March 1st, in the South of France with 800 men. The restored Bourbons had already made themselves profoundly unpopular; and the Army, if not the French people,

was ready for another change. Then followed the famous 'Hundred Days of 1815.' This time Great Britain was to bear the part of principal in the strife.

The 'Emperor of Elba' having pressed on to Paris, and every one who had been sent against him having gone over to his side, became again the Emperor of the French, and Louis XVIII. went again on his travels. Napoleon had to pose this time as a moderate, a true Liberal, who desired only peace; and he did actually lose time, as well as consideration with his thorough-going friends, by this attitude. No one in France believed in that; 'Liberty, Equality, War all over the World,' was the only possible cry for the true Napoleon. But British Radicals believed, or at least pretended to believe him; Grey, Romilly, Horner, Burdett and Tierney denounced the coming war far more fiercely than they had denounced the war in Spain. All they cried out was, 'Why has not Lord Castlereagh already made the Congress of Vienna promise to abolish the Slave Trade?'[1] 'No more war! no more taxes! Peace with this noble regenerator of France, this true child of the French Revolution, this real Whig, whom you wicked Tories have so long prevented, by your infamous wars, from showing himself in his true colours!'

Meanwhile, the Allied leaders at Vienna issued a proclamation declaring Napoleon to be a public enemy and declining all negotiation with him. The terms of their Treaty of a year before were restated, and each

[1] Castlereagh had been using his best endeavours for this object, and continued to use them both before and after the Hundred Days, but he found that Continental Powers considered it to be merely one of perfidious Albion's usual tricks: "Your Colonies," they said, "are stocked with slaves; ours, which you are so kindly going to give back to us, are not."

of the four—England, Austria, Russia and Prussia—bound themselves to contribute 150,000 soldiers, although England was obliged to pay some of her contribution in cash rather than in men. This looked like an Army of near 600,000—on paper; but for the present on paper only, for the Russians of 1814 were even now toiling painfully back to their own distant country, and the Austrians, though geographically not so far off, were quite as unready. The nearest and readiest of the four was Prussia, but that was mainly because her troops were still occupying those 'Rhenish Provinces' which were to fall to her, as we shall presently see, at the final Peace. The next nearest in point of time was probably Great Britain, and an additional incentive was given to her preparations by the fact that the Allied Sovereigns unanimously chose Wellington, now the Duke, to be Commander-in-Chief of all their forces. He was at Vienna at the time and started on March 29th for Brussels, which he reached on April 5th.

At that time no one knew (i) whether Napoleon would attack or wait to be attacked; (ii) or, if the former, whither he would direct his blow. But the general idea was that the Allies might be ready to invade France at the beginning of June if they were not attacked earlier. This would mean that an Anglo-Hanoverian Army would invade from Belgium, keeping touch with a Prussian Army in the Meuse valley; these, again, in touch with Russians, who would come through Lorraine, and, finally, the largest column of all, the Austrian, would come from the Middle and Upper Rhine; the whole to converge on Paris. Threats might be made by Sardinians and by more Austrians from Italy, and by Spaniards from Spain, where King Ferdinand had now been restored.

Possibly Napoleon's best plan, from a military point of view, would be to await the attack of the Allies, but from a political point of view this was impossible; his throne was not secure enough for him to risk exposing France again to the horrors of an invasion. He therefore decided to attack, and to attack swiftly, such of the Allies as alone were ready.

These were the Prussians and the English. The English Army was by no means the only one which had been reduced at the Peace; something over one-third of the Prussian Army, which in April began to gather on the Southern frontier of Belgium, was composed of recruits, many of them raised in provinces which had quite recently belonged to the French, some of them actually soldiers who had served in French Armies. They mustered 124,000 strong, and were under command of old Marshal Blucher, seventy-one years of age but the darling of the soldiers, who called him 'Father Blucher,' or 'Marshal Forwards.' The composition of the English Army was, in principle, the same as it had been in the Peninsula—that is to say, it was fed by drafts from the Militia. Tradition rather than positive evidence leads us to believe that the twenty thousand Infantry, at least, consisted largely of recruits; but these were enrolled in regiments two-thirds of which had been represented in Spain. The eight thousand British Cavalry were certainly more seasoned men, for only about one-fifth belonged to non-Peninsular regiments, and it may well be supposed that the proportion of veterans in the others was considerable; and it was the same with the gunners of our ninety British guns. The King's German Legion, three thousand odd Infantry and twenty-five hundred Cavalry, was also full of veterans;

there had been little or no recruiting therein. The Hanoverians contributed thirteen thousand odd Infantry, mostly recruits, and fifteen hundred Cavalry; the Duke of Brunswick, five thousand and a thousand respectively of the two arms; the Nassauers, seven thousand Infantry. Incomparably the worst troops ever seen on any battlefield were the nineteen thousand Infantry and three thousand Cavalry raised in the now 'United Kingdom of Belgium and Holland,' and hence usually called the 'Dutch-Belgians.' So far as these were not recruits they were men who had served France and were at heart largely French; they were now incorporated in our Army, in which that incompetent young man, their Prince of Orange, also commanded a Corps. Their main contribution to our service was to run to the rear as soon as they came under fire. This, said the Duke, was the worst Army he ever commanded, and he had a very inefficient Staff; had he had his men of 1813 he would never have waited to be attacked on June 18th. His total strength was just below 69,000 muskets and 14,500 sabres, with 192 guns.

Against this Alliance Napoleon could have brought into the field many more men than he brought; early in June he had quite three hundred thousand men under arms, about half of them veterans. But he thought it necessary to watch all his frontiers at the same time, which was a great mistake; against Wellington and Blucher, therefore, he sent only 124,000 men. Of these nearly all were veterans, 23,000 were superb Cavalry, and he had 370 guns.

His plan was a simple, if a daring one—so simple, in fact, that the Duke thought there must be something behind it, and made a mistake in consequence.

This plan, in brief, was to drive straight at the point of contact between the English and the Prussian troops, and to hurl each back on to its base, the former to the sea at Ostend or Antwerp, and the latter to Liège, and ultimately over the Rhine at Cologne ; the Allies, who all May were expecting soon to invade France, were, in fact, spread far too wide for safety, for their total front covered some ninety miles, and it is only fifty from the French frontier to Brussels. Brussels, therefore, was the Emperor's objective. All turned for him on the question of separating the two Allies ; he thought that each, if beaten, must fall back to his own base. Here he made a grave error ; he did what he always told others not to do, he ' made himself a picture,' and he stuck to his error till late on the afternoon of Waterloo. Blucher and Wellington had met at Tirlemont on May 3rd, and had passed the 28th, 29th, 30th of that month at Brussels together ; and, either then or in later communications, they had promised to stick together or to rejoin each other, even if beaten in detail, directly it should be possible to do so.

Wellington, however, also made a grave error. As the long June days ran on, and as it became obvious that neither Russians nor Austrians were yet prepared for an advance, although he massed his main body facing the Sambre and the road from Charleroi to Brussels, he felt continuously uneasy about his right, where two other roads came in. He consequently kept over 18,000 men guarding those roads, and though, just before the fighting, he ordered an inward movement upon Hal, he made no complete concentration ; oddly enough, while there is good evidence that the cannon of Waterloo was heard on the coast of Kent, these men, not twenty

London: John Murray, Albemarle St.

miles away, knew nothing of the battle. So also the Prussians, on their far left, had a whole Army Corps out of touch with their main battle. In excuse for Wellington it may be pointed out that he was really in the awkward position of having the line of communications with his best base (Ostend) parallel, instead of at right angles to his front; in such circumstances he hardly dared to leave his right uncovered. From about June 6th it began to appear probable that the French would take the offensive, but not till the 15th was it known for certain, and then it was felt; first by the Prussians.

The two Allied Armies lay on that day about nine miles apart, some eighteen miles South of Brussels, the English left being at the crossroads called 'Quatre-Bras' and the Prussians to the Eastward at Ligny. Napoleon's idea was that neither was in very great strength, and this was so far true of the right wing that, at the commencement of the action at Quatre-Bras, we were decidedly outnumbered. He therefore gave Marshal Ney six Divisions with which to force against the British the main highroad to Brussels, while he himself would fall on the Prussians at the same time. Neither battle began until the afternoon of Friday the 16th; Wellington, who had left Brussels at 7 a.m., had time to ride to Quatre-Bras and post his men, and then to ride over to see Blucher (nine miles farther) at one o'clock, and he got back to his own position by 2.30 just as the battle began.

At Ligny they began half an hour later; all the afternoon messages kept passing between Napoleon and Ney of which the gist was 'Send me more troops,' and 'I can't spare any'; although by a blunder one whole

Corps of twenty thousand men under d'Erlon did in fact go to and fro between the French Armies and never got into action at all. Up till 5 p.m. the Emperor had made little progress against the Prussians, and the slaughter had been fearful; only at the last, by piling up every man he could, did he manage to pierce Blucher's centre; and by eight o'clock the Prussians, defeated and with their right, indeed, almost broken, drew sullenly and slowly away; the French casualties exceeded theirs by two thousand men.

As for Ney, Picton's Division, which included the famous British brigades of Kempt and Pack and Best's Hanoverians, held him off, in spite of the defeat of some Dutch-Belgians, until the arrival of the Brunswickers from Brussels put us in slightly superior force; their gallant Duke fell in leading a charge soon after he reached the field. For a while the situation was very critical, although reinforcements kept coming in, including Colin Halkett's Brigade with our Duke's first regiment, the 33rd; this and the 69th suffered fearfully from the splendid charges of the French Cavalry. By sunset, however, numbers began to tell, and at last the Duke ordered a general advance and drove Ney from his ground. But that was all; with numbers which had become at last distinctly inferior, Ney had almost held his own; the losses were about equal—something less than five thousand a side.

Why did not Napoleon, who thought he had quite put the Prussians out of action, instantly send, early on the 17th, every man he had got to fall on Wellington's flank, and order Ney to renew the combat in front? We cannot tell; he did not appear at Quatre-Bras till nearly two o'clock of that day, and the British Infantry had long

ago begun a steady retreat to the position, in front of Waterloo, upon which their commander had fixed for the defence of Brussels; our Cavalry and Artillery now skirmished with the French as we retired. The advantage was all to us, as a fierce thunderstorm broke about 2 p.m. and the fields soon became a trampled morass; the rain continued till early morning of Sunday.

In another way, also, Saturday the 17th was fatally wasted by the Emperor. While the English were beginning to fall back from Quatre-Bras to Mont-Saint-Jean, nine miles south of Brussels, Marshal Grouchy with thirty thousand men had been despatched to observe, and if necessary contain the beaten Prussian Army. But (i) no patrols had been sent after the victory of Ligny to observe the direction of the retiring Prussians, and so Grouchy was despatched in the wrong direction; (ii) he was despatched too late—at about 11 a.m. on Saturday. The Emperor firmly believed that Blucher was retreating on Namur and Liège; as a matter of fact the latter was going, at right angles to that road, and towards Wavre in order to join Wellington on the Sunday. Grouchy found out Blucher's real line much too late, and even then he acted feebly and hesitatingly.

On Saturday night, then, June 17th, the two Armies, that were to decide on the next day the fate of Europe for half a century to come, lay facing each other on a comparatively small space of ground; it was about a mile and a half from the centre of Napoleon's position at the little inn of Belle Alliance to that of Wellington's, which was in advance of the windmill at Mont-Saint-Jean. They were also comparatively small Armies: we may reckon 50,000 Infantry, 12,000 Cavalry and 156 guns to the Duke; 52,000 Infantry, 15,000

Cavalry and 266 guns to the Emperor. But, as regards any sort of usefulness, we must deduct from the Duke the 16,500 Dutch-Belgian foot and horse, although their artillery of thirty-two guns did some real service. Would the defensive tactics, of which the Duke was such an acknowledged master, enable him to hold off an Army superior in every respect to his own, and immeasurably so in Artillery, until the arrival of the Prussians ?

The course of the great fight may perhaps best be told in three letters from two persons (belonging to families which my readers have met before) who, if they had ever existed, would certainly have been present at it :—

Letter I. From Captain Roger . . . . , 52nd Regt., Aide-de-camp to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, to Captain Roger . . . . , retired R.N., at Tubney Manor House, Sussex, England.

BODENGHIEN'S INN, WATERLOO,
18th June, 3 *a.m.*

DEAR FATHER,—

H.G.[1] is making up his mail for Brussels, and I take the opportunity. There was a big fight with Ney on Friday beyond Genappe, and Blucher had a bigger about ten miles to our left with Boney himself ; but I was away at Hal and Tubize all day, and only met the Staff on their way back yesterday, and have been too busy to learn particulars. And the real fun is still to come—in a few hours. The weather is atrocious ; yesterday was stifling hot, till a thunderstorm broke on us at about 2.30, and it has rain'd in torrents ever since ; our poor fellows are bivouacking in it, quite without shelter. I send you a rough sketch of our position, in front of

[1] His Grace (the Duke).

the Soignies wood ;[1] if we are beaten, we can fall back thro' this and stand again outside Brussels. Our line is concave and about two and a half miles long. This village is in the wood, over a mile to the rear of our centre, which is in front of a hamlet called Mont-Saint-Jean, right on the road from Brussels to Charleroi ; across this runs a rough country road, along, and partly behind a slight ridge ; it gives cover here and there, and this is really our *line*, tho' both our right and left are lying out in front of it. Advanc'd posts as on my sketch :— Hougoumont—a big country house, wall'd garden and plantation, on the right ; Haye Sainte, a fair-siz'd farm, in centre ; and a little group of farms and cottages in the woods on our left ;[2] detachments lie on our right as far as Braine, and Colville with a whole Division[3] is on the Senne about ten miles to our right, in case Boney shou'd take a fancy to strike the Mons road.[4] Boney, as far as I cou'd see at sunset, lies much same as us—wings bent inwards : centre on our same road, about a mile and a half South of us ; his columns were then beginning to look big ; no doubt more have come in since. All open rye-fields in the valley between us—rye breast high, green and in ear ; filthy stuff for horses, and you can't prevent them ;[5] capital cavalry country, but the soil is now mere mud from the rain. I hope we shan't need

[1] The wood has now disappeared, but the Duke always said he could hold it ; there were two roads practicable for Artillery through it.

[2] Obviously Papelotte, La Haye, Smohain and Frischermont.

[3] Really, part of two divisions ; he refers to the men at Hal and Tubize.

[4] *i.e.* the road Mons-Hal-Brussels, or (the writer might have added) the road Tournai-Ath-Hal-Brussels.

[5] *i.e.*, can't prevent them from grazing it.

to move our artillery much ; but he will, if he is to pound us, as he must. The worst is that these Belgian hounds, of whom we have over 15,000, are quite rotten—they wou'dn't stand up on Friday, and no reason why they shou'd to-day. But we expect Blucher by noon ;[1] he was hard hit on Friday, but fell back in good order, and wrote yesterday from Wavre, which is only 4 hours away. I can see H.G. is quite confident, though he is graver than usual ; he told me he shou'd write to Lady Fanny[2] to bid her prepare to quit Brussels at a moment's notice, but this is only an extra precaution for his nervous friends. Our men have done no spade work, tho' they might easily have made our front stronger ; he must have had reasons for this ; he always knows best. Give my love to Mother and all. Tell good Mrs. H. that her brother was quite well when I saw him on Wednesday ; Ours[3] were not engag'd—no need to tell her they will be to-day.

Your affectionate Son,
ROGER.

Letter II. From Corporal William Hazelgrove, 52nd Regiment, to Mrs. Mary Ann Hazelgrove, Housekeeper at Tubney Manor House.

BRUSSILS
Munday June 26th

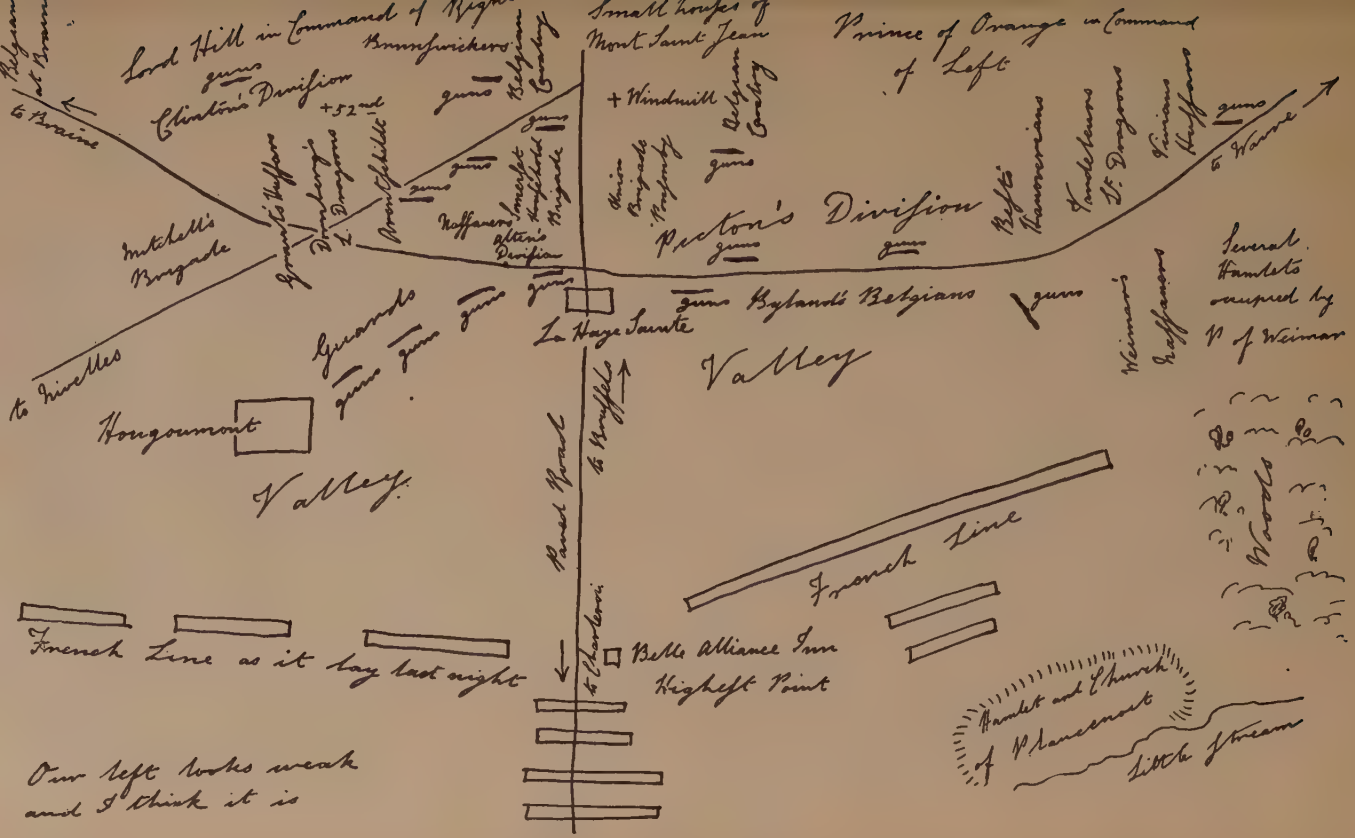
DERE SISTER

i hope yew are qite well as this leave me at presint and plees giv my dewty to Master and Mrs and

[1] The bad roads, the bad arrangements and the unwillingness of his Chief of the Staff, Gneisenau, kept him back till 4.45.

[2] Perhaps Lady Frances Webster.

[3] 'Ours,' the 52nd, was in Adam's Brigade, of Peninsular fame, and was commanded by Colborne.



p. 304] A PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

the yung ladies an i have to report that Our Glorius General gaind a Glorius Victry was Sundy week and gave the Mounseers such a thrashing wot they wont want no mor of for som time to cum an i greeve to say that my Master was greevusly wounded but it is now doin well it was rite at the end of the fite but i did not No it at the time or for many days We fought the frenshmen an there pretence Empirore at Waterlew was Sundy week an we beet him like he desservd the old redgmint was terrible cutt up but Thank God i escap unurt only for avin Will Saunders brains druv into my mouth bein opun he bein my frunt rank man which was onplesint it wasint there cavvulry chargs we minded soe much as there dredful gunns the bloody villians rode all round our sqars and the Gards as was on our left we formd sqar 3 tims but they never get in an we allways shot at the pore orses eds an yew cant ardly miss at 30 yard the worst was Evning wen the frensh Gards fellers with Bareskins wot ad never been beet before cam On 2-wice but the old fifty 2nd as yew No adnt never been beet nither an soe it was Us as reelly wonn the day we never see them gards in Spane an soe at last we was chasin of em pell Mell an the last i see of Master was allmost dark an e rode like mad acrost our frunt a callin out forward forward fifty 2nd an the Duke e was close to and i herd im shout forward Colborn forward not as our Colborn wanted no Duke not even im to say forward to im and Master e was close beind im an e cacht site of me perhaps becos of my hite and he pulls up and says hooray Will says he wev giv em a towelin this time an we'll be ome for the partrig shootin all rite an we wos swep on an i saw im no mor We was all 6s and 7s that evenin and wot sum of us may av been doin that nite i dont ardly

like to say only i didnt nuthing rong leestways it issnt rong to take wot yew can git from the Henemy and i av got a beyutifull Gold Wacht for yew dere Sister an 8 ginnies ard cash for me as i found in a ded frensh orfcrs pockit wich they issnt qite like our ginnies Well we fell in all rite next mornin an we marchd full 5 days after em only slow like not like them Prooshuns wot was crool mad and bloody for vengunce its a good country an not like that dirty Spane much like ome only no edges such funny tall ouses and all the Rodes qite strate i dont think i shud like to bee a frenshman Well it was fridy last as we was alted outside of a villiage an suddinly a haidycong e ride up to Captn Smith from the Duke like and speeks to im an my Captn e looks down our frunt and i eers im say yes theres my ordrly corpril Hazelgrove and i says ere am i an the haidycong e says can yew ride says e and i says i can seein i was 3 wip to the Old Master 3 seesins that'll doo says e take this orse an ride back to Brussils like ell becos i cant spare a sum furrin word e used and find Captn . . . . wot was wounded at Bellalince[1] and o e name my dere young Master an it was the 1st i ere of is bein wounded an my art sank in my mouth and give im this noat says e an tell him to send a shure man back with them mapps to is Graice ded or alive an qick qick says e Soe i says to Captn Smith Sir its my oan master wot I'm to find and im wounded an plees may i stay with him has e is wounded an i'll be sure to find im if all the devvils in ell was a barrin the Rode An the Captn e look at me plesint like an says i No yew will my good felow an yew cant miss the Rode its qite strate an about 80 mile an the countasine is Bloocher an with that i got on an rode al i new they wos our oan pickets all the way

[1] Belle Alliance.

an i keeps on a ollerin out Bloocher an Brussils an they cheerin like mad an that orse was the best orse ever i ad atween my nees but the Rodes is pavd an crool for orses an i coudn abear to kill im Soe about 3 qaters of way i shoe the noat with the Dukes oan dubleyew on it to a orfcr at a picket an say Sir my orse is a founderin an its the Dukes oan orse can yew mount me on an e says i can and e give me a woefull old scriew an i gets to Brussils sataurdy noone nither bite nor supp for 16teen howers an i ask hevry on wot speeks English as mostly they do not wot they dun with the glorius wounded orfcrs but it was sevin oclock afore i found were Master was loggd an I giv im the letter e was in Bedd an qite cumferable with a broaken legg qite a simpel fraction they say an a good kind English lady a nussin of im she is call Mrs Crauly er usbin is on Staff same as Master[1] i dont like er servints they speek Evil of er an er usbin pheraps becos she speek in frensh Soe ere i stay with leev from my cumpny orfcr til e is well an hafter that no mor soldjerin if e can elp it for Your luvin an afekshunt brother

WILLM HAZILGROVE

P.SS. it was not a wound it was is orse shott in the sholder not is oan orse an fell on him an e was stund an broak is legg oanly by a simpel fraction is sufrins was hawful cumin bak from the frunt in a strawcart e is very pale from feaver an will rite isself soon as ever

P.SSS. yew av probibly erd of Brussils were them little cabbiges cum from it is a noable sity they aint in seesin now

[1] Mrs. Crawley, we fear, deceived W. H. Readers of 'Vanity Fair' will remember that Rawdon Crawley was on General Tufto's staff, a very different thing.

Letter III. From Captain Roger. . . . to his father at Tubney.

BRUSSELS,
Sunday, July 2nd.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

I am getting on famously as Will H. will have told you. . . . he is a good fellow, and the most devoted of nurses. A certain Mrs. Crawley, wife of a Guardsman, took possession of me, and was certainly very kind, but I'm glad she's gone off to join the advance at Cambray; she did nothing but make eyes at me. Crawley has the worst reputation in the Service, though I own to a sneaking liking for him. Well, I've been trying to make out an account of the battle for you, and have been playing at it with little blocks of wood on a map, and as during the last three days I've been allow'd to see people, I have heard a good many stories, very likely half of them lies. First then it seems certain that Boney is done for; we are outside Paris, if not actually in, while I write.[1] Secondly the returns give 7,000 prisoners and over half their guns, taken on 18th alone, how many since I don't know. Our own losses were very heavy, over 15,000 men; theirs must have been infinitely more.[2]

No one knows why Boney waited so long to open the ball; it was the same story in both the battles of Friday 16th. Some say he waited for the ground to dry; that seems to me ridiculous, for it was cloudy till long after he began, and the ground never dry'd at all. We had our skirmishers thrown right forward in front of the farm[3] (look at the little plan I sent you on 18th) early

[1] Paris surrendered on July 3rd.
[2] 30,000; he omits the Prussian loss of 6,700.
[3] viz., La Haye Sainte.

in the morning; but, tho' we cou'd see dark masses of the enemy moving to and fro, it was 11.30 before a shot was fir'd. Of course I was constantly riding up and down the line with messages, so I don't think there was any part of the fight of which I didn't see something, altho' after 6 o'clock I was always on our right. The only troops that came on to the field after our position was taken up were Lambert's Brigade, which join'd Picton's Division just as we began, and some Belgians who came in from Braine on our right towards the end of the day. For the first two hours the fiercest fighting was at Hougoumont, where Byng's whole Brigade of Guards was soon busy. They[1] must have had a whole Division[2] in front of that house for the entire day; driv'n out of the orchard, our fellows held the kitchen garden, and tho' some of theirs got into the courtyard of the house (for they swarm'd all round it and often cut it off from support for a few minutes), they were all kill'd. Soon after 3 o'clock the house caught fire and burn'd till about 6; even after that volumes of smoke pour'd up as long as we cou'd see it. It was to replace Byng that Adam came into line with Ours[3] and also Duplat's Brigade of K.G.L.[4]

Meanwhile his Imp. Maj. turn'd his attention to our centre; one cou'd see plainly what a fearful business it was for him to get his guns in position, the wheels sinking to the axles; but before one o'clock they were

[1] *i.e.*, the enemy.

[2] At one time or another they actually had three Divisions; *i.e.*, the whole of Reille's Corps, though in the late afternoon Foy and Bachelu were drawn off from this towards the centre.

[3] Adam's Brigade with a battalion each of 52nd and 71st, and two of 95th.

[4] King's German Legion.

up within 4 or 5 hundred yards of us ; then his infantry came on ; two whole brigades tackl'd Baring, who was holding the little farm at Haye Sainte,[1] one on each side ; and all our efforts to relieve B. were in vain. A brigade of Cuirassiers supporting their heavy column of infantry charg'd right up to our plateau,[2] and then Lord Uxbridge [3] sent Ponsonby and Somerset [4] down on them and drove them back, but not before Major-General Count Bylandt and his entire brigade of Belgian devils had turn'd tail and bolted to our rear ; the 28th, who were next them, were furious, and slash'd at them as they ran by. This left a frightful hole in us, as Picton's Division, which lay just there, had been fearfully cut up on the Friday, and Kempt and Pack [5] between them barely made up 3,000 men ; but Picton never stopp'd to count odds of four to one and he fell on the leading French infantry brigades with the bayonet, and swept them back again. I don't think I ever saw more splendid work than those charges of the Greys and Inniskillings ; only of course, as usual, they charg'd too far and were cut up in returning, and Ponsonby was

[1] Major Baring at first held La Haye Sainte with 400 men of the King's German Legion ; it is a doubtful point whether he was ever reinforced.

[2] *i.e.*, to the point of intersection of the roads in front of our centre.

[3] Lord Uxbridge had an independent command of all the Cavalry.

[4] Sir W. Ponsonby with the Heavy or 'Union' Brigade, *i.e.* Scots Greys, Royal Dragoons and Inniskillings ; Lord Edward Somerset with the Household Brigade, *i.e.* 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Blues and 1st Dragoon Guards.

[5] Sir James Kempt had a battalion each of 28th, 32nd, 79th and 95th. Sir Denis Pack had one each of 1st, 42nd, 44th and 92nd. Picton's Division also included Vincke's Hanoverian Brigade.

kill'd. Sir Thomas[1] too, alas! met his death in his own bayonet charge. I noted that their columns were much deeper than they used to be in Spain.[2]

Far on our left another French Division was engag'd all day round the little farms of Papelot, Smohain, etc., but the Prince of Weimar held his own all day, and I don't think what happen'd there had much influence on our main battle. In the centre, in returning these compliments, we had got right up to their guns and smash'd up about two dozen of them. Soon after two there was a distinct pause, and you cou'd see riderless horses galloping about the field or grazing quietly between our lines and theirs. Still no Prussians. Not till about 3.30 did it begin to get hot again; this time on our right; the worst artillery fire I ever heard or saw, and, cover'd by that, the French Cuirassiers and Cavalry of the Guard charg'd at least a dozen times up the slope between Hougoumont and our centre—they say Marshal Ney led them in person. Maitland, Colin Halkett, Adam, Hew Halkett and the 23rd met them in squares, four men deep, two front ranks on knee, rear ranks loading and changing muskets with front; it was like waves beating against a rock; they must have sent forward 40 squadrons altogether, but our fire at 20 and 30 paces was so deadly that few ever reach'd the bayonets; they wheel'd and rode right and left along our front, and all the time our batteries were being strengthen'd and were giving a good account of

[1] Sir Thomas Picton.

[2] The French seem to have been inclined during the middle period of the Great War to learn from the English and to advance in a shallower but longer formation; but in 1815 they charged in columns of twenty-four ranks deep with a front of only seventy men.

them, while K.G.L. cavalry from the rear charg'd them wherever they cou'd; so did two Hussar regiments. But when Lord Uxbridge call'd on Trip's Belgian cavalry to follow him, he found himself riding alone, and Master Trip tripping it to the rear. I was coming back from our extreme right at the moment, and nearly charg'd into the Duke, who came galloping along from our centre in a shower of bullets calling out to Adam's, "Drive those fellows off our guns," pointing to an infantry column which had got among our gunners, God knows how—which the 71st promptly did. Of course the gunners ought to have taken cover inside the squares, as in General Orders, but you can never teach these fellows the rules of the game. These charges may have lasted nearly two hours, and meanwhile their infantry were swarming round the farm. I hear that Baring would never have been driv'n out, only that his cartridges ran short; he got a few reinforcements from Ompteda's Brigade, but no ammunition. Once the French set his barn door on fire, and his men put it out by filling their camp kettles at the horse pond! And at about six o'clock all that was left of him had to run for it, and the French at once seiz'd the farm. Ompteda was kill'd and his battalion of K.G.L. cut to pieces about same time.

Then at last the Blue boys[1] hove in sight; it was like the stories you us'd to tell us of your frigate work in the West Indies, when you had been fighting twice your weight of broadside all day and had most of your

[1] *sc.*, Bulow's column of Prussians. The writer evidently means that he did not *sight* them till about six; what follows shows that they had begun to attack Planchenoit an hour and a half before that.

spars shot away, and a fellow from the cross-trees spy'd another British frigate coming up all sail. But poor old Blucher's all sail was vastly slow. His first columns didn't get into action at Plancenoit, far on the French right, till about half-past four, and we on our right didn't feel the effect till after six, and then we had no eyes for anything but these devils in front of us. But I hear Plancenoit was twice taken and retaken, and that Bulow lost very heavily there; and it was not till near seven that one of their columns (Ziethen's it was) got into actual touch with our left. Directly it did the Duke stripp'd our left of his two best cavalry brigades, Vandeleur's and Vivian's, which had hardly been engag'd as yet, and they came thundering down behind our line, follow'd by Vincke's Hanoverians, to take post on our centre. It was indeed high time, for Haye Sainte, now in French hands, had given Boney a dangerous base, and only the Household Brigade and Alten's Division still held our line in front of it, and they both fearfully hard hit.

It was even money now that Boney, as he began to feel the attack of the Blue boys worse and worse, might retire in good order on Charleroi; our Duke wou'd, I think, certainly have done so, and it wou'd have been the right thing to do.[1] But he seems to have thought it a point of honour to crush us instead, and he wilfully neglected the Prussians till it was too late. Between seven and eight o'clock he pour'd on us all the army he had left, push'd his guns up to within 100 yards in

[1] He means, 'the Duke in Bonaparte's place would have done so'; but it would hardly have been the 'right thing to do' unless the Emperor had meant to retire into France fighting rear-guard actions or hoping to divide the Allies.

some places, hurl'd more and more of his left against Hougoumont, and finally sent his crack battalions of the Guard half across the valley full on the right of our line. Maitland's Guards were lying down behind the bank; we were all gather'd behind the Duke, and so we can alone have been seen by them as they came on. "Up Guards and ready," called out H.G.; "volley at 40 yards and then the bayonet." This happen'd twice, the Guards falling back in time to stand the second shock; and, at the second shock, Adam wheel'd his whole brigade and caught 'em in flank, the 52nd charging with the bayonet, and Hew Halkett in support of Adam. "More cavalry, please, Uxbridge," says the Duke, and then Uxbridge led on Vandeleur's and Vivian's. This prov'd the beginning of the general advance of our whole line; the Duke riding at the head of the Guards and lifting his hat to wave them on; the wind blew the smoke of Hougoumont badly across us. This was after eight o'clock; I don't know how our centre and left came on, but between the smoke we cou'd see masses of their infantry running southwards, and we appear'd to be driving them all south-east across the road, and so right on to the Prussians. Little squares of French, mostly of the Guards, stood their ground in our front, especially as we got up to the plateau of Belle Alliance, but they were all swept away. I heard Colin Campbell call out to the Duke, "Don't expose yourself, Sir"; "Nonsense, Campbell," says he, "I'll turn back when I see those fellows" (who were still holding the plateau) "turn back." But they didn't wait for the bayonet, and were soon on the run like the rest. It was just as we breasted it that I got knock'd over, and I knew no more till the pursuit had roll'd away. But I hear it was

Halkett who took the last of the Guard prisoners, and that the moon rose about 8.45, just as the Duke and Blucher met at the Inn.[1] They say the last fighting was in the churchyard at Plancenoit. Blucher undertook pursuit, and the Duke rode back to Waterloo to dinner. Algy Greville din'd alone with him, and the only words he said were, "Thank God I've met him; thank God I've met him."[2] It was vastly unpleasant lying there till three the next morning with a broken leg, but a Guardsman put a greatcoat under my head, and I had my own flask of brandy which I shar'd with two poor devils of Frenchmen who were lying near me. And I think the ten miles home in a rickety farm cart was the worst part of the whole job. . . .

(Here the letter ends abruptly.)

It is obvious that Napoleon's whole plan of battle was wrecked upon his having sent such a large detachment to observe the Prussians and sent it in the wrong direction. Even if Grouchy had 'marched to the cannon' as soon as he heard it, instead of continuing to pursue imaginary Prussians, he would have arrived too late. From the first it seems, then, that the Emperor's position was really a hopeless one; for political reasons he had not dared to fight over again on the defensive lines of 1814; and, with the troops at his disposal, an offensive campaign could not long have endured, although doubtless it would have produced a great effect among

[1] *sc.*, the Inn of Belle Alliance. Tradition differs as to the exact place of the meeting; the latest German authority (Lettow-Vorbeck) says that the Duke got as far forward as Rossomme, and met Blucher at Belle Alliance as he returned.

[2] 'Him,' *sc.* Napoleon; the Duke had never met him in the field before.

the half French populations on the left bank of the Rhine. Even if he had broken Wellington's line at Waterloo the other Allies would either have pinned him down in Belgium or advanced into France. But it must be admitted also that he fought the battle badly, not only in detail by throwing away too many troops on Hougoumont, but by his general plan of storming a frontal position, and by his continuing to do so in spite of the growing danger on his right. The Duke, on the other hand, kept his head cool and showed superb tactical genius. While he proved himself here as superior to his adversary as that adversary had hitherto proved himself in comparison with all other commanders, we must always remember the immense inferiority in many respects of the Army which he led to victory at Waterloo.[1]

The advance to Paris was a triumphal procession, and Napoleon's second abdication was immediately followed by the second restoration of the Bourbon King. The ex-Emperor was sent to St. Helena. The Congress of Vienna continued its sittings, and the final signature of Peace left the Duke of Wellington in command of an Allied Army which, as a measure of precaution, was to occupy French territory for five years to come, a term which the Duke's admirable management of his gallant foes was speedily able to reduce. France also paid a

[1] My account of the Waterloo Campaign, which I could never have worked up without the invaluable help of Mr. C. T. Atkinson of Exeter College, is based partly upon the standard works and especially Colonel James' 'Campaign of 1815,' but partly also upon the 'Account' of the eye-witness Heinrich Bergmann, a Hanoverian officer in the K.G.L., translated by his son Hugo Bergmann and published at Frankfort a/M in 1902. This pamphlet confirms nearly all Colonel James' ideas, and adds many touches which he omits.

heavy sum as a war indemnity. Since that time French and English troops have in one great war displayed their gallantry side by side, but they have never again fought against each other, and we all pray that they never may.

Much as the Eastern Powers at the Congress of Vienna, which continued to sit and do business through Napoleon's last Hundred Days, desired the diminution of French territory, Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington stoutly stuck out against anything of the kind; it was highly important for the cause of future peace that the Bourbons should not come back to a shorn kingdom; accordingly there was merely a very slight 'rectification' of the old French frontier of 1792. Of French Colonies we restored all that we had taken except Tobago and Mauritius. Of those taken from the Dutch we retained the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon and Demerara. Malta was recognized as British, and the Ionian Islands (Corfu, etc.) put under British protection. Belgium and Holland became one Kingdom of the 'United Netherlands,' and remained so for fifteen years. Sweden gave up Finland to Russia and received Norway instead. The old conditions of Italy were restored, with the exception that Venetia went to the Austrians and Genoa to the Sardinians. No attempt was made to restore the ridiculous old 'Holy Roman Empire' in Germany, but most of the old Germanic States West of the Rhine were given to Prussia, who thus took up the 'Watch on the Rhine' of which she made such fearful use in 1870. The rest of Western Germany became a Federation from which it was fondly supposed that both Prussian and Austrian influences would be excluded. The final 'Treaty of Paris' was signed on November 20th, 1815.

On the story of the Century that separates the present time from the battle of Waterloo I do not propose to embark. Chroniclers may indeed faithfully record the events of their own and of their fathers' age, but such records can hardly be accounted History, for fair judgment on such events will be impossible. We need a distance and a perspective before we can form anything approaching a fair judgment on the men and events of the Past. I have, besides, little heart to follow my hero, Castlereagh, as he fights his gallant and losing battle against the forces of Democracy, to his tragic death in 1822. With the exceptions of the Emancipation of the Catholics and the Dissenters and of the introduction of Free Trade, I have little sympathy with any of the 'Reforms' and 'Movements' of the Nineteenth Century. These Reforms and Movements have had two mainsprings, first a desire to increase the material welfare of the mass of the people, and secondly an echo from across the Channel about 'Natural Rights' and 'Government in accordance with Principles.' Without undervaluing the first of these Causes, which is indeed a noble ideal, one may be allowed to question whether, in every case, the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' makes for the efficiency of the Nation as a whole, whether the Ideal of 'Power' has not in some cases been sacrificed to the Ideal of 'Plenty.' In my view at least, National Efficiency is likely to be best secured when a Nation is governed by its fittest, strongest and best educated classes.

National Efficiency has, however, suffered far more from the second of the causes mentioned above, the attempts made to base Government upon some fancied 'Natural Right' of every man to have a share in it.

Now *Diva Britannia*, in the days when she was mistress of the bodies if not of the hearts of all her children, knew a great deal of their Natural Duties towards her; she knew also of certain 'Common Law Rights' and 'Prescriptive Rights' which all her children enjoyed. But of 'Natural Rights' she had never heard at all, and least of all of any 'Right' of all her children to an equal share in Government. The fact is that to lay down this or any other Principle as a basis of a Polity is ridiculous and most dangerous. That is best, nay that only is good, which is expedient. And I hope I may be allowed, without offence, to consider Democracy to be a most inexpedient form of Government. As it means the supremacy of the uneducated or the ill-educated over the educated, it is not likely to satisfy any of the canons of good Government. But this, although it was the view of Aristotle, is, I fear, an unfashionable view at the present day.

My readers may have laughed with me at many instances of the absurdity of the old laws and customs of Englishmen, at the Common-Field system of Agriculture, at Benefit of Clergy, at the Borough of Old Sarum, and no doubt these anomalies had their ludicrous side. But there are anomalies and symptoms of danger in our modern life, such as the depopulation of our villages, the stunted growth and heated precocity of our town-dwellers, the juggling of our political parties with all the serious interests of the State, at which we dare not laugh. For my younger readers the amendment of these things should form the study of their whole lives; and, as for me, if I may run two quotations from Shakespeare into one,

> for my poor part, I'll go pray—for the King.

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